

# PHOTOPLAY

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NOBODY IS SAFE IN HOLLYWOOD By Hugh Walpole

Also: DICK POWELL ADMITS HE'S IN LOVE



# Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

**E**DNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

\* \* \*

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You,

yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



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CARL LAEMMLE presents

EDNA FERBER'S

"SHOW

BOAT"

(Version  
of  
1936)

starring

IRENE DUNNE  
ALLAN JONES

with  
Charles Winninger • Paul Robeson  
Helen Morgan • Helen Westley

BEYOND QUESTION THE GREATEST SHOW-EVENT  
OF THE YEAR FOR ALL AGES

THIS 1936 version of Edna Ferber's superb story of the "SHOW BOAT," compared with which every production of its type pales into insignificance, is characterized by GLAMOUR—FASCINATING ROMANCE—BEAUTIFUL, LONG-TO-BE-REMEMBERED NEW MUSIC, new lyrics plus your old favorites, by the masters of melody, Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, SCENIC MARVELS and ARTISTS OF RENOWN. We can't enumerate its multitude of attractions. It will be a striking event in all theatres.

A CARL LAEMMLE, JR. production — directed by JAMES WHALE.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL, OF COURSE!





THE MOTION PICTURE THAT IS  
EAGERLY AWAITED THE WORLD OVER



*Norma Shearer  
Leslie Howard*  
*in*

*Romeo and Juliet*

*with*

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To the famed producer Irving Thalberg go the honors for bringing to the screen, with tenderness and reverence, William Shakespeare's imperishable love story. The director is George Cukor. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE.







# PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

ERNEST V. HEYN, EASTERN EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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# Boos & Bouquets

Here we give best friends  
and severest critics a chance  
to win prizes for their letters



Jane Woodbury has some intricate new steps in her Cuban dance for Warner's "Anthony Adverse"

PHOTOPLAY Magazine awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: \$15 first prize, \$10 second prize, \$5 third prize and five \$1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players. PHOTOPLAY Magazine reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part.

## FIRST PRIZE—\$15

### THE WINNER!

**B**EING human, we all laugh and cry. But how seldom do we of the Great American Movie Audience laugh and cry during one picture? Comedy is comedy, pathos is pathos, and never the twain shall meet, seems to be the usual Hollywood moving picture formula.

But along comes "Ah, Wilderness," shattering that too stiff formula, and proving the forgotten truth that "laughter is akin to tears."

Some measure of the picture's success must go always to the great Eugene O'Neill, but not all. Some of the best scenes in the picture are not in the original play, and so must be Hollywood born.

Therefore, more power to Hollywood's intelligence.

Give us, oh, Hollywood, more pictures like "Ah, Wilderness."

Give us more opportunities to laugh and cry at the portrayal of our own weaknesses, hopes, loves and visions.

For it is these that make up our only too short stay on this grand old earth.

ROLAND SMITH, Spokane, Wash.



Yes, it's Gail Patrick who plays opposite Reginald Denny and Rod LaRoque in Paramount's "The Preview Murder Mystery"

## SECOND PRIZE—\$10

### AN IMMORTAL CHARACTERIZATION

Words are inadequate and meaningless to express what I feel about Irene Dunne after seeing "Magnificent Obsession." All through her blindness, Miss Dunne was so heart-breakingly pitiful, yet so lovely and appealing, that I felt if only I could devote my life, as Robert Taylor did, to helping someone like her, I would have done at least one noble thing. It is an immortal characterization and should uplift people and inspire them.

The whole cast was pleasing, the acting excellent. "Magnificent Obsession" is a great proof that the moving picture industry is for a deeper purpose than "an evening's entertainment." The picture is a tribute to intelligent, thinking people.

J. A. FOLEY, Oak Park, Ill.

## THIRD PRIZE—\$5

### QUITE SO—

Having been a reporter for many years, I want to toss a bouquet to James Stewart, for his perfectly natural portrayal of the reporter, Christopher Tyler, in "Next Time We Love." Those of us who are in the game get a big laugh out of the Eat-'Em-Alive

editors, and blasé reporters choosing their own assignments, and telling the editors where to get off—as shown all too frequently on the screen. If there were a newspaper office of the Hollywood type, it might be more dramatic than the real article, but there isn't.

James Stewart didn't even dash up to the City Desk and



shout, "Chief, I've got a big scoop." His kind of reporter might be found in any city room in any newspaper office in any town. It was a swell piece of acting.

FLORENCE LONG, Indianapolis, Ind

## \$1 PRIZE

### IN DEFENSE OF WESTERNS

I like Westerns. What's more, I'm not afraid to admit it. Most people nowadays would sooner swallow their false teeth than own up to a liking for Horse-Opera, but this regrettable state of affairs is not at all the fault of the above-mentioned type of screen offering.

It is rather this foolish desire for super sophistication and culture, so accentuated today, which is the root of the matter. People seem to think that unless they can appreciate Grand Opera and Shakespeare in the movies, their "I.Q." is not quite up to par.

That is as it may be, but the fact remains that there is no good reason why they should not relax in between and go to see a good Western picture.

However, there is one last stronghold from which the Western will never be driven.

That is the Country Town, where the people are not enfeathered by pseudo-culture and are not always trying to Keep Up With the Joneses. When a Western comes to town they go—one and all. Here's to 'em!

STEPHEN LEACOCK, JR., Montreal, Canada.

## \$1 PRIZE

### WE AGREE

Sound the loud timbrel for Blanche Yurka's magnificent portrayal of *Madame De Farge* in "A Tale of Two Cities." It is not better than Colman's performance, but it is as great. She drains every atom of poison out of the rôle and hurls it into our faces. She smacks her lips over the sharp venomous sentences of the wine-woman; yet one gets an impression of womanliness that *Madame De Farge* might have had if her hate had not made her a monster.

A grand actress, this Blanche Yurka.

E. S. BAUER,  
Long Beach, Calif.

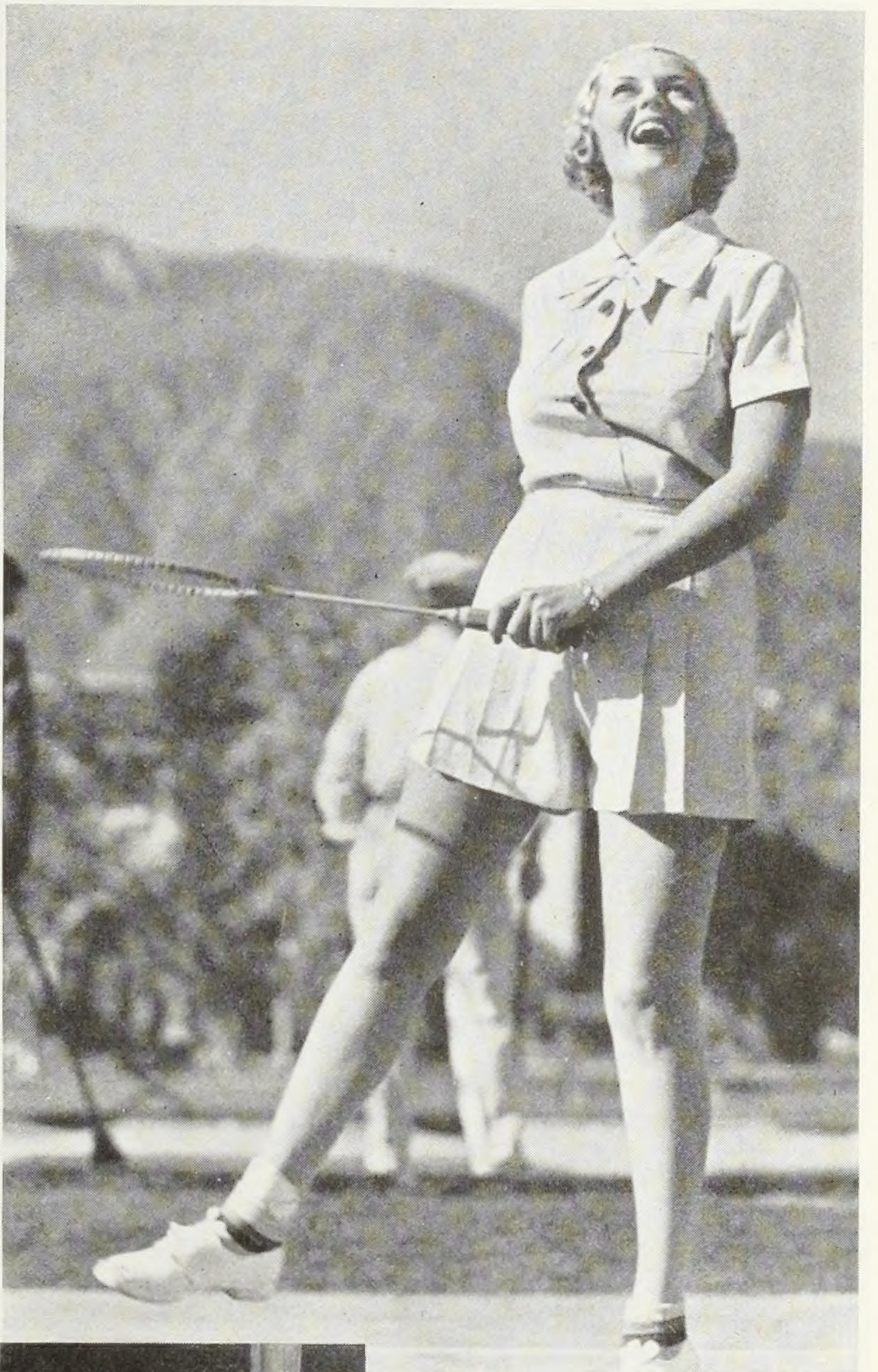
## \$1 PRIZE

### A REAL CHANGE

So many times when we go to the movies expecting to see decidedly "changed" or different stars according to the publicity, we are disappointed, for we find the only difference is a new stage setting and clothes. But for once, a real change has taken place in a star, done by the simple trick of shedding one color of hair for another. I think this change in Jean Harlow in her picture "Riffraff," gives to her admirers the real personality of the star, who may now be exploited for the fine talent she possesses and not merely for a halo of platinum hair.

I hope she clings to her new hair color.

ANNE TENNANT,  
Springfield, Ohio.



Patricia Ellis, pretty Warner's player, balances her passion for chocolate sundaes with constant exercise. Her next appearance will be in "Boulder Dam"



This slightly sardonic looking gentleman is the distinguished humorist Irvin Cobb, studying for his rôle in "Everybody's Old Man"

## \$1 PRIZE

### "ROSE MARIE" ENRAPTURES

Hereafter the public is going to be most critical of a producer who uses Nelson Eddy without Jeanette MacDonald in any operetta.

Nelson Eddy is the idol of America's fair sex today. He is a superb singer and as handsome as his photographs. The beautiful Jeanette MacDonald is immensely admired. She sings gloriously, and both can act.

The press agent's paeans of praise did not overstate the attractions of "Rose Marie." The standards of greatness normally demanded of a dozen

pictures are all met in a single production. The music of "Rose Marie" is greater than that of "Naughty Marietta."

MARIE ANRUD, Denver, Colo.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105 ]



# BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES  
CONSULT THIS PICTURE  
SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE  
YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED



Winsome Virginia Bruce is more glorious than ever in "The Great Ziegfeld." This is one of the pictures for your "must see" list

**AFFAIR OF SUSAN, THE**—Universal.—Only the droll humor of ZaSu Pitts and Hugh O'Connell succeeds in making this comedy of two "lonely hearts" who find romance and each other in Coney Island, an amusing and delightful morsel of entertainment. (Dec.)

★ **AH, WILDERNESS** — M-G-M. — O'Neill's great American comedy romance. Eric Linden suffers the pangs of young love, is disillusioned and brought back to his family by Lionel Barrymore, superb, as the father. Wholesome, charming and delightful. See it by all means. (Feb.)

**ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND**—Gaumont British.—Thrills and laughs alternate in this fast and exciting detective yarn in which Jack Hulbert, posing as Bulldog Drummond, frustrates a notorious gang of jewel thieves. Fay Wray supplies the feminine interest for both the audience and for Hulbert. (Dec.)

★ **ALICE ADAMS**—RKO-Radio.—A perfect screen version of Booth Tarkington's story of the small town girl who lacks money, background and sex appeal, with Katharine Hepburn giving the finest performance of her career. Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Anne Shoemaker. (Nov.)

**ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL** — Paramount. — A tearful, sentimental record of the time-honored traditions of Annapolis and the rigid discipline of its midshipmen. Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell. (Nov.)

★ **ANNIE OAKLEY**—RKO-Radio.—With the colorful background of Buffalo Bill's show, this is a hearty, wholesome human romance. Barbara Stanwyck is perfection as dead-eye Annie who outshoots champion Preston Foster until Cupid outshoots her. A hit. (Jan.)

**ANOTHER FACE** — RKO-Radio. — Exciting comedy mystery. Public enemy Brian Donlevy remakes his face and hides in Hollywood studio. Wallace Ford and Allan Hale commendable. (Feb.)

★ **ANYTHING GOES** — Paramount. — Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman in smart sparkling musical comedy about a shipboard mix-up. Charles Ruggles and Arthur Pupino lead a parade of clever clowns. Good entertainment. (Mar.)

★ **BARBARY COAST**—Samuel Goldwyn.—The story of San Francisco's disreputable waterfront portrayed with distinction and artistry by a brilliant cast of capable stars that includes Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea and Edward G. Robinson, makes this one of the season's noteworthy contributions to the screen. Watch Walter Brennan as *Old Atrocious* (Dec.)

**BAR 20 RIDES AGAIN**—Paramount.—The third Hop-Along-Cassidy story. Top-notch Western stuff with Bill Boyd rescuing a neighbor from cattle thieves. Exciting and logical. (Feb.)

**BIG BROADCAST OF 1936, THE**—Paramount.—An ineffective story serves as an excuse to introduce some of the biggest name stars of radio and stage to movie audiences in Paramount's annual extravagant revue. Jack Oakie deserves what little acting honors there are. (Dec.)

**BISHOP MISBEHAVES, THE**—M-G-M.—A neat British farce involving an adventurous bishop who mixes in a robbery plot with Limehouse crooks, a beautiful girl and a daring young American, gives Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Sullivan and Norman Foster ample opportunity to create some lively and laughable diversion. (Dec.)

**BONNIE SCOTLAND** — Roach-MGM. — Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy romp through their customary antics and nonsensical slapstick using Scotland as their locale. Grand fun when the team is in focus, but otherwise dull. (Nov.)

**BRIDES ARE LIKE THAT** — First National.—Ross Alexander in a bright, snappy little comedy of the ne'er-do-well windbag who fools his critics in the applesauce business. Anita Louise lovely as his trusting wife, but it's Ross' show. (April.)

★ **BRIDE COMES HOME, THE**—Paramount.—Romantic and frolicsome, with Claudette Colbert as an heiress and Fred MacMurray as a magazine editor. Robert Young makes the triangle. Grand fun. (Feb.)

**BROADWAY HOSTESS** — Warners. — A slow-moving, improbable story of torch singer (Wini Shaw) and her manager (Lyle Talbot) sky-rocketing to fame. Uninteresting. (Feb.)

**CAPPY RICKS RETURNS**—Republic.—Peter B. Kyne's lovable character once more provides the audience with plenty of laughs and exciting entertainment when he bests his business rivals. Robert McWade, Ray Walker, Florine McKinney. (Nov.)

★ **CAPTAIN BLOOD**—Cosmopolitan-Warners.—Sabatini story of buccaneers in the 17th century crammed with action, romance, excitement, and adventure. A new star Errol Flynn supported by fine cast including Olivia De Havilland, Basil Rathbone, Guy Kibbee, Lionel Atwill. Splendid. Do see it. (Mar.)

★ **CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS, THE**—First National.—Warren Williams, superbly suave and witty, gayly unravels a leg-contest promoter's murder with the amusing assistance of Genevieve Tobin. You'll have a grand time finding the murderer. (Dec.)

**CASE OF THE MISSING MAN**—Columbia.—Criminals go after Roger Pryor, a roving street photographer who accidentally snaps a hold up Justice triumphs. Mildly exciting. (Feb.)

**CEILING ZERO**—Warners.—A perfect aviation picture with honest characters, believable situations and flawless direction by Howard Hawks. James Cagney is the irresponsible ace aviator, Pat O'Brien his serious boss. Tense drama and outstanding aerial photography. (Mar.)

**CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI**—20th Century-Fox.—Murder at a dinner table gives *Charlie Chan* another opportunity of teaching his son more of the elements necessary for a good detective. Worth while. (Nov.)

**CHATTERBOX**—RKO-Radio.—Tears and laughter with Ann Shirley as stage-struck country miss who hears city's laughter in her big moment. Phillips Holmes comforts her. (Mar.)

**COLLEEN** — Warners.—Conglomeration of farce, musical comedy and straight drama. Joan Blondell as a dizzy chocolate dipper and Jack Oakie are bright spots. Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler so-so. (April.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8 ]



# They love to sing-a



So Al Jolson, Sybil Jason, The Yacht Club Boys, Cab Calloway & His Band, Edward Everett Horton, Wini Shaw, Lyle Talbot, Allen Jenkins and Claire Dodd Have Joined Forces and Voices in a Celebrity-Packed Warner Bros. Song Show That Recalls the Glories of Al's Immortal "Singing Fool."

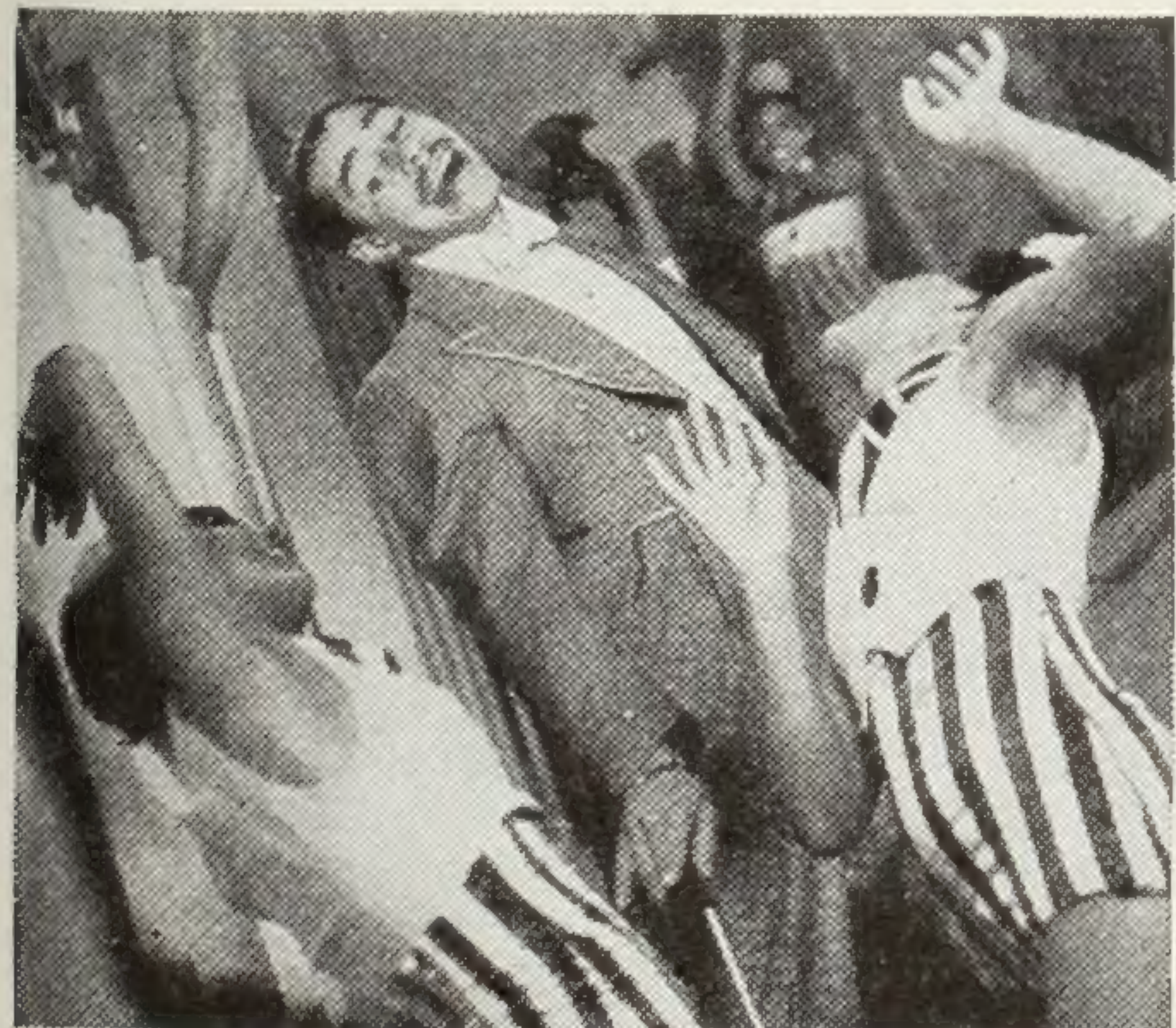


## "THE SINGING KID"

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



Al knocks 'em dead with 'I Love To Sing-a', 'Save Me Sister' and other torrid tunes by E. Y. Harburg and Harold ('Stormy Weather') Arlen.



The King of Swing & his hot band show how they do it in Harlem to the tune of Cab Calloway's own new song, 'You Got To Have Hi-De-Ho In Your Soul'.



'Sonny Boy' in skirts! The world's greatest and the world's youngest entertainers form one of the most delightful picture partnerships in years.



Those Yacht Club Boys, boast of Broadway's and Hollywood's niftiest night spots, are musically madder than ever in 'My! How This Country Has Changed'.

Girls! Girls! 100's of 'em! bring Harlem to Hollywood in lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly, forming a gorgeous backdrop for the dramatic story which was directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 ]

**COLLEGIATE**—Paramount.—The antics of Jack Oakie, Ned Sparks, Joe Penner and Lynne Overman are combined to make you laugh at this humorous story of a gay young man who inherits a girl's school. (Mar.)

**CONFIDENTIAL**—Mascot.—Donald Cook is the G-Man in this swift moving thriller who sets a trap for a big "numbers" racketeer. Pretty Evalyn Knapp and Warren Hymer's humor relieve the tension. You'll like it. (Jan.)

**CORONADO** — Paramount. — Comedy, catchy tunes, trick dances. A weak story but enjoyable. A song-writer, Johnny Downs, wins the love of a crooner-ess, Betty Burgess, in Eddie Duchin's band. (Feb.)

★ **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT**—Columbia.—A moving and graphic presentation of Dostoevsky's novel. Peter Lorre is magnificent as the murderer haunted by his conscience. Edward Arnold, Tala Birell, Marian Marsh highlight a fine cast. You should see it. (Feb.)

**CRIME OF DOCTOR CRESPI, THE**—Republic.—Eric Von Stroheim as the revengeful surgeon in the screen version of one of the eeriest and most gruesome of Edgar Allan Poe's stories, "The Premature Burial," will keep your spine tingling with excitement. (Dec.)

**DANCING FEET** — Republic.—Excellent tap dancing high lights a rather dull dance drama with Joan Marsh as the dance hall hostess who persuades her grouchy grandpa to back Eddie Nugent's terpsichorean idea. Don't go out of your way. (April.)

**DANGEROUS**—Warners.—Strong dramatic fare of "Jinx actress," Bette Davis, who destroys all who love her. Franchot Tone the real surprise. Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth and nice cast. (Feb.)

**DANGEROUS WATERS** — Universal. — Jack Holt as a sea-faring man foils plans for dirty work in the engine room by insurance sharks. Grace Bradley is the vamp, and Charlie Murray's slapstick steals scenes. (April.)

★ **DARK ANGEL, THE**—United Artists.—A deeply moving narrative in which Merle Oberon, Fredric March and Herbert Marshall give excellent performances. Fine supporting cast. (Nov.)

★ **DESIRE** — Paramount.—Exotic Marlene Dietrich in an ultra sophisticated role of a jewel thief who dupes Gary Cooper into assisting her. Good cast. Excellent photography. Better leave the children at home. (April.)

**EAST OF JAVA**—Universal.—A time worn shipwreck jungle tale helped by Charles Bickford's scrap with a lion. Cast includes Leslie Fenton, Elizabeth Young and Frank Albertson. (Feb.)

**EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT** — 20th Century-Fox.—Engaging little picture of everyday problems of the average family. Jed Prouty, Spring Byington and talented cast. First of a series entitled "Our American Family." (April.)

**EXCLUSIVE STORY**—M-G-M.—Mildly exciting film of newspaper fight on racketeering. Madge Evans and Franchot Tone are love interest. Stu Erwin is crusading reporter and Joseph Calleia is Gangster No. 1. (Mar.)

**FIGHTING YOUTH**—Universal.—A handful of radical students upset college routine in this unconvincing film of campus life. Charlie Farrell is unimpressive as the football hero. (Dec.)

**FIRE TRAP, THE**—Larry Darmour Prod.—Exciting exploits of tin hat laddies in a fire and insurance mixup. Norman Foster and Evalyn Knapp are the lovers. (Feb.)

**FIRST A GIRL**—GB.—Gay, tuneful, with the British singing and dancing star, Jessie Matthews, in an unusual rôle of a female impersonator with hilarious results. Sonnie Hale supports her. (Feb.)

★ **FOLLOW THE FLEET** — RKO-Radio.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers' amazing dance routines with a nautical background; Irving Berlin's music; a new comer to the screen, Harriet Hilliard, whose singing will thrill you. A hit. (April.)

**FRECKLES**—RKO-Radio.—A pleasant, though unexciting little story of the Limberlost, affords Tom Brown an opportunity of making love to Carol Stone, but it affords little else to the audience. (Dec.)

**FRESHMAN LOVE**—Warners.—More collegiate activities, this time it's rowing, with Coach Frank McHugh employing Patricia Ellis' charm to help the boys pull for dear old Billings. Light but lively. (Mar.)

**FRISCO KID**—Warners.—James Cagney in fine fighting form as a sailor who rises to rule the gaudy Barbary Coast underworld. Margaret Lindsay, Ricardo Cortez and George E. Stone are splendid. Lots of action. (Jan.)

**GARDEN MURDER CASE, THE** — M-G-M.—A fairly interesting study of murder by hypnotism with little resemblance to S. S. Van Dine's thriller. Edmund Lowe is satisfactory as Philo Vance; H. B. Warner a convincing heavy, and Virginia Bruce lovely looking. (April.)

★ **GAY DECEPTION, THE**—20th Century-Fox.—A light, whimsical though preposterous tale in which Francis Lederer is a Graustark prince working incognito as a bell-boy in a Manhattan hotel. Frances Dee leads. (Nov.)

**GIRL FRIEND, THE**—Columbia.—Mostly a burlesque skit about Napoleon, but hardly professional stuff. Has a good song or two but little else. Roger Pryor, Ann Sothorn starring. (Nov.)

## PICTURES Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine, and refer to the criticisms of the films before you pick out your evening's entertainment.  
Make this your reference list

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**GRAND EXIT**—Columbia.—Ann Sothorn with Edmund Lowe. He is an insurance sleuth hunting arson racketeers. Chuck full of surprise. You'll like it. (Feb.)

**GREAT IMPERSONATOR, THE**—Universal.—Oppenheim's melodramatic mixup with Edmund Lowe as a wastral British peer impersonating himself. Confusing. Valerie Hobson, Wera Engels and Henry Mollison in the cast. (Feb.)

★ **HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE**—Paramount.—Don't miss this gay and sparkling comedy of a manicurist who is determined to marry money but winds up entangled in poor but honest love. Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray and Astrid Allwyn contribute outstanding performances. (Dec.)

★ **HARMONY LANE**—Mascot.—A tender and beautiful screen story about the life of Stephen Foster and the beloved American melodies that he wrote. Douglass Montgomery interprets the role of Foster with sincerity and feeling. William Frawley, Evelyn Venable, Adrienne Ames. (Nov.)

**HERE COMES COOKIE**—Paramount.—A good chance to lose your mind with George Burns and Gracie Allen and to have a hilarious time while you are doing it. George Barbier plays papa. (Nov.)

**HERE COMES TROUBLE** — 20th-Century-Fox.—Paul Kelly's fine talents wasted in an incredibly dull story of thievery with Mona Barrie acting the siren. Skip it. (April.)

★ **HERE'S TO ROMANCE**—20th Century-Fox.—A gay blend of domestic comedy and operatic delight that introduces Nino Martini and Madame Schumann-Heink to the screen. See it for its fun and listen for the thrill of Martini's voice. (Nov.)

**HIS FAMILY TREE**—RKO-Radio.—Even James Barton's excellent acting is unable to save this preposterous story of a mayoralty campaign which is based upon the changing of the candidate's name from Murphy to Murfree. (Dec.)

**HIS NIGHT OUT** — Universal.—An exceedingly hilarious comedy with Edward Everett Horton as a fussy dyspeptic who forgets his ailments in love and adventure with Irene Hervey and Jack LaRue. Lots of fun. (Jan.)

**HITCH HIKE LADY**—Republic.—Fast comedy with Allison Skipworth as poor English mother hitch hiking her way to California. Arthur Treacher and Warren Hymer a perfect comedy team. Good Fun. (Mar.)

**HOP-ALONG CASSIDY**—Paramount.—William Boyd is the hard-riding, square dealing young ranch hand in this first picturization of Clarence E. Mulford's famous story. Filled with action from start to finish. (Nov.)

**HOT-TIP**—RKO-Radio.—Jimmy Gleason and ZaSu Pitts, the two lovable zanies, are at it again in a well constructed little story of a race-mad cafe owner and his non-betting wife. Abounding in humor and wisecracks. (Nov.)

★ **I DREAM TOO MUCH**—RKO-Radio.—Lily Pons' screen debut in a delightful part. Henry Fonda as conceited composer finds himself swamped in his wife's fame. Thrilling singing. (Feb.)

**I FOUND STELLA PARISH**—Warners.—Kay Francis and a good cast in a weak story of an actress who tries to protect her child from the shame of a prison birth. Ian Hunter and Jessie Ralph. (Jan.)

**IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK**—Columbia.—Blue blood, Herbert Marshall pursues romance incognito into pantry of gangsters' mansion—finds Jean Arthur. Clever Cinderella tale. (Feb.)

★ **I LIVE MY LIFE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford and Brian Aherne battle along the obstacle laden pathway to ultimate love in this smart, society comedy that is sufficiently vital and humorous to fulfill the expectations of all Crawford fans. (Dec.)

★ **IN PERSON**—RKO-Radio.—Fast-paced comedy depicting the deflation of a conceited movie queen, Ginger Rogers, by a he-man with a sense of humor, George Brent. Allan Mowbray and Joan Breslau are admirable. (Jan.)

**IT'S IN THE AIR**—M-G-M.—Jack Benny posing as a high flyer invades a swank desert resort only to find himself having to vouchsafe his reputation by making a stratosphere flight, which he does successfully amid uproarious humor. You'll get plenty of laughs from this. (Dec.)

★ **IT HAD TO HAPPEN** — 20th Century-Fox.—You'll like smooth George Raft and Rosalind Russell in this big city success story of an immigrant who smashes his way to political power. Good cast includes Leo Carrillo, Arline Judge and Alan Dinehart. (April.)

**JUST MY LUCK**—New Century.—The bad luck this time lies in the mediocrity of production, photography and direction which dogs the footsteps of Charlie Ray's comeback. (Feb.)

**KIND LADY**—M-G-M.—Not very entertaining crook melodrama. Aline MacMahon regrets her kindness to Basil Rathbone who imprisons her in her own home. Suspense, and not for kiddies. (Feb.)

★ **KING OF BURLESQUE**—20th Century-Fox.—A slick story with plenty of mirth and clever dances. Warner Baxter failing burlesque producer is helped back to Broadway by Alice Faye, Jack Oakie and Gregory Ratoff. (Mar.)

**KINGSOLOMONOFBROADWAY**—Universal.—Edmund Lowe as a night club proprietor has his hands full holding on to both his club and his women but manages to do so with much wise cracking humor. Pinky Tomlin and Dorothy Page help an otherwise pointless story. (Dec.)



**KLONDIKE ANNIE**—Paramount.—Mae West, rather offensively mixing sex with religion, turns evangelist in a clumsy tale of the Klondike gold rush. Victor McLaglen wallows harmlessly. You'll yawn. (April.)

**LA MATERNELLE**—Metropolis.—Reminiscence in plot and in some respects, of "Maedchen In Uniform," this story of love-hungry children in a Paris Latin Quarter day-nursery will appeal to discriminate theatergoers. (Nov.)

**LAST DAYS OF POMPEII**—RKO-Radio.—A magnificent and awe inspiring spectacle benefits greatly by the new plot that has been given to the old Bulwer-Lytton title. Preston Foster gives a vivid performance as the Pompeian blacksmith who turns gladiator when poverty kills his wife and child. The whole family will enjoy this one. (Dec.)

**LAST OF THE PAGANS**—M-G-M.—Relating a mighty Polynesian hunter's fight for love. Authentic South Sea settings. A charming idyll. (Feb.)

**LAST OUTPOST, THE**—Paramount.—The age-old triangle crops up in India this time with Cary Grant as the officer who unknowingly falls in love with his best friend's wife. In spite of the presence of Claude Rains and Gertrude Michael, this only proves to be a fair picture. (Dec.)

**LEATHERNECKS HAVE LANDED, THE**—Republic.—Plenty of action in this illogical tale of a rambunctious marine, Lew Ayres, who reinstates himself through his heroism for the stars and stripes. Isabel Jewell is with him. (April.)

**LITTLE AMERICA**—Paramount.—The magnificent adventure and thrilling heroism of the second Byrd Antarctic adventure has been strikingly captured and assembled into an important educational picture with Admiral Byrd making a personable and handsome actor. Worth while seeing. (Dec.)

★ **LITTLEST REBEL, THE**—20th Century-Fox.—Shirley Temple weeps, sings and dances as the daughter of John Boles, a Confederate army captain. Bill Robinson too. You'll like it. (Feb.)

★ **LOVE ON A BET**—RKO-Radio.—Amusing dialogue, unique comedy situations and effortless performances by Helen Broderick, Wendy Barrie, and Gene Raymond, who sets out to win a bet against impossible odds. Grand fun. (April.)

★ **MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION**—Universal.—Singularly moving story beautifully directed by John Stahl. Robert Taylor wooing a young widow, Irene Dunne, accidentally blinds her, then devotes his life to surgery. Sterling performances by both. Highly recommended. (Mar.)

**MAN HUNT**—Warners.—Fairly bright tale of a hick reporter, William Gargan and school-marm, Marguerite Churchill who tackle the Big City for escaped bad man Ricardo Cortez. Chic Sale captures him. (Mar.)

★ **MARY BURNS, FUGITIVE**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—The dramatic vicissitudes of a feminine fugitive from justice. Sylvia Sydney, Melvyn Douglas and Alan Baxter are excellent. (Feb.)

**MELODY LINGERS ON, THE**—Reliance.—A good cast headed by Josephine Hutchinson and George Houston can't save this tiresome story. A student abroad in 1914 has a child by an opera singer. He is killed, the child is taken. She finds him grown and starts him on a musical career. (Jan.)

**MELODY TRAIL**—Republic.—Gene Autry's pleasant, easy warbling of cowboy ballads is the redeeming feature of this impossible potpourri of cattle rustling, kidnaping and rodeos. (Dec.)

★ **METROPOLITAN**—20th Century-Fox.—Grand opera behind the scenes with baritone Lawrence Tibbett's voice finer than ever. Virginia Bruce, Alice Brady and George Marion, Sr. are exceptional. Direction outstanding. (Jan.)

**MIDNIGHT PHANTOM**—Reliance.—Fairish entertainment with Detective Reginald Denny solving a murder committed in police headquarters. Competent cast with Claudia Dell and Lloyd Hughes. (Feb.)

★ **MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A**—Warner Bros.—Shakespeare is brought to the screen after considerable anticipation and speculation. The amusing fantasy is elaborately staged and cast to afford entertainment to all, but the values derived from individual interpretations will necessarily differ. It is a milestone in the progress of motion pictures, and as such is tremendously significant. (Dec.)

★ **MILKY WAY, THE**—Paramount.—Harold Lloyd better than ever in a Caspar Milquetoast characterization. Fast story, clever dialogue and swell cast including Adolphe Menjou, Verree Teasdale, Helen Mack, Bill Gargan. Grand fun. (April.)

**MILLIONS IN THE AIR**—Paramount.—Featherweight comedy of amateur radio hours. Wendy Barrie and John Howard an appealing sweetheart team. (Feb.)

**MISS PACIFIC FLEET**—Warners.—The team of Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell skitter through a lightweight comedy about a popularity contest. Broad comedy, but monotonous. (Feb.)

**MISTER HOB0**—GB.—George Arliss being himself in a delightful tale of the highway. Gene Gerrard Viola Keats and an excellent supporting cast. (Feb.)

★ **MODERN TIMES**—Charles Chaplin.—United Artists.—Charlie Chaplin's new opus. Unadulterated comedy served up in the old hilarious Chaplin style. The musical score is excellent, and he sings! See it by all means. (April.)

**MORALS OF MARCUS**—G. B.—Lupe Velez, fiery temperament makes a delightful and amusing story of a plot that is not altogether new, but which will, nevertheless, afford you an evening's entertainment. Ian Hunter opposite Lupe. (Nov.)

**MURDER OF DOCTOR HARRIGAN, THE**—Warners.—Ricardo Cortez gives the only acceptable performance in this unsatisfactory mystery which has some terrific technical faux pas. (Jan.)

**MUSIC IS MAGIC**—20th Century-Fox.—Bebe Daniels as an aging movie queen who won't be her age, steps out and shows some real tramping in a pleasant semi-musical headed by Alice Faye and Ray Walker, and enlivened by snappy ditties. (Dec.)



At his own request, George Bancroft was given the rôle of the newspaper editor in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"

**MUSS 'EM UP**—RKO-Radio.—A mystery tale with a fake kidnapping and a real murder to keep you alternately laughing and guessing. Preston Foster convincing as the detective; Big Boy Williams has fun as his stooge. Margaret Callahan and Florine McKinney are the heart throbs. (April.)

★ **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY**—M-G-M.—Magnificent sea saga culled from the Nordhoff-Hall book. Charles Laughton as Captain Bligh, Clark Gable as Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutiny, and Franchot Tone as Midshipman Byam. Superb acting, direction, scenery and cast. Don't miss it. (Jan.)

**MY MARRIAGE**—20th Century-Fox.—Solid performances by Claire Trevor, Kent Taylor and Paul Kelly help a weak and confusing picture of society versus underworld tangled up by several murders. (Feb.)

**NAVY WIFE**—20th Century-Fox.—Because of her own unpleasant family experiences, navy nurse, Claire Trevor, is afraid of love and marriage but eventually does wed Ralph Bellamy in this unexciting and listless film. (Dec.)

**NEVADA**—Paramount.—A Zane Grey Western. Buster Crabbe and Sid Saylor prove their mettle in a cattle war. Grand scenery and Kathleen Burke. (Feb.)

★ **NEXT TIME WE LOVE**—Universal.—Ursula Parrot's moving story acted with sincerity and distinction by Margaret Sullivan, and new comer James Stewart as a young married couple torn between love, marriage and personal ambition. Outstanding direction. (April.)

★ **NIGHT AT THE OPERA, A**—M-G-M.—Those idiotic zanies, the Marx Brothers, start cavorting in Italy and wind up in a New York opera house. Singing Allan Jones and Kitty Carlisle are romantic. You'll love it. (Jan.)

**ONE WAY TICKET**—Columbia.—Peggy Conklin's personality high-lights a poorly constructed picture of the warden's daughter falling for prisoner Lloyd Nolan. Walter Connolly and Edith Fellows are good. (Jan.)

**O'SHAUGNESSY'S BOY**—M-G-M.—The agreeable combination, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, click again in a circus story that is dripping with tears and overflowing with pathos, but one that you will long remember especially for Wallace Beery's splendid performance. (Dec.)

**PADDY O'DAY**—20th Century-Fox.—Jane Withers brings laughs and tears in this homely little story of an orphan's adventures in New York. Rita Cansino, Pinky Tomlin and George Givot. (Jan.)

**PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET**—Warner Bros.—A warmly human and thoroughly delightful picture glorifies the lowly family maid to a position of importance in the lives of an average family. Ruth Donnelly interprets the part of the maid to perfection. (Dec.)

**PETER, IBBETSON**—Paramount.—An artistically produced new version of the romantic love of Peter Ibbetson, a young architect (Gary Cooper) for the Duchess of Towers, Ann Harding. (Jan.)

**POWDERSMOKE RANGE**—RKO-Radio.—The usual hard fought battle between heroic cattlemen and crooks keeps excitement at a high pitch in this tried-and-true Western. Hoot Gibson, Bob Steele (Nov.)

★ **PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND**—20th Century-Fox.—Warner Baxter superb in a dramatic, gripping, and distinguished role as Dr. Mudd who is incarcerated for his innocent help to the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. Gloria Stuart is beautifully cast as his loyal wife. Splendid. (April.)

**PREVIEW MURDER MYSTERY, THE**—Paramount.—A smartly paced and puzzling mystery, with Rod LaRoque as the murdered star, and Reginald Denny, Frances Drake, Gail Patrick and Conway Tearle all contributing to the suspense and suspicion. (April.)

**PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER**—20th Century-Fox.—Victor McLaglen and Freddie Bartholomew in story of adventurous boy king, a Graustarkian revolution and a tough soldier of fortune. Old melodramatics but you will like it. (Mar.)

**RACING LUCK**—Winchester-Republic.—An unpretentious stock racing story with novel twist. William Boyd, Ernest Hilliard, Barbara Worth. George Ernst in the cast. (Feb.)

**RED SALUTE**—Reliance.—Bob Young is lured into desertion by Barbara Stanwyck in this funny version of a cross country flight, but he eventually is successful in restoring her patriotism. Recommended for hearty laughs. (Dec.)

**REMEMBER LAST NIGHT**—Universal.—A wild party, hangovers, four murders and a suicide are combined in an effort to imitate the "Thin Man" style but falls short in spite of the swell cast that includes Edward Arnold, Constance Cummings, Sally Eilers, Robert Young, Robert Armstrong and Reginald Denny. (Dec.)

**RENDEZVOUS**—M-G-M.—Exciting comedy melodrama with Bill Powell as the ace-de-coder of the U. S. Intelligence Department who busts up an enemy spy ring. Rosalind Russell superb as his feather-brained sweetheart. Do see this. (Jan.)

**RETURN OF JIMMY VALENTINE, THE**—Republic.—A semi-mystery with exceptional suspense and sparkling dialogue, concerning the disappearance of that beloved rogue, Jimmy Valentine. Well played by Roger Pryor, J. Carol Naish and Edgar Kennedy. (April.)

**RIFFRAFF**—M-G-M.—Jean Harlow surrounded by fish canneries, labor troubles and penitentiaries. Spencer Tracy is her man. Lots of battles and love scenes. Joseph Calleia and Una Merkel are great. (Mar.)

**RING AROUND THE MOON**—Chesterfield.—Donald Cook, Erin O'Brien Moore, and Ann Doran in story of a publisher's daughter who marries a reporter. Mixed up but creditable. (Feb.)

★ **ROSE MARIE**—M-G-M.—Vigorous, romantic, melodic and polished operetta with Jeanette MacDonald as an opera star and Nelson Eddy as a Royal Mounted policeman. Their singing is better than ever. First rate entertainment. (Mar.)

**ROSE OF THE RANCHO**—Paramount.—Opera star, Gladys Swarthout's screen debut in story of land grabbers in Spanish California. Enchanting singing. John Boles, Charles Bickford, Willie Howard are good. (Mar.)

**SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE**—RKO-Radio.—The perennial mystery of Baldpate Inn with a new ending and modern wisecracks. The sparkling cast includes Gene Raymond, Eric Blore, Margaret Callahan, Henry Travers. (Feb.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120 ]



# UNITED IN DANGER LAUGHTER *and* LOVE!

Three great stars together . . . in a  
glorious and courageous venture that  
decided the fate of three nations!

"Wally" (Viva Villa!)  
Beery's lovable villainy  
was never so uproarious!

*Wallace* *Barbara*  
**BEERY • STANWYCK**  
*John* **BOLES**

in

## **A MESSAGE to GARCIA**

with

**ALAN HALE • HERBERT MUNDIN • MONA BARRIE**

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

Suggested by Elbert Hubbard's Immortal Essay

and the Book by Lieut. Andrew S. Rowan

Associate Producer, Raymond Griffith • Directed by George Marshall





# 1 close ups and 1 long 1 shots

BY RUTH WATERBURY



**L**UBITSCH is out of Paramount. Dietrich has returned to Europe. Mae West has gone to sign with Ben Schulberg—which means that her pictures will probably be released henceforth through Columbia.

Winfield Sheehan who used to be head of Fox is heading toward Paramount. Already several of those who worked closest to him in the old outfit have Paramount appointments.

At Universal no one knows positively from day to day who owns the studio. The Laemmles are reported out then reported in again.

At Warners the actors are in a rage. James Cagney became so disturbed over the threat to his career he believed five pictures yearly to be that he took his troubles to court, got himself declared a free lance, or, in other words, free to act where he liked, as rôles called him, and not forced to work out his existing contract. The Brothers Warner promptly announced that they would appeal this decision in an effort to force Jimmy back on the payroll, which, considering that the fiery James gets \$4,500 every week, is wanting him very much indeed. Meanwhile, Pat O'Brien is on suspension for refusing to play the same rôle Jimmy refused to play. Ann Dvorak has lost in the court battle and must go back to work, whether or not she likes it.

The Screen Actors' Guild openly boycotts the Academy and a junior guild is in rapid process of formation, which promises to take every extra off a set where stars, not members of the guild, try to perform.

Dudley Nichols, who was given the 1935 Academy writing award a few weeks ago for adapting "The Informer" for the screen, turns back the statue with a polite nod to the effect that he cannot accept the honor, being a member of the Screen Writers Guild and, therefore, not approving of the Academy.

Never has Hollywood been in more of a turmoil.

**A**ND yet, reversely, never has Hollywood been making better pictures.

**F**OR several years now this war between the actors and producers has been seething. From the angle of an impartial observer like myself this argument has its two faces. Just as I have never known an author who was satisfied with his



publisher, just so is the actor who is satisfied with his producer a rare phenomenon. Temperament, passion, beauty make a bad mixture with the cold intelligence that must be used to run a business.

Actors are natural vagabonds; like all creative people, natural rebels, when they begin to talk in terms of their second million, it's more apt than not to muddle them up.

**T**HE situation is considerably complicated by the rise of the Hollywood agent. Being on commission, it is to his advantage to get his client the highest possible wage, which is agony to the producer. The agent tells the client to hold out a certain sum at option time; if producer A won't give it to him, says the agent, producer B will. Producers A and B have a pact not to raid each other's stars, but a good star is money in the bank and there the trouble starts.

To me the most hopeful note in the whole thing is the matter of lending stars from one organization to another; this tends to keep everyone reasonably happy and it certainly makes for better productions.

The most money grubbing star will usually exchange a smaller salary for a better part, and, with rôles tailored to fit, they seldom care where they play them, all other conditions being equal.

**T**WENTIETH CENTURY-FOX and Metro have a particularly successful working arrangement and Metro with some inner genius seems to understand better than any other organization how to keep its players happy. These two companies have most recently used Janet Gaynor as a basis of exchange for Robert Taylor. Paramount exchanged Carole Lombard with Universal to get Margaret Sullavan. The dollar element in these transactions is not nearly so important as the personality factor. Already the edict has gone out that new discovery, James Stewart, is too valuable to be loaned out for a while.

It is amusing to think of actors being figured out like cargo shipments of sugar as opposed to rubber, or what have you, like the export-import trade, but this is actually how the scheme operates.

Recently I am told that Pioneer offered \$500,000 for Fred Astaire for six weeks and didn't get him. Radio isn't a gold mine, but Mr. Astaire as their exclusive property was worth more than the half million to them. But if Pioneer had had an Elisabeth Bergner to exchange to play the rôle of *Queen Elizabeth* in "Mary of Scotland," let's say, the situation would have been very different. Pioneer had only money, and here is a case where money wasn't enough.

**I**F I bore you by giving you here the inside on the motion picture "business," the actual wheels within wheels that make this amazing industry go round, you have only to write and tell me so and I will stop writing about it, but it fascinates me as much as the personality stories that rightly appear on PHOTOPLAY's other pages. Here in my corner I feel I may tell you the other aspects of Hollywood, those secret factors that go on behind the scenes that really make it a world power.

On the next few pages of this issue you will see several stories in which I have attempted to keep my word to you, given months ago, when I took over the editorship of this magazine; I promised to give you "big name" writers and important news stories on Hollywood. In the "big name" class I have in these five months given you James Hilton, Dorothy Speare, Channing Pollock, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Hagar Wilde, and now, in this issue, Hugh Walpole.

Although he has been a Hollywood resident for almost two years, this has been the first time any magazine has been able to get Mr. Walpole to write about the movie world.

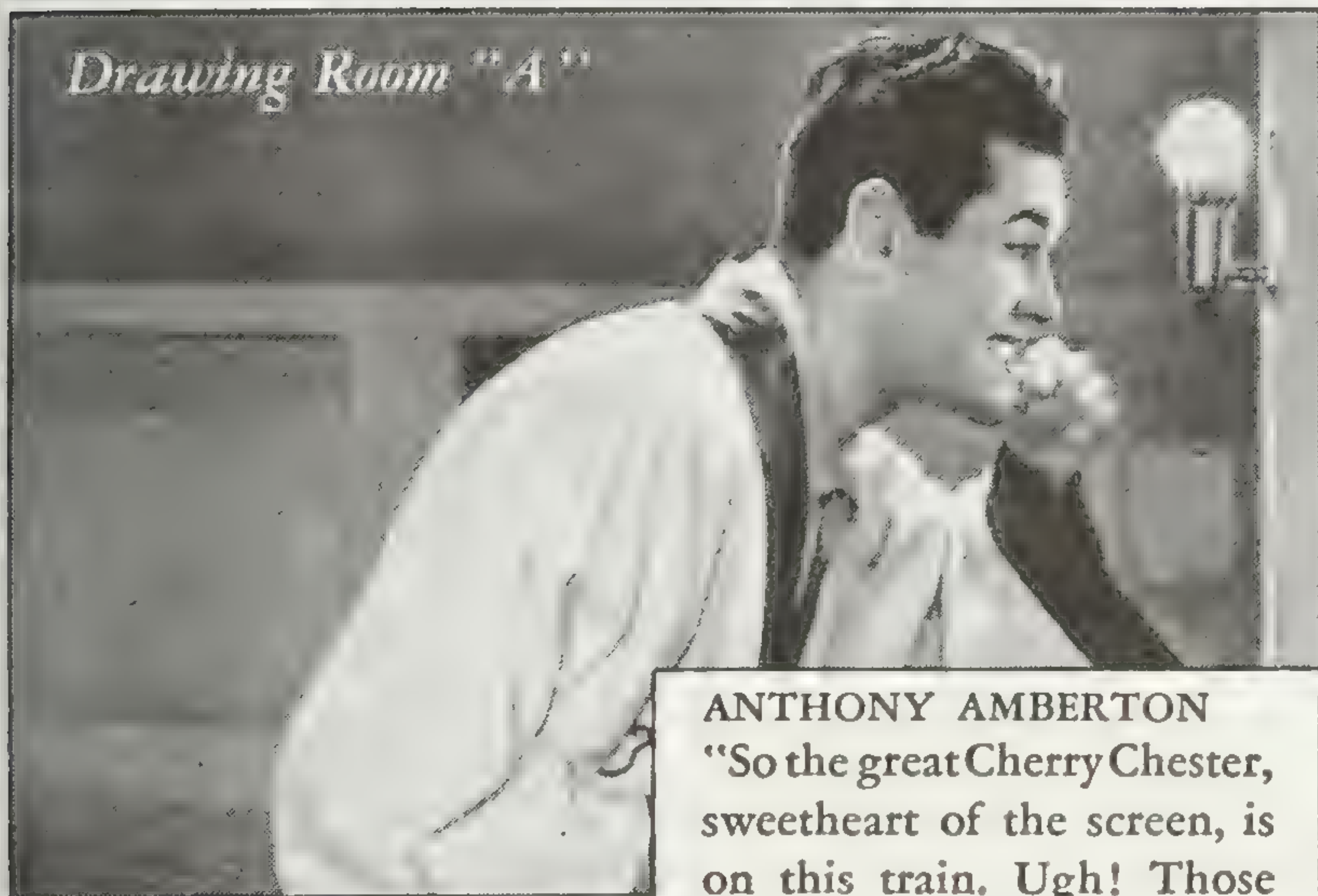
**A**S for news stories, in this issue are three I was told we couldn't get. "They" said Dick Powell wouldn't talk about Joan Blondell, that Henry Fonda wouldn't talk about Margaret Sullavan, and that positively Joan Crawford would not discuss her second marriage. So the talented PHOTOPLAY staff went to work and we got all three.



# A DRAWING-ROOM DRAMA

Scene: Twentieth Century Limited, Chicago to New York

*Drawing Room "A"*

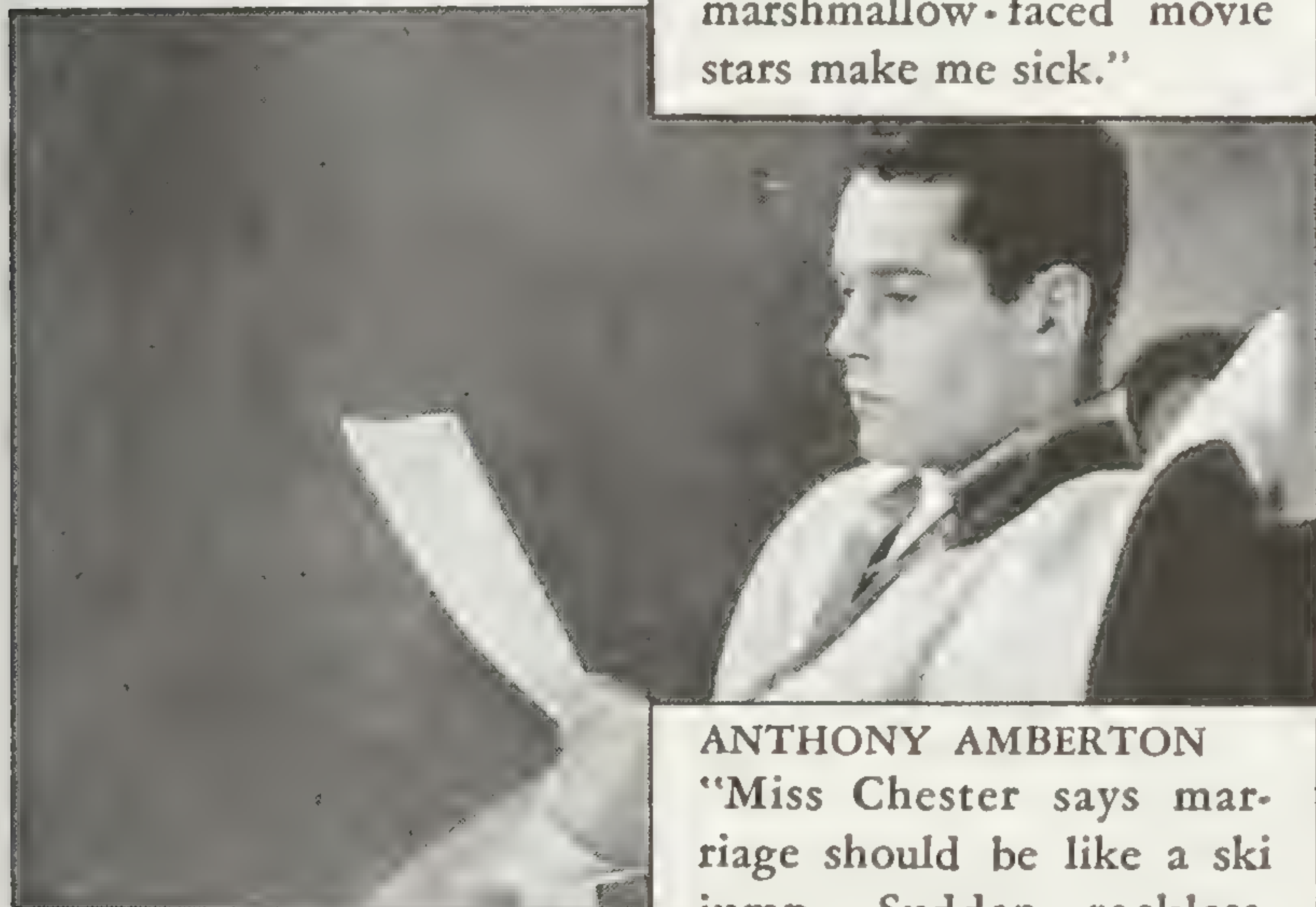


**ANTHONY AMBERTON**  
 "So the great Cherry Chester, sweetheart of the screen, is on this train. Ugh! Those marshmallow-faced movie stars make me sick."

*Drawing Room "B"*



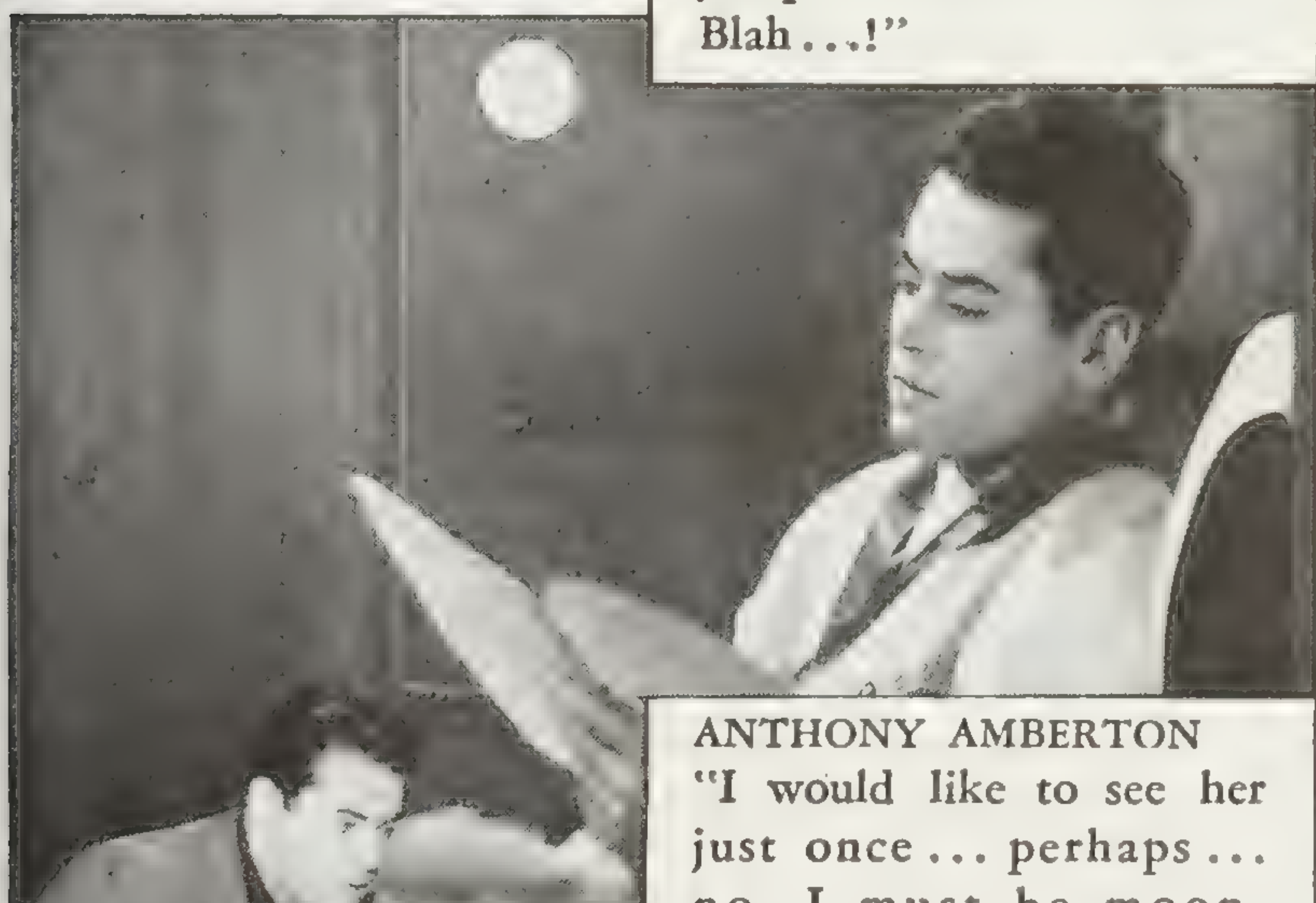
**CHERRY CHESTER**  
 "H-m-m! Anthony Amberton, the great novelist, the one and only, on this train! Bet they've put the big monkey in the baggage car."



**ANTHONY AMBERTON**  
 "Miss Chester says marriage should be like a ski jump. Sudden, reckless, Blah...!"



**CHERRY CHESTER**  
 "Mr. Amberton has conquered the highest peaks known to travelers. Bilge! Absolute bilge!"



**ANTHONY AMBERTON**  
 "I would like to see her just once... perhaps... no, I must be moon-struck."

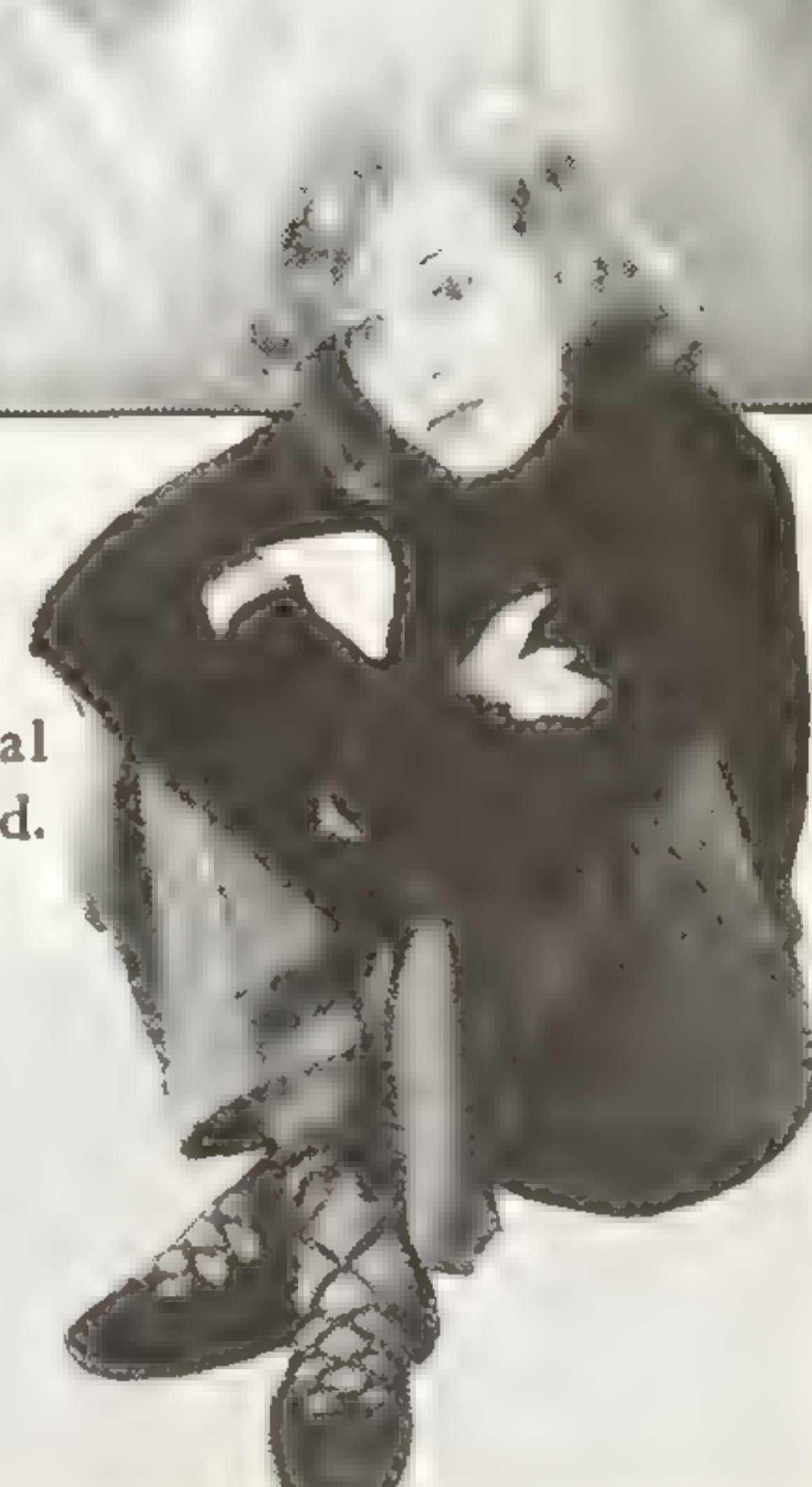


**CHERRY CHESTER**  
 "I wonder what he really does look like... maybe... but, no, it's probably that silly old moon."

**HENRY FONDA**  
 as Anthony Amberton... explorer-author, the darling of the women's clubs.

**MARGARET SULLAVAN**  
 as Cherry Chester... sensational young movie star, darling of Hollywood.

What the "silly old moon" does to two celebrities who yearn for romance in the moonlight instead of sensation in the spotlight, is entertainingly told in Paramount's **"THE MOON'S OUR HOME"** starring MARGARET SULLAVAN, with Henry Fonda, Charles Butterworth, Walter Brennan, Beulah Bondi, Henrietta Crosman... Adapted from Faith Baldwin's Cosmopolitan Magazine Serial... A Walter Wanger Production... Directed by William A. Seiter



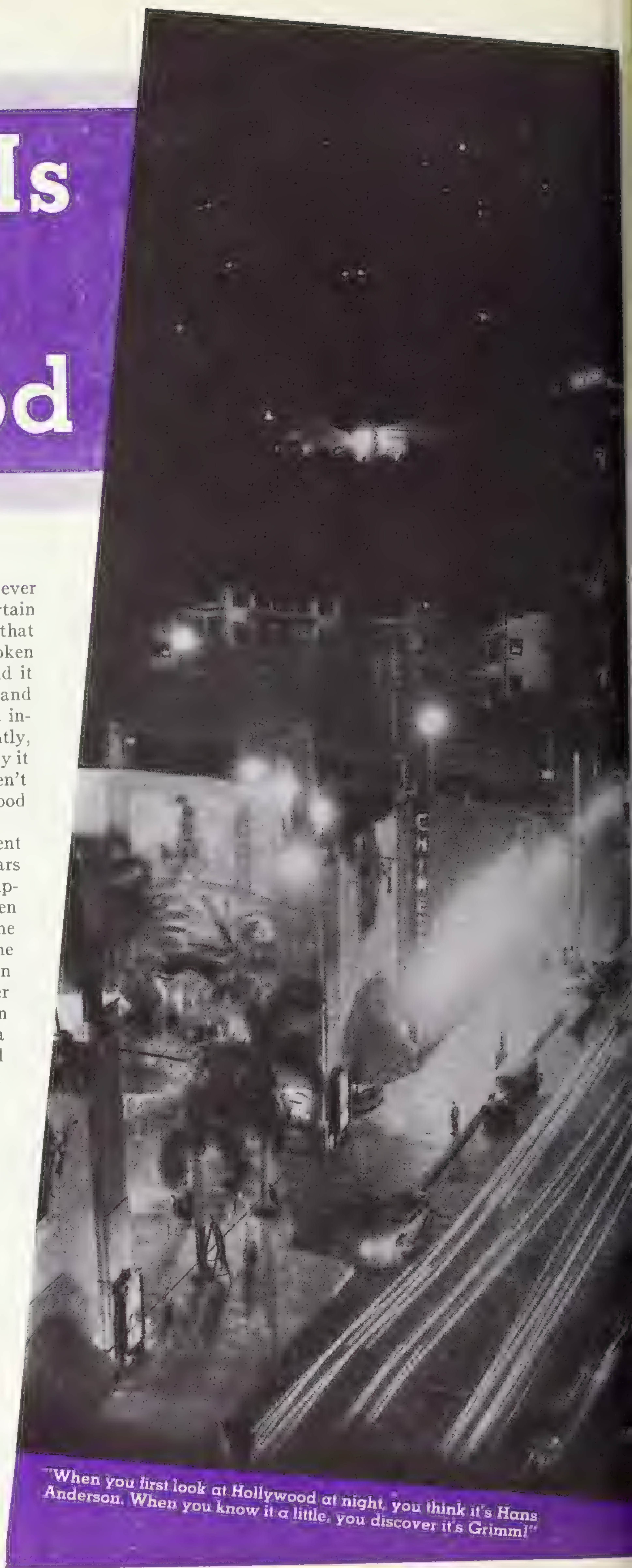


# Nobody Is Safe In Hollywood

**T**HIS is the first word about Hollywood that I have ever written for publication, and I do so now with a certain hesitation and even diffidence. So I will say at once that after a year and a half in this place, a year and a half broken by one serious illness which took me to England, I find it altogether unlike anything that I have read about it, and very definitely I'm on its side. This last remark must inevitably be disappointing, because the only way, apparently, to make Hollywood interesting is to be tickled to death by it or shocked to the depths of one's puritan soul. I haven't myself got a puritan soul, but in any case, Hollywood wouldn't shock me.


In the first place, there's myself, age fifty-one, an ancient bachelor who has been writing novels for nearly thirty years and has seen, like all his contemporaries, the world turn upside-down a number of times. When after having been here only a few weeks last year I, within the space of one hour, saw a motor car chased by the police down the streets of Los Angeles, guns firing, men shouting, women screaming, saw a gentleman slap the face of another gentleman in a well-known restaurant, saw a well-known film star burst into tears quite unexpectedly outside a soda fountain, I said to myself "this is the Hollywood I've always learned to expect." Now, a year later, I'm ready to affirm, with my hand on my heart, that Hollywood is more respectable, more sedate and more easily friendly than the little English cathedral town in which I spent all my childhood years. But don't be disappointed. For the exciting and remarkable thing about Hollywood is that its quietness and respectability is interlaced with extraordinary events and astonishing people. I'll try to explain.

The first thing to realize about this strange district, stretching from the dreary vastness of Los Angeles to the grey sulky sea at Santa Monica, is that it is cut off completely from all the rest of the world. Nothing that happens in the world or beyond it matters here, unless that happening is connected with pictures. Last year my secretary said to me one day, "Mr. Walpole, dreadful things have been happening in Europe. A King has been killed and several presidents, and France and England are at Civil War." I picked up an evening paper and found that part of this account at least was true. I ran onto the set where friends of mine were rehearsing a picture in which I was interested, caught the director by the arm and began: "Henry, the whole of Europe is in



"When you first look at Hollywood at night, you think it's Hans Anderson. When you know it a little, you discover it's Grimm!"





**In his first written words  
about Hollywood, the fa-  
mous author tours the terri-  
fyingly unstable town with  
the ever-changing horizon**

**By Hugh Walpole**

an uproar. Kings have been killed and presidents assassinated." At that moment the little bell rang, my friend shouted: "Camera!" and for some ten minutes I was as though I did not exist. After that I tried again. "Henry," I said, "two kings have been killed, several presidents assassinated, the whole of Europe is in revolution."

"Look at that girl!" Henry cried. "Can't even walk across that room properly. Here! Can't you remember?" he shouted to her. Shaking my head I gave up the attempt.

Some clever person has described the whole Los Angeles district as six suburbs in search of a city. Once, standing at a window with Charles Laughton, looking down on the great valley saturated with colored lights of every variety, he said to me: "Hugh, when you first look at this by night, you think it's Hans Anderson. When you know it a little, you discover that it's Grimm." It is not only grim, but it shifts as you look at it. Travelling at a death-daring pace through it, you would suppose it to be the temporary settlement of a city Fair. Bearing earthquakes in your mind, you feel that every building, even the finest, may disappear at twenty-four hours' notice. The distances from one place to another are terrific. And when you go out to dinner at night with perhaps an hour's drive before you reach your destination, it seems to you that you must have escaped the raft on which you've been perched all day and are in sight at last of a solid ocean liner, only upon entering the house of a friend to find that you're exactly where you started. This instability gives everything a transitory air. The whole mode of life is more casual than anywhere else in the world. You are asked to dinner at eight. You crowd around your host's private bar, all of you packed tight together, and there is nothing to do but drink until ten when dinner appears or doesn't appear, as the case may be. By that time you find you've not been invited to a dinner party, but to a kind of social football match, and you're not at all certain on which side you're playing. If you are an old conventional Englishman, as I am, you determine that you will find stability somewhere. And so, you acquire a little house as I did five months ago.

This was a charming little building in the Spanish style, with a delightful garden and white walls on which you might hang your pictures, shelves for your favorite books, everything handsome about you. But before I'd been in it three weeks, the whole atmosphere changed. The house opposite, with which I'd determined to be on friendly terms, had begun to disappear. Somebody was pulling it down, for what reason I cannot conceive, while on either side of me, on small spaces of ground where you could not,



you would have supposed, find room to swing a cat, two new houses were arising. Shaving every morning, I looked down from my window. First there was a hole dug in the ground. Then there were boards laid one upon another. Then someone came along and tacked bricks onto the boards. In another day or two, someone had tacked a roof onto the bricks, and finally some artistic person arranged three flowers in pots on the patio and the house was completed. This may seem unimportant, but it is in reality at the very root of the matter. Because not only is the horizon changing with each minute, but the lives of all the people who figure in the foreground are changing too. So that the very first thing to realize about Hollywood, I think, is that nobody is safe.

In the beginning there are the motor cars. All the world, we know, is now dangerous for everyone. But no place anywhere is so dangerous as Hollywood. For one thing, the police of Los Angeles—I say this with all respect—seem to me to be very peculiar people. They are naturally and rightly anxious to reduce the death and accident totals which are certainly appalling. But they set about this by hiding between trees, in bushes, and up deserted lanes, waiting to pounce on some occasional person who goes too fast or doesn't stop at the change of a light. You never *see* a policeman anywhere. You hear them sometimes in the distance. And the result of this is that every driver rushes from point to point, pulls up unexpectedly because he thinks a policeman may be hiding behind some particular tree, or dashes wildly across the road when he thinks a policeman is somewhere near, with results that are simply terrifying.

In the middle of this confusion studios are scattered about. I used to imagine, before I came here, that there were only two things in Hollywood—studios and beautiful ladies. And that a studio was a place where pictures were made and where certain fortunate people earned enormous sums of money. But a studio is not at all the simple thing that articles in magazines have led one to believe. They are fortresses, inside which every kind of human drama takes place. They appear to be the only solid thing in this shifting world. When first I came here, I was asked whether I would prefer to work at home or have an office at the studio. In past years there have been many cases of Englishmen arriving to work in Hollywood, agreeing to do their work in their own quiet homes, and then being quietly buried and entirely forgotten, only resurrected after many months by their own terrified energy.

There is, for instance, the legend of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, who came here for a whole year, worked in his home, received enormous checks every week, and then, as nobody appeared to be aware of his existence, took a boat back to England again. There is a story, how true I do not know, of a little house in Hollywood inhabited for a year and a half by an Englishman who wrote and wrote and wrote and finally died

there, was buried in the back garden by someone who discovered the corpse, and is still being advertised for in the English newspapers.

Let me say at once that all that is impossible now. Anyone who receives his weekly check is supposed to work for it, and I may say, for one, that at certain times during my stay here I have worked harder than ever in my life before. At other times, I've listened to the radio and endeavored to solve chess problems. This brings me to the next curious fact, which is, that it is very difficult to discover, who is really responsible for the energies of this vast industry. I heard the other day that someone, having been given a story to write, worked hard for three or four weeks, covered a good deal of paper and then

took the results to the gentleman who had given him the original order. That gentleman was, he discovered, far away in Africa. So, a little baffled, he asked who it was that had charge of this particular picture. He was told of another gentleman and to him he telephoned steadily for some three or four weeks. When he at last saw him, he was referred to a lady who lived at the top of a hill somewhere at the back of Beverly. He rang the lady up and she very courteously invited him to lunch. He went to the top of the hill in Beverly, spent a charming hour there, but discovered that the lady knew nothing about his story.

Completely confused by this time, he went home again and worked for another two months and finished his story, not knowing what else to do. The only thing that was completely mysterious to him was that his checks arrived every week with perfect regularity. He didn't like taking all this money for nothing, so he took his finished story back to the studio and presented it anxiously to twelve different persons, one after the other. None of them had time to read his story, but by that time his contract was up and so he went back to England. It is necessary then if anyone is to make any mark upon Hollywood, to fix firmly upon the persons with whom you are determined to be concerned and never leave them alone for a moment.

In every studio there are two or three individuals who resemble the monarchs of some Ruritanian state. There is the King, two or three Cabinet Ministers and a temporary favorite or two. I have worked in the main for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. The King of that studio is Mr. Louis B. Mayer, his Prime Minister, Mr. Eddie Mannix, and he has a cabinet of some half dozen gentlemen. There is a real aspect of royalty about these figures. They control state affairs of infinite complexity. From world-famous stars like Greta Garbo and Clark Gable to the least important of the janitors there is a perpetual consciousness of these sacred figures. They communicate with their subjects on little blue slips, which have the air of dropping from heaven. Once and again one of them is seen to be walking like [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90 ]



Photoplay proudly adds to its list of distinguished contributors the name of Hugh Walpole. Mr. Walpole is famed for many novels, among them "Rogue Herries," "The Cathedral," and its sequel, "The Inquisitor." In the summer of 1934, he came to America to supervise the technical background of "David Copperfield." His latest screen work was the adaptation of "Little Lord Fauntleroy"





RICHEE

**bing**

*The new Bing Crosby, veddy serious! You see, Bing just never could get to an appointment on time, but now he confounds everyone by arriving early! "Rhythm on the Range" is his next*





# clark

Clark Gable goes back to his down-to-earth he-man manner in his next, "San Francisco." Also, he will have gorgeous Jeanette MacDonald to sing to him. (There's no mention of whether Clark will sing. But he has been known to warble — informally. No serious complaints from any of his friends—as yet!)

CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL



# Loretta

Welcome back, Loretta! It won't be long before you'll be able to see her again, well and strong, the charming Loretta Young, lovelier than ever in her first picture after a very long siege of illness. She's in "The Unguarded Hour." Franchot Tone, that handsome hero, is playing opposite Loretta







WALLING

# Frances

Frances Drake, the delightful eyeful who turned from dancing to drama, now turns from her heavy emoting in "The Invisible Ray" to the lighter "Florida Special"



# Dick Powell Admits He's In Love

At last, the all-time non-marrying bachelor tells, with an amazing humility, just what "the only girl" means to him!

By Walter Ramsey

**W**HEN "Stage Struck" was announced as: "... the next co-starring film of that newest romantic couple, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell," the most surprised, if not the *only* surprised people in Hollywood were Joan Blondell and Dick Powell!

For months, Dick has been doing everything in his power, utilizing newspaper friendship at his command to spare Joan Blondell the possible embarrassment that might come through the coupling of their names before Joan, who has been divorced from George Barnes for almost the required year, becomes legally free.

That, strictly, is the real reason back of his manoeuvrings for the most secluded spot in the *Trocadero* for dinner, his repeated requests that the candid-camera boys give them a break by passing them by and all the other doges he has used to avoid autograph fans and photographers. That such gallantry is considered downright old-fashioned in this modern era certainly hasn't stopped Dick from an honest and sometimes amusing attempt (at least to Hollywood) to keep their names out of the gossip columns.

But now that the seal of official proclamation has been put on their romance, and the news is—so to speak—out of the bag, it has left Mr. Powell even a bit more than unusually bewildered and at-sea over the ways of Hollywood.

"The longer I stay here, the less I know about this town," he said. "First, I find myself as the non-marrying bachelor of all time—complete with clauses in my contract to the effect that I must refrain from entertaining matrimonial ideas during the entire agreement. It was supposed to be 'good for me'—like spinach or something. I always figured that was very silly considering that almost every important male star on the screen is married. But just when I'd become reconciled to that status, along they come proclaiming Joan and myself 'Hollywood's newest romance'."

He isn't angry about it. Or even temperamental. In a way, I think he is a little relieved that the whole world is to be in on the secret: that he's a young man very much in love for the first time since he came to Hollywood—that nothing in his life has ever meant to him what Joan's friendship means—and that if they aren't married when Joan is free, legally, it won't be because he hasn't tried his darndest. Only that isn't the word he uses.



Inappropriately enough—considering his statements in this article—his next picture is titled "Hearts Divided," in which he plays opposite vivacious Marion Davies





Something very real and important has come into Joan Blondell's life as well as into Dick Powell's, otherwise she couldn't look so radiant and happy

For admit it he does. And for an about-town eligible of Dick's far-flung repute, this all-time, non-marrying bachelor admits to love with a humbleness that is amazing.

"I wish I could say I was going to marry Joan. Nothing in the world would make me happier. But how can I make such a statement when she isn't free to consider me, one way or another? All I can say is that I am going to *try* like hell to marry her! If our marriage doesn't come about, you will know it wasn't from any lack of trying on my part."

Now I've always liked Dick a lot, but I've never liked him better than the moment he made that sincerely-honest statement—right from the heart without evasion or the common Hollywood denial-without-grace that usually follows these romance rumors. When my favorite box-office singing wow—who has been billed all the way from "The Debutante's Delight" on down to "The Most Illusive Bachelor in Hollywood"—breaks down as just an average young guy in love and wonders if the One-Girl-in-the-World is going to have him, Dick goes right to the head of the class in my eyes! Personally,

I've grown just a little tired of the cold-blooded strategy of other Hollywood idols who go about wishing they could "afford to be in love" and feeling that they can't, because of their careers. They're in love all right, but mostly with themselves. I've suspected all along that Hollywood hadn't rubbed off too much on Mr. Powell and now I'm convinced that his good, old-fashioned Arkansas upbringing hasn't even been scratched by movie town routine.

He was stretched out in his dressing room for a short rest between scenes of his picture with Marion Davies "Hearts Divided." Even if it hadn't been for the towel stuck between his neck and his collar (to keep the make-up off his shirt), he would hardly have presented a figure of box-office dignity as he sprawled in a low chair, his feet propped on an ottoman, flicking ashes in a little circle about him. But then, Dick has never taken himself with any great degree of reverence. He considers he's been luckier than a pair of loaded-dice in a Harlem crap game. That's the way Dick looks at his movie career and believe you me, it's just about the most levelheaded viewpoint in Hollywood.

"You know as well as I do that all this stuff about me being a Man-about-town, the evasive bachelor, was just a lot of nonsense from the start. But before Joan came along, it didn't matter much. I might as well have been painted as a gay Lothario as in my carpet slippers. Long ago, before Hollywood, I was married and divorced and I can honestly say that I've been looking for and hoping, ever since that time, for a perfect marriage!

"I think being happily married is the only real and important way to live. I think people respect you more. Yes, even actors. When I built my home in the valley, you can take my word for it that I didn't put it up as a prospective club for bachelor poker games and a solitary life of freedom. What do I want to be free for? What does any man want to be free for? I've worked hard for my picture and radio careers and with a lot of luck I've been successful. But what's the good of all that if there's no one important to share it with you?

"It's a cinch I don't want to spend my years sitting alone in front of a fireplace—eating meals at odd hours because there is no system to my life—turning night into day and day into night, with nothing to show for your life but a nod of recognition from night club head waiters! Not on your life. Not for me.

"That's why Joan's friendship means so much to me. It has normalized the completely aimless life I've been leading in Hollywood. I find I'm doing such things as eating my meals on time these days—getting more than my usual amount of



sleep, mostly because we haven't any pretenses to maintain and can both admit that we have next day's work to face. We go to an early movie *together*; I used to call up one of the boys. We sit in front of the fire and talk for hours. We do a lot of things that are fun to figure out together and yet we aren't on-the-go all the time. What's the sense in denying that I know I've found the girl with whom I want to share my life?

"I think Joan understands; I hope she does because, frankly, we haven't discussed the subject of marriage yet! That is the truth. In the first place, she isn't free to make up her mind quite yet and in the second place, I want to marry Joan so much that I don't want to hurry her or force the issue of a second marriage before she has had time to get the right perspective on it. After all, Joan and I each have a broken marriage in the past. She has a child whom we both adore. But these are not problems that can be settled lightly. We must allow time to heal the hurts and disillusionment divorce inevitably brings. Certainly these are no light problems for a girl so sincere and fine as Joan."

In one way, it was a foregone conclusion and in another it must have come as a surprise to Dick and Joan—this new happiness they have found in each other. Though it is impossible for Joan to say anything on the subject yet, it is easy to see that something very real and very important has come into her life just as it has to Dick. The girl couldn't look so radiantly beautiful and so utterly happy these days if it hadn't!

Joan, with her sense of humor, her even disposition and her gift for quick laughter, has always been one of the most popular girls in Hollywood. "The best scout on the lot . . ." used to be the accepted descriptive phrase about Joan. She's still all of that; but lately, there is a new Hollywood interest in Joan: in the way she is wearing just about the smartest clothes in town . . . in the svelte slenderness of her figure and the sparkle of happiness that seems to glow from everything she does on or off the screen.

Of course, they've been casual friends on the Warner Brothers lot for years. They've made several pictures together and there was always much gaiety and fun on their set—but then there is always laughter wherever Joan is. Just friends.

Then, suddenly, Joan divorced George Barnes.

For a little while, nothing happened to change the complete casualness of their long friendship. Then it started very simply with Dick dropping in at Joan's house to take her to one of the previews or perhaps to the rushes of some recent scenes. Not that Dick was the only young gentleman of Hollywood with the idea! There were plenty of others, drawn by Joan's wit and beauty and companionship, to offer competition . . . in



Dick Powell believes that being married is the only real and important way to live, and his reasons for so believing reveal a heart-warming depth in him

the beginning. But as eager as these prospective escorts might have been at the start, they weren't long in discovering that no matter where they wanted to take Joan, Dick had always taken her there first—even if it was just to the corner drugstore for an ice cream soda.

Yes, that's the way the most illusive romance in Hollywood began. Dick has given his reasons why Joan's companionship means so much to him. It is certain how much his companionship meant to her in one of the most trying periods of her life. There is a quality of earthy humanness about this tall auburn-haired young man, and a great deal of sympathetic understanding under that infectious grin. It is part of his huge success in pictures. And her affection for him is recognized by all her friends.

Where will it end? Will Dick marry Joan and take her to his beautiful house in the valley and find the answer to his dreams? We can't tell you. Dick can't tell you, yet. But remember Dick's words:

"... you can tell the world I'm going to *try* like hell!"



# Second Marriage—and

Photoplay opens the doors of a private paradise—the Tones' home, locked

**T**HAT Joan Crawford's marriage to Franchot Tone is not the nine day wonder, the three ring circus, the county fair parade her honeymoon with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was, is not due to any lack of feverish interest among the inmates of Hollywood, where second marriage is just as good as first for stirring up excitement . . . if possible!

When Joan and Franchot came back from their surprise wedding in New York three months ago, Hollywood was more than willing to take up the game with them where it left off with Joan and Doug. And if you don't believe those first few months of married life between Joan and Doug were a "game" you easily forget the mincemeat for the Sunday supplements Hollywood made of it. From the very beginning Hollywood treated Joan's first marriage like a day-by-day account of "Blondie," in the funny paper,—and ended it a satire in a Broadway show!

If a sensitive girl's pride was torn and her heart hurt somewhere along that dizzy way, the world took no cognizance of it. Joan was the public's own Million Dollar Glamour Girl, one of the largest drawing fiction characters in the spotlight, and if they found her private love story amusing, well, they had made her what she was today, hadn't they? (Isn't that the phrase?)

But you can mark my words for it, and set it well in mind: Hollywood, or the public, or you or I shall make no Roman Holiday of Joan's second marriage! Even if we've put her where she is today! Even if we've bought and paid for her beauty and talent, and blazing, overwhelming personality a million times over at the box-office . . . which I doubt. There are two very excellent reasons why we won't.

The first is Franchot Tone.

The second is Joan Tone!

I mention Franchot first, because his cool, sane, reserved and perfectly normal outlook on life is influencing Joan's personality right now as men invariably influence and mold truly feminine women who love them.

To my way of thinking that is as great a compliment to Joan as it is to Franchot.

In spite of the tremendous success that has crowned her



Joan in love is the ultimate feminist. Will her surrender to the ideas of the dignified Franchot Tone bring her the happiness she has sought for so long?

career, in spite of the box-office glories that could easily upset the normal "rightness" of masculine dominance, Joan, in love, remains the ultimate feminist. It is as though she somehow deliberately closed the door on the ambitious careerist who is Joan Crawford in electric lights, and becomes under the spell of her own emotionalism, an eagerly dependent girl. There may be other successful women of Hollywood who have this same surrendering modesty in the face of love, but I have not



# Joan Crawford Tone

to an all-absorbed world since the surprise wedding By Dorothy Manners



"They" may have made a Roman Holiday of Joan's first marriage, but you can bank on it that this time "they" won't! There are very good reasons why

met them. The Queen of the Lot is too often the Queen of the Home. That is what is wrong with the majority of them.

Perhaps this unusual trait in the character of a self-made girl, is merely a welcome retreat for Joan into a dependency her hard-fought career has never granted. From childhood Joan was the strong one, the way-shower, the wage earner. A truly feminine little girl who liked to sew, and take care of children, and manage homes and line closets neatly with paper,

and clip recipes was hurled into a grab-and-get man's world before her 'teens to battle her way to the top. And battle she did, without giving quarter or asking any. But even in the thick of the battle that little-girl-who-used-to-be was not lost.

That is why even when her love and her confidence have been misplaced, the men in her life have colored Joan's personality and formed the unconscious background for the many "new Joans" of Hollywood publicity lore.

When Joan was the giddy girl of the Montmartre dancing days she thought she was in love with a youth who was even more of a playboy than her attempt to be a playgirl!

In the first stages of her sensational stardom while she was the victim of moods and melancholia, her closest friend was a man whose bitter and unhappy philosophy eventually led to a tragic death by his own hand.

And the Glamour Queen of the Joan-Douglas marriage was never the real Joan. She didn't even believe herself! They were like two Noel Coward characters, Joan and Doug, playing their rôles in a sophisticated comedy that ran for two years!

But now that Joan is experiencing a love she can lean on for the first time in her life, it is amusing that she has never been more completely swayed by a man—and at the same time she has never been more completely herself. The masquerade of the Great Movie Star is over!

Even when Hollywood columnizes their marriage as "an artistic union of two sensitive souls in retreat" you do not get any answering Front Page denials from the Tones, out Brentwood way. They aren't to be baited into sensationalism by the cleverest traps!

If the repeated hints that Franchot is leading Joan away from a

movie career toward the dramatic and operatic stage are fun for the daily grind . . . so be it!

If their study of music and their quite unpretentious way of entertaining constitute exciting rumors for the gossip mills . . . they go right on for all of Joan and Franchot.

They still invite the people they want to see to their home.

They accept the invitations of people they want to be with.

And they will continue their [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122 ]



# OUR DUMB ENEMIES

**Gloria Lorme hated horses, but the big producer loved them—and besides, there was that devil Pete Pryor—**

**By Hagar Wilde**

ILLUSTRATED BY  
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

**G**LORIA LORME was twenty. A ravishing, tawny haired twenty. She'd been in pictures since she was sixteen. Hard as it is to achieve amethyst-colored eyes, the combination of her mother's blue eyes and the large gray eyes of her father, had bullied nature into presenting Gloria with those faintly purple, deepening to black near the iris, eyes that knock men over like ninepins.

Her success, in the past two years, had put her bank account into enviable figures, had thrown Pete Pryor into her life, and, evening things up, had put her in a nervous state which had grown, through overwork and a burning desire to play a certain part in a picture, now in the office of Monumental, to the point where the doctor prescribed a trip in the way that doctors have of prescribing trips, saying, without saying it really, that they will not be responsible for what happens if the trip is not taken.

So Gloria started for New York. She reflected as she boarded the train that one couldn't look a doctor straight in the eye and say, "I'm not having a nervous breakdown. I'm having a bad attack of Pete Pryor." It would be difficult to explain, over a doctor's desk all loaded with matters of import such as reports on basal metabolism tests and charts marked up and down with zig-zag lines, that Pete Pryor, executive extraordinary for Monumental, held her heart's desire in the palm of his hand and that hand was slowly closing on the poor little thing.

At least, she reflected bitterly, she was leaving Pete Pryor behind in Hollywood. That was something. Mr. Pryor, at the moment, was seated with his heels on his desk, making plane reservations for New York for the following day, cancelling a date to play polo, and smiling as only a serpent can smile. Gloria Lorme wanted the part of Delia in "Forever After," did she? Pete whistled tunefully and grinned.

Morris Solomon came in and sat down. Morris Solomon was the head of Monumental Pictures. He signed checks,

trusted Pete Pryor implicitly because Pete was a crack golfer, trimmed him regularly and effortlessly at tennis and rode a horse as though it had been ordained at his birth that he was to be the world's best polo player. Mr. Solomon also was impressed by the fact that Pete was a gentleman jockey. Before his advent into Monumental offices as a major executive, Pete had been a shining light at Connecticut steeplechase and hunt meets. He was the darling of the Connecticut countryside.

Mr. Solomon put his head in his hands and made a groaning





Voices from a distance battered faintly at her ears. Pete's voice saying, "Gloria . . . darling. Sweet, open your eyes . . ."



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

noise. "They're thirty thousand dollars over their estimate on 'Moon of Desire' and the picture a quarter finished," he said dolefully. "I think I'll go away."

"We'll both go away," Pete said cheerfully.

"We should both be away at the same time?" said Solomon.

"They'll never miss us," Pete said. "And I'm going on business. The girl I want as Delia in 'Forever After' is in New York."

Gloria had been in New York two days wondering why she had come, when she received a wire from Ronnie Craven's

wife in Carborough, Connecticut. Ronnie was a writer of sorts and Gloria had met the Cravens when he'd been out in Hollywood on a dialogue contract. The wire said:

DARLING HEAR YOU ARE HAVING NERVOUS BREAKDOWN  
COME AND HAVE IT WITH US ABSOLUTE REST AND QUIET  
HUNTING COUNTRY TREES BIRDS GRASS TAKE TRAIN  
GRAND CENTRAL GET OFF CARBOROUGH WIRE WHEN  
COMING LOVE  
Emma.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95 ]



# Yours Truly Rural,

How "Mammy" came to mean Mother Nature to this Broadway singer

**W**HEN you hear his name—his very Great Name—you remember things, invariably. . . .

Al Jolson. The flare of a city at night; the triumphant blast of many saxophones. Great high-ceilinged theaters. Taxis and night-clubs and doormen. Black-face and white gloves. There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder. Sonny Boy. MAMMY!

I found him, yesterday, at a citrus ranch in California's fertile San Fernando Valley. You get there by driving along smooth roads through fields and orchards and past a mission sleeping in the sun; you find the correct mailbox, walk up a shaded drive, and with what energy you still possess punch a little door-bell.

If anyone's awake you are guided to your host, who floats in his swimming pool behind the house.

. . . Thus the new home and the new existence of Al Jolson, whose very name spells asphalt and bright lights. In very simple statement, he has bought a ranch and will live on it with his wife and son for the rest of his life. But the meaning behind that statement is epic with implications.

Those ten acres of orange and lemon and grapefruit trees, and that

beautiful house, signify climax to the Jazz Singer's life story. They represent his philosophy, his love, everything he has worked for these many years. They represent his ambition and his dreams. And they represent an Al Jolson that no one ever knew, or ever thought existed.

I sat on my heels beside the pool and asked him about these things. I said: "So you're a hick now. Well, well. And the Empress of Japan is going to start taking in washing next week."

He swam to the side and looked up, grinning. "How do you like it? Nice, huh?"

"Very nice," I said. "But you don't belong here. You're trespassing on someone else's property . . ."

He sloshed out of the water and sat down opposite me, dripping. "No," he answered very seriously, "I'm not trespassing.

I'm at home. I'm at home for the first time in my life, and I'm ready to stay."

I grinned at him. "I've got two questions. One is 'Why?' and the other is 'What happened?' When a city man turns gentleman farmer, there *has* to be a reason."

"There are several reasons," Al said slowly.



Once the toast of Broadway, Ruby and Al are blissfully content in the Arcadian simplicity of their orange ranch



The public shed a million dollars worth of tears when Al sang his famed "Mammy" song in "The Jazz Singer"





# Al Jolson

of jazz songs

By Chet Green

Having heard his voice since you were knee-high to a cricket, you must know something of his life. You must know how young he was when his family brought him to Washington, D. C., from Russia, and you must know the struggle that was his as a little immigrant boy in an American school. You must know the courage it took to begin singing for audiences when he knew nothing of voice except a little his father had taught him.

Certainly you have heard the anecdote of his start in San Francisco, just after an earthquake had come and gone leaving havoc. Rebuilding a city is noisy business; Al had a job in one of the theaters left standing, and in order to make himself heard over the din of riveting machines and hammers he climbed onto a piano close to the audience and sang as loudly as he could.

People liked the informality, the insouciance of this boy in black-face—they liked him so well, in fact, that from that day until only recently he has had no time for anything except to keep engagements.

He has had no time, for one thing, to establish a home; and therein lies the first reason for Al Jolson's escape from the city.

"I'm not the sort of person who enjoys living in an apartment," he complained. "I've always hated it—elevators, doors with numbers; screeching brakes and trolley-cars under your window. Some people get to like it, you know? They don't hear the noise, they don't see the crowds, they don't smell the gutters. But I didn't get to like it—ever."

And so during his life — a crazy kaleidoscope of rising curtains and applause, of hurried flights from metropolis to metropolis, of subways and  
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84 ]



When Al sings his swan song in the show business, he intends to put his oranges on a paying basis



Rhythmic Ruby Keeler is a star in her own right and Al is enormously proud of her success. After five years of married life, these two are still inseparable pals

With this house a one time Russian immigrant's dream came true. He hopes that sunshine and security will be a happy substitute for the glitter and roar of the Great White Way







# The Real Story of Eleanor Powell's Collapse

When Eleanor, in "At Home Abroad," fainted on the stage, her mother was grateful, grateful that her daughter must now retire, temporarily. And thousands of girls had been envying Eleanor!

**I**T was while Eleanor Powell was dressing to go to the theater for a matinee performance of "At Home Abroad," the New York musical success in which she appeared with Beatrice Lillie and Ethel Waters this past winter, that she collapsed.

Her mother attending her after she fainted, waiting for their family physician to arrive, seeing Eleanor deathly white, unquestionably ill, and inevitably obliged to retire temporarily, murmured no regrets. Instead, she said, gratefully, "Well, that's that! And thank goodness!"

Girls ambitious to find fame as dancers had been envying Eleanor. And mothers impatient for their daughters to come into what they maternally considered their just rights had been envying Mrs. Powell. They had believed, these mothers and daughters, that Eleanor and Mrs. Powell must be blissfully and supremely happy, on top of the world. Little did they know.

The trouble began when Eleanor was in the studios working on "The Broadway Melody of 1936." Overjoyed with her rôle of *Arlette*, she couldn't work hard enough. For years,

dancing in vaudeville houses and from time to time doing specialty numbers in Broadway productions like "Fine and Dandy" and "Follow Thru" and "Hot Cha," Eleanor always had insisted her real chance would come when she had lines to speak. She meant any decent, adequate lines. Not in her most optimistic dreams did she expect to fall heir to such important and numerous lines as she read in this picture. So it was natural enough when asked if she was tired and wanted to rest after hours of dancing under the exhausting studio lights that she always shook her head vehemently—the only way she knows how to do anything—and said, "No, I feel fine, let's go on, please!"

When you see success shining just ahead of you, almost within your reach it's only human to hurry towards it.

A dancer more experienced than Eleanor would have known that to feel fine is the best reason in the world for stopping, would have realized the urgent necessity of preserving this feeling, would have appreciated the fact that once you don't

feel fine, and once your feet especially don't feel fine, the harm is done.

But Eleanor, young, over-eager, and excited, kept on. Even when the time came when she had to spend her entire luncheon hour ministering to her feet which had reached a stage of infection pronounced by a Los Angeles podiatrist as the most severe he had encountered in seventeen years of practise.

Mrs. Powell protested, but futilely as she feared. It was too much to expect that Eleanor, young and game, should quit with the biggest chance of a lifetime within her grasp. Then, too, "At Home Abroad" was ready to go into rehearsal. Telegrams and telephone calls kept advising Eleanor, in Hollywood, that by not being on hand she was holding things up. The messages became more and more urgent. And Eleanor, afraid the producers might sue her, yet unable to leave until the picture was completed, became more and more frantic. Regardless of the pain her feet caused she begged for longer working days. She knew then how relentlessly success can snap a whip.



**Rumors flew thick and fast. Tongues wagged eagerly—trying to explain the illness of this dynamic cinema meteor. But here, finally, is the heart-rending explanation**

By Adele  
Whitely Fletcher

Nights she reached home and fell into bed exhausted. Mrs. Powell had to plead with her to take time to brush her teeth, to brush her hair, to eat even the simplest dinner. And then, while Eleanor slept, all night long Mrs. Powell would remain awake to bathe her feet with the solution which their doctor, now both desperate and disapproving, had recommended.

On the train traveling East, Eleanor at last had four days of rest. But the benefits of this soon were dissipated since by the time she reached New York rehearsals had been under way for two weeks and she had to catch up. She got off the Twentieth Century at nine o'clock in the morning and by ten o'clock she was in the theater working.

If you've walked even a block in shoes that hurt, you can multiply the sickening irritability which at such times possesses your whole body until it twists your mouth into a straight line and hollows circles under your eyes to get some idea of the state Eleanor was in. Yet on several occasions, disciplining her frazzled nerves, she took her courage in hand and quietly held up the company long enough to gain a more intelligent knowledge of the production as a whole.

That wasn't all. She had another contract to fill, a radio contract with Soconyland. This meant giving hours which otherwise might have been spent resting to other rehearsals as well as the radio broadcasts themselves. You ask, perhaps, why Eleanor tried to do so much, why she wasn't satisfied to stick with her movie career and let the rest go hang. She couldn't for two reasons, leaving all the sentimental trouper stuff about the-show-must-go-on out of it. In the first place she was not yet sure of any movie career. It wasn't until the picture was released and she had the public verdict that she dared count on the success she had worked too hard to win. Secondly, she was bound by two iron-clad contracts which, barring such a collapse as she eventually suffered, offered her no way out.

"I'd have been all right," Eleanor says, "if I hadn't overdone, if I hadn't failed to realize that your body catches up with you sooner or later and demands you pay in prolonged



MURRAY KORMAN

**Eleanor Powell always appeared so gay—on stage, as if her dancing were all fun and no work. Little did the audience know it had taken a half hour to squeeze her swollen feet into her slippers!**

rest and medication for any abuse to which you put it. If I'd taken things in an easier stride I'd have been all right. My difficulties, including the time element, would have worked themselves out and I'd have been able to keep up with every last obligation.

"It was in abusing my health that I came a cropper."

Eleanor's first Sunday in New York she counted the most blessed kind of a day. She and her mother drove up to their home in Crestwood. There her grandparents and her great-aunt and twelve-year-old Betty Meyer whom she has adopted were eagerly waiting. With all her heart Eleanor wanted to stay with them. She had been away so long. And there was something good about the roast-beef dinner, Betty doing last-minute homework under the lamp, Great-aunt Harriette spryly executing a tap to prove Eleanor inherits her dancing ability from that branch of the family—what if not one of them ever dreamed of dancing professionally?—and her grandmother clucking soothingly over her poor feet while [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110 ]



# cal york's gossip



Above, Nella Chazan and David Hays at the Screen Actor's Guild Ball. Nella's success in this issue has every producer paying her attention.



Above, "Caliban" and his "Ariel" are John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie, at Countess di Frasso's party. At the completion of his role in "Bones and Juliet," John expects to make a picture in India.

James Cagney specially requested that Robert Taylor be the leading man in her next picture. Left, the screen's newest romantic mom at the Screen Actor's Guild Ball.



At the Countess di Frasso's party, Carole Lombard (above) chats with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., just back from England. His dinner jacket, entirely of velvet, made quite a hit.

**R**ONALD COLMAN is still blushing for his recent *faux pas*. At a dinner party, rather large, he did a rave-and-rant act about elderly women who went in for such youth preservative measures as face-lifting and the like.

"It's worse than stupid," he stormed. "They always look terrible and deceive no one."

There was a painful pause. Then Lady Plunkett, a guest, spoke up.

"Did you know," she asked sweetly, "that Fanny Ward is my mother?"

**H**OLLYWOOD—and the rest of the world, probably—is exceedingly amused at the current antics of John "Caliban" Barrymore and Elaine "Ariel" Barrie, the gal from whom he fled in frantic terror in an uproariously funny hounds-and-hare cross country chase.

Not only is he her constant squire these days, appearing at parties and popular cocktail and eating spots with her, but lent the great Barrymore talents to her *support* in her screen test at M-G-M the other day. For a Barrymore, that's LOVE!

**B**OB MONTGOMERY, as you know, recently became a proud father again. But did you know that his hospital-pacing companions until 4 a.m. on the eventful occasion were Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Chester Morris? There's a couple of real pals for you.

**"MODERN TIMES"** in a nut-shell: A seven-year-old sat through a showing of the new Chaplin picture. Upon leaving, he remarked in disgust, "Chaplin can't talk and I can't read. I had one heck of a time!"

**D**OROTHY DI FRASSO has a lot of Hollywood folk plenty worried these days. At a recent party the countess gave she concealed a microphone (just playful!) under a divan, with the result that all conversations emanating from that particular spot were recorded for posterity on wax discs. The worrying part comes from the fact she has threatened to play the records at her next party.

So far she has had five *urgent* pleadings to skip the idea. The recorded conversations, it seems, were intended to be private.

**A**L JOLSON had been yipping about a pain in his side, predicting it was nothing less than appendicitis. Recently Harry Brand of 20th Century-Fox was operated on for that ailment. Al was given permission to watch the surgery. In the operating room he promptly fainted, but, strangely enough, he hasn't had a sign of a pain since!

**A**BOUQUET from Cal to those two grand people, George Burns and Gracie Allen, for adopting from Chicago's famous "Cradle" a baby brother for little Sandra whom they adopted two years ago.

**A**FTER all these years, Charlie Chan, perhaps the most well known Oriental character on the screen, is going to find out what a Chinese really looks like.

Warner Oland and his wife, as you read this, are doing the Orient for the first time. Warner is a big hero in China although his real nationality—can you believe it?—is Swedish.



# of hollywood...

**I**F you mentioned "Ruth, the prune picker" around Hollywood, you'd be rewarded by rather blank stares.

But up on the Mojave Desert a bunch of saddle-calloused cowpokes would say, "Sure, we know Ruth. She rides the range with us occasional."

They know her as a gal who swoops into the ranch territory every now and then, dressed in blue jeans and boots. She rides fence for as much as five days at a stretch, sleeping out under the stars, and getting up when it's still starlight to round up straying calves. It's just one of those incognito relaxations of a particular movie star you know as Rosalind Russell. Hope her pals don't read this. They still think she's a prune picker, and her name is Ruth.

**B**IG-HEARTED, gravel-throated Andy Devine ruined a scene at Metro the other day that would have been worth its weight in gold.

A group of horsemen were supposed to charge down upon Basil Rathbone and pull up short. Accidentally, one of the horses knocked Rathbone flatter than a pancake—a beautiful bit of action from a camera viewpoint.

Andy was sitting on the side-lines clad in an old bathrobe and a sun-protector he had fashioned from a newspaper. As Basil fell, Andy charged smack into the scene and picked up the fallen actor.

"Aw, gee," he said when he realized he had ruined a swell shot, "I just wanted to help the guy."

**C**CHESTER MORRIS is a hero to his son, Brooks, now that he is cast as a policeman and wears a badge and everything.

Incidentally, Chester and Brooks have a game they play. Brooks writes little notes and puts them in his dad's pockets with instructions not to read them until later in the day. Usually they are just boyish confidences or some anecdote about school occurrences. One day recently, however, Chester found himself stymied.

"Dear Dad," the note read, "I would like very much to have a ball-bearing Sally-Walker and a ball-bearing spiker."

The studio research department came to Chester's rescue with the information that the requests were for a variety of tops, two for a nickel, that you spin with a string.

**M**YRNA LOY has gone Garboesque again. A year or so ago Myrna disappeared from the sight of mortal man, and was eventually discovered right in her own home, after the studio had been wiring frantically all over the country after her.

Just the other day she moved, and she won't tell a soul—not one—where she moved. She'll give them the telephone number, but the phone company is instructed not to tell secrets. And no one—not even her M-G-M bosses—know where their little star lives.

**K**NOW how Lionel Barrymore has solved the California tax problem? He has established a home near Phoenix, Arizona, and lives there. He required six months and one day a year to make it legal.

He commutes, as it were, to Hollywood when he is making pictures.



Above: Douglas Fairbanks Jr. looking the handsome Marlene Dietrich in the Screen Actor's Ball, one of the smartest of the season's parties.



Above: beautiful Lucille Young completely recovered from her recent illness is around and about again. With her at the St. Francis party is Director Eddie Sutherland.

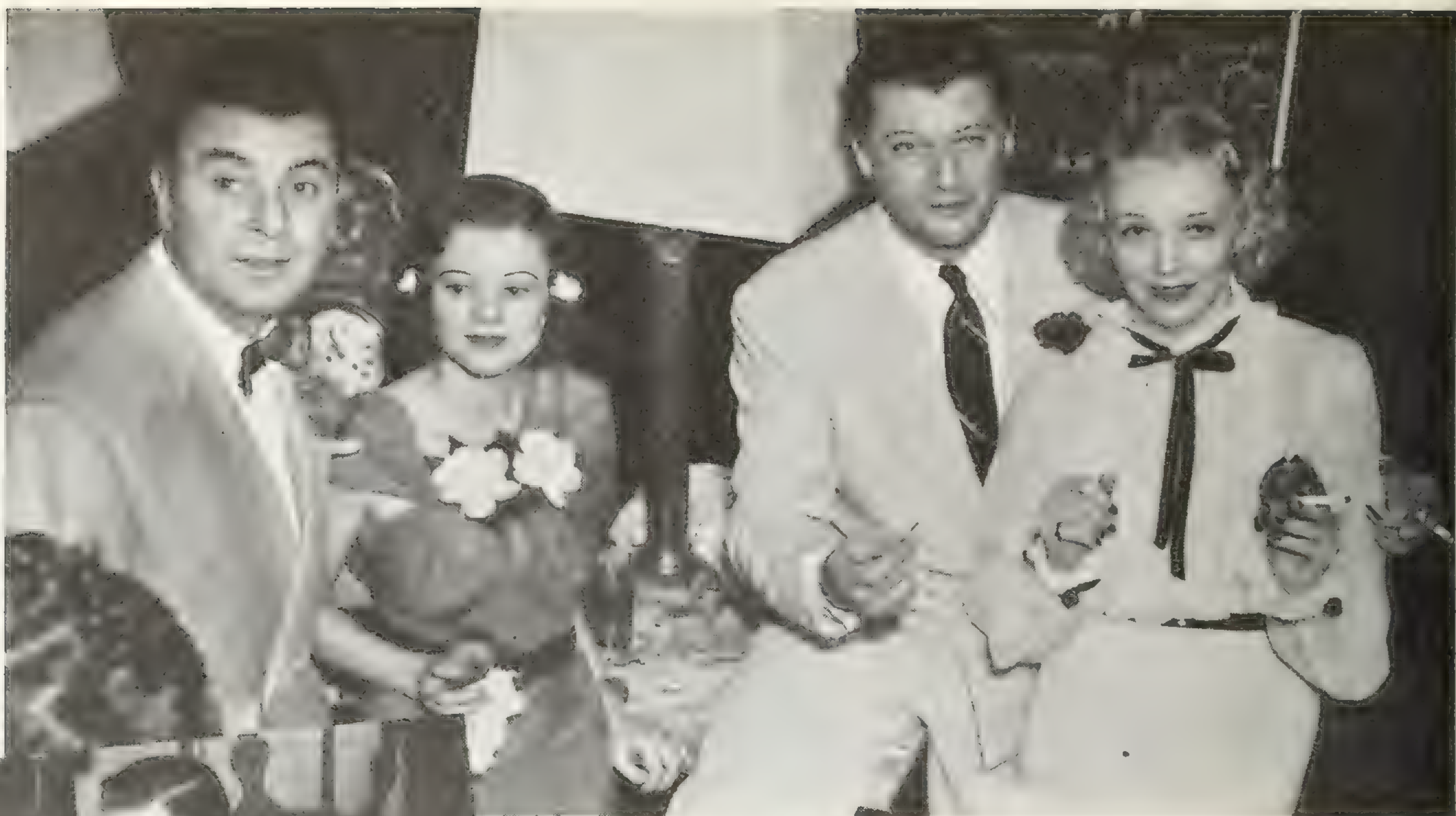


Above: Joan Blondell's divorce has come back this summer and now has another marriage brewing. Here she is at the Guild Ball, inspired as usual by Dick Powell. Note the smart old-fashioned tails.

Who's this Mr. Taylor? The handsome Robert makes life a marriage-rotted keeping up with his romance. The answer is with Barbara Stanwyck's tale, at the Ziegfeld.







Above, a handsome quartette at the di Frasso party are George Brent, Heather Angel with her husband, the polo-playing Ralph Forbes, and the always beautiful Virginia Bruce. The guests were asked to come in vivid costumes



Above, Countess di Frasso, Clark Gable, and the engaging looking Lady Cavendish (Adele Astaire), at the costume party given by Jock Whitney, impresario of Technicolor Films



Right, at the di Frasso party are Phillip Reed, Mae West's new leading man, Mary Pickford, lovely in white violets and a diamond necklace, and beautiful Margot Grahame

**M**YRNA LOY and Bob Montgomery caught Reginald Owen sitting by himself the other day. He would pull a face, shake his head negatively, repeating the procedure over and over, very seriously.

"What on earth are you doing?" Myrna and Bob queried.

"I'm practising for my big scene coming up," Reg answered.

"What scene?" they asked.

"The one with the bear," he answered. "I have to scare him!"

**J**EAN HARLOW should care now if orchids and other exotic and expensive blooms cost a young fortune. She has built a hothouse in her back garden and is raising her own.

**A**CTOR Paul McVey thought he had a slice of the toughest luck in the world the other night. His name was called as winner of a \$2,000 door prize at a neighborhood movie house and he wasn't there to collect. He was working on some night scenes for "The Prisoner of Shark Island."

However, it's an ill wind, etc. Darryl Za-

nuck was so pleased with McVey's work in the night scenes that he renewed the actor's contract at a higher salary.

**V**ICTOR McLAGLEN plans to establish a clubhouse complete with lathes, electrical meters, sending and receiving equipment as an experimental laboratory for youthful radio enthusiasts at his Sports Center.

"I plan to train the boys to be of assistance to Los Angeles in the case of some major disaster," he explained.

There will be no dues for the members of the club. All Vic wants is to be allowed to stick his nose in the shack once in a while and see what's going on.

**F**IRE CHIEF ED ENOS of the 20th Century-Fox organization thought the studio heads crazy the other day when they instructed him to delegate several of his men to guard a desert pool in "Under Two Flags" from fire.

It wasn't such a batty idea, as it turned out. The pool was filled with crank-case oil because, you see, oil reflects images much better than water, and images had to be in the film.

**M**ARTHA FORD (Mrs. Wally) tells this one on her spouse and swears it's true. Since she has been ill Wally has taken over her maternal duties such as getting up several times a night to be sure daughter Patty was properly covered.

The other night Martha watched him get up for the sixth time and while sound asleep arrange the covers on Patty's bed, pat the covers on her own and then carefully take an extra blanket from the cedar closet and spread it over the Ford dog sleeping peacefully in front of the fireplace!

**C**LARK GABLE unburdened himself of a few items of intimate information the other day. He gets a kick out of drawing a bead on a bear but can't stand to see a deer die. He hates wing collars and parties where people talk themselves to death without saying anything.

He shaves with a straight razor and writes left-handed.

He is a poor bridge player and does not believe in hunches.

Just thought you might like to know.





PHOTOS BY HYMAN FINF

Above, at Jock Whitney's high noon party for Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart are Elsa Maxwell (with whiskers), Kay Francis, Delmar Daves, Virginia Bruce, Carole Lombard (lying down), Dr. Martin (with mask), Countess di Frasso, the nun



Above, Joan Bennett (Mrs. Gene Markey) took her little girl, Melinda, to the Cafe Vendome for a birthday luncheon. Melinda's cousin Peter, Constance's handsome child, was a guest



Left, at the Countess' successful party are Gwili Andre, one of our best known models, Dolores Del Rio, Maureen O'Sullivan, Ann Alvarado (Mrs. Jack Warner), and Ivan Lebedeff

**W**ALTER CONNOLLY was so elated at finally picking a winner at the race track the other day that he called up his wife, Nedda Harrigan, in San Francisco to tell her the good news only to learn, when the phone bill came in, that he had talked \$3.20 more than his \$40.80 winnings.

**S**TU ERWIN, one of Hollywood's inveterate practical jokers, has discovered the trait apparently is a hereditary one.

While he was taking a cat-nap in the yard the other day after painting the outside wall of his young son's new playhouse, Stu, Jr., did a little painting on his own hook. He selected his sleeping dad's ear as his canvas, and all the frantic rubbing and scrubbing Stu did before going to a party that night was of no avail. The Erwin ear remained a lovely green.

**O**F all the gallants and heart-throb boys in Hollywood, guess who escorted the exotic Marlene Dietrich to Dorothy di Frasso's swank party for Elsa Maxwell recently? None other than Bob "Arkansas Traveler" Burns, the lanky radio comic! He wore white tie and tails for

the first time in his life on that occasion and brought along his bazooka just in case the party got dull!

**I**S it love again for Ross Alexander? Cal wouldn't be too surprised after watching him and beautiful Anita Louise holding hands all through a preview. The romantic interest seemed to be fifty-fifty, too.

**E**VER since the other day, they're thinking of giving still photographers little lessons in tact at M-G-M.

Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy were sitting at the privileged "directors' table" at the M-G-M restaurant. Far up at the other end of the table sat Clark Gable—alone, and not at all sociable.

In came a photographer. He wanted a picture. He asked Clark to move up with Loretta and Spencer, so they could all look very chummy. And all he got was black looks. But he should have known better.

**G**UESS who is back? None other than lovely Agnes Ayres.

Agnes retired from the films after "The Son of the Sheik" which marked the beginning of the sound era.

Meantime she has been appearing on the New York stage, in stock companies throughout the country, with traveling dramatic shows and in vaudeville.

You'll see her with Janet Gaynor and Bob Taylor in "Small Town Girl." It's her first talking picture rôle.

**H**ERBERT MARSHALL, the old smoothie, coined one of the classic quips of all time at the solemn memorial service for King George attended by the British contingent of the movie colony.

In the midst of the stately and dignified ceremonies, Bart noticed actors saluting one another with that quick forefinger to the eyebrow gesture.

He leaned forward and tapped Basil Rathbone, who was sitting in the next pew, on the shoulder.

"Did you ever see," he whispered, "such a curious combination of reverence and 'Hi, toots!'" [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116 ]



# "Why I Will Not Re-marry Margaret Sullavan"

**I**F little Margaret Sullavan came to Henry Fonda tomorrow and said, "Let's try again," Hank Fonda would have to refuse. He told me so yesterday.

Not that she would, you understand. Not that there is the slightest possible chance that Margaret Sullavan would ever come to Fonda and say, "We were fools to end it. Maybe we could make a better go of it now. . . ." She'd scream at the idea.

They're not in love any more. They don't want to live together any more. They're swell friends, they make a good screen team, they like to play checkers on the set. And that's that.

At least so Hank says. Naturally I had to ask him. With both of them starring in "The Moon's Our Home," with both of them meeting daily at the studio, laughing together, remembering together; and finally, with Margaret's sudden announcement of an impending divorce from Director William Wyler, Rumor lifted up her nose, sniffed the tense atmosphere twice, and swished off to her Hollywood duties.

In order to understand the situation and Henry Fonda's attitude in all completeness, you must know this boy; you must be given a portrait of his character and of his basic psychological type and of the dual personality that bewilders him. You must somehow be made to know Henry Fonda better than he knows himself. and that won't be hard.

In the first place, Hank isn't all of the extravagant, whimsical, even coy being so often drawn for you by casual observers who never got past the barrier of self-defense he has built around himself. Hank's new to this game out here, he's a little inarticulate in the face of America's hurrahs and Hollywood's glib tongue, and he scurries into his shell every other minute as a quite natural result.

Simply, he's a good guy not too long out of college, and he's the most normal person in the world with a nice extrovertive outlook on

Engaging young Henry Fonda explains the reasons why his future design for living does not include his ex-wife

By George Stevens

life, and out of living he wants a little excitement and all the happiness in the world.

He wants, above everything else, to be part of an average American family with no fuss or publicity about it; he wants, if he marries again, a wife and some kids and a good house.

**Y**OU have to go back a little way to get the perspective of this Fonda portrait. But throughout, remember this; that Hank is two completely different and separate people in one—that half of him is the young careless what-the-hell fellow Hollywood knows, and that the other half of him deeply needs security, a family, and a trust-fund. For everyone to see is the one side of him, a personality predominant so far and one that Margaret Sullavan must have known too well. But beneath the events of the last five years you cannot fail to detect the mature, down to earth, strong character which has guided him basically, and which is only now making itself apparent in him and to him.

You know pretty well the story of his years in stock companies, on small stages in small theaters—the uncertain income, the crazy life of road engagements, the never knowing. . . . You know—everyone has told you—that he has gone hungry often.

But you've also been told that Hank didn't give a hoot whether he ate or didn't eat; whether he had any money or not; that everything was just a bowl of chrysanthemums to him, and life a big laugh, and that he didn't give a darn what happened. That isn't true.

"Of course, I didn't sit and brood when things were bad," said Henry Fonda to me. "I'm not capable of that. It doesn't ever do any good and you waste time in worry when you could be out trying to better your condition. But I didn't just laugh, either.

"I guess the worst time I've ever had was dur- [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103 ]



"A good guy not long out of college, the most normal person in the world. Out of living he wants a little excitement and all the happiness he can get"





ELLIOTT

**M**MARGARET SULLAVAN recently announced that she was divorced from her second husband, Director William Wyler. When she announced that, she was busy at Paramount making "The Moon's Our Home" with Henry Fonda. On the set he's "Hank" to her; she's "Sullavan" to him. Once upon a time, not so long ago, they acted together on the stage, and lived together off-stage—husband and wife—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fonda.

Then the giddy wheel of Hollywood drama brought them together again, Margaret, Mrs. William Wyler, wife of one of Hollywood's most distinguished directors, and "Hank" playing

the field, with preferences for Shirley Ross, and lately, they say, Jeanette MacDonald.

But in "The Moon's Our Home," "Hank" and "Sullavan" marry again. On the set they chat together constantly between scenes and play checkers. Henry always wins and Margaret always burns. But outside of the checkerboard blues, her fractious Irish disposition seems to be improved by the association. Husband Willy Wyler never has visited the set.

What can "Hank" and "Sullavan" be thinking as they gaze into each other's eyes? Of the days of their dead romance—well, read the story across the page.





KORNMAN

Loaned to 20th Century-Fox by Paramount, Parisian Claudette Colbert is right at home as the mischievous Cigarette (opposite Ronald Colman) in Ouida's tale of the Foreign Legion, "Under Two Flags"





BACHRACH

Jean Parker's elusive charm and polished performance in GB's "The Ghost Goes West" brought her a new contract with M-G-M, who then loaned her to RKO for a leading rôle in "Farmer in the Dell"





WELBOURNE

Genial William Patrick O'Brien, Pat to us all, hasn't his pal Jimmy Cagney with him in his latest for Warners, "I Married a Doctor," but they are slated to be back together again before long in "Slim"





Photographed Especially for Photoplay by ILSE HOFFMAN

John Boles, who takes "A Message to Garcia" in the screen dramatization of the noted incident of the Spanish-American War, was in the World War, so knows wars. His next film may be "Ramona"





# Christopher

A neat half dozen of the most beautiful

Countess Liev de Maigret appearing in the Pickford-Lasky production, "One Rainy Afternoon," with Francis Lederer, is a Scandinavian beauty married to a Frenchman



Frances Farmer, University of Washington alumna, was headed for the legitimate stage when Paramount scouts saw her, and she got the lead in "Too Many Parents"

Jean Chatburn won a beauty contest conducted by McClelland Barclay, well known illustrator. She climbs another step higher with her appearance in "The Great Ziegfeld"



# Columbus!

and talented of filmdom's discoveries



From San Francisco's Junior League shows, eighteen-year-old Patricia Havens-Montague stepped into the part of one of the Glorious Glorified in "The Great Ziegfeld"

Under contract to RKO-Radio, dainty Margaret Callahan made a record for herself by appearing in six productions in four months. Her next is "Special Investigator"



One of the most stunning of the new crop is the English actress, Elizabeth Jenks, who is under contract to David Selznick, the pioneer in this game of hunting for new talent







GRAYBILL

Wally Beery, the well-read man, in the library of his new home. Wally is still on his personal appearance tour, and back at M-G-M there's a list of pictures scheduled for him that's about this long!





Nelson Eddy, opera and radio star, and the golden-voiced Jeanette MacDonald in that dramatic pageant of song, "Naughty Marietta"

Previous Winners from 1920  
to Now

1920  
"HUMORESQUE"  
1921  
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"  
1922  
"ROBIN HOOD"  
1923  
"THE COVERED WAGON"  
1924  
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"  
1925  
"THE BIG PARADE"  
1926  
"BEAU GESTE"  
1927  
"7TH HEAVEN"  
1928  
"FOUR SONS"  
1929  
"DISRAELI"  
1930  
"ALL QUIET ON THE  
WESTERN FRONT"  
1931  
"CIMARRON"  
1932  
"SMILIN' THROUGH"  
1933  
"LITTLE WOMEN"  
1934  
"THE BARRETTS OF  
WIMPOLE STREET"



# The Winner!

Photoplay's Gold Medal  
for the Best Picture of 1935

Goes to—"Naughty Marietta"

**E**NTHUSIASTICALLY we announce that that musical masterpiece in which Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy were starred, "Naughty Marietta," wins PHOTOPLAY's fifteenth annual award for the best picture of 1935, by a large majority of votes!

Who can forget this lovely tuneful operetta of Victor Herbert's with its pirates, convents, marriage auctions, soldiers and Indians against the colorful background of old New Orleans? Who doesn't remember Nelson Eddy's magnificent marching song, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" or both the stars' voices blended in the thrilling "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life"?

Withal a sweeping personal triumph for the stars, the honors are also shared by M-G-M who produced the picture (this is the second successive year they have been responsible for our Prize Winner), by W. S. Van Dyke for his usual brilliant direction; by Herbert Stothart, the musical supervisor; by the

whole cast which included such well-known figures as Frank Morgan, Douglas Dumbrille, Elsa Lanchester and Joseph Cawthorn. That this operetta marked a huge advance in the technique of the recording itself, is acknowledged by the motion picture industry itself which awarded Charles Steincamp the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences prize for the recording of "Naughty Marietta."

Among our thousands of diversified votes, "Mutiny on the Bounty," also an Academy Winner, won second place; "David Copperfield" was third, and "The Informer" which won the critic's prize was fourth.

We are pleased that our readers evinced such an ardent interest in music. Their overwhelming choice of this glorious production for the Best Picture of 1935 thereby adds the first musical film to the growing list of distinguished PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL Winners



# So We're Sane, Are We?

You may bottle up Hollywood's fantastic gaiety at one point, but it pops with a bang somewhere else!

By Lloyd Pantages

**R**ECENTLY, yours truly has read numerous articles and book after book, by famous and not so famous members of the writing tribe, anent the fact that Hollywood—alas and shed a tear!—ain't what she used to be. In fact, speaking of her as if she were a horse, that she has been broken, bridled, bitted and bowed. All of which is supposed to have come about mysteriously through morality clauses in contracts, the sanctifying influence of the Hays office, and the growing up of the Flickeroos from their long infancy.

Just *where* all this has taken place, I can't for the life of me discover. The only thing that has happened at *all* is that our pretty village on its hills has altered some of its methods of going quietly crazy, and simply has added a dash of that spice, variety, to the old mixture.

It was quite reassuring to see the Old Residents to go forth on the Boulevard on last Christmas holidays. For, as in every previous year, the street was done up like Mrs. Astor's whole stable, with lights on spikey Christmas trees of tin, and the name changed to Santa Claus Lane. Year before last, when Santa Claus made his nightly trips, bellowing through a microphone to the kiddies and taking some movie lady for a ride, he had a companion float. A but very enterprising whiskey manufacturer whipped up a vast glass showcase on a truck, with life-sized wax figures of a bride and groom, in a six-foot wide wedding ring revolving gaily around them being married in a church setting by a fully rigged wax clergyman! And this, playing "Jingle Bells" at every turn of the wheels, came lumbering along behind Santa Claus to inspire the little kiddies to grow up like their papas and mamas. This year they didn't need the inspiration. It is now nearly impossible to walk into any store on Hollywood Boulevard without finding yourself in a cocktail bar, lounge, or what have you.

And then, Miss Carole Lombard, in her inimitable way, man-



Not to be outdone in bizarre costumes, Princess Natalie Paley, above, once appeared in a number made of wood

Marlene Dietrich, left, arrived at a premiere in sandals, green skirt, dotted Swiss coat, cane and derby

ages to keep the town beaten up into a foam very neatly. Her famous party at the Fun House in Ocean Park not only drove everyone into a frenzy, but Kathryn Carver (the ex-Mrs. Menjou) broke her coccyx (the tip end of her spine), and was in bed for weeks, Constance Talmadge Netcher wrenched her back, Mrs. Frank Joyce has her arm cut open, and Marlene Dietrich, having manifested herself for the evening in a pair of shorts, all but ruined her wonderful legs with scars. None of the elegant of the films were able to appear in low backs or bathing suits for days, there were such masses of bruises and contusions.

Besides all the battery that went on, there were so many bars you could hardly find the concessions, and numberless ladies, having heard that a great blast of wind would blow their little skirties sky high as they entered, purposely rushed out and bought yards of the most exquisite lingerie, to help along the effect. All of which put an end to the depression in the languishing lace trade in these parts.

Then, so her pranks might not be monotonous, Carole upped and bought a perfectly huge tame bear, and had it sent as a present to her director, Norman Taurog, in the wee hours of the dawn. But he got back at her. He sent bruin to the Zoo, and the bill for Bruin's food to Carole.

Even more recently, feeling quite wild and mountainous from having passed around savage beasts as tokens of her affection, she changed her Modern Classic living room into a hay-mow in





A wedding ceremony was held on Zoë Akins' estate, but the minister misunderstood. He was found at a cemetery — all ready for a funeral

CARICATURES BY FRANK GODWIN



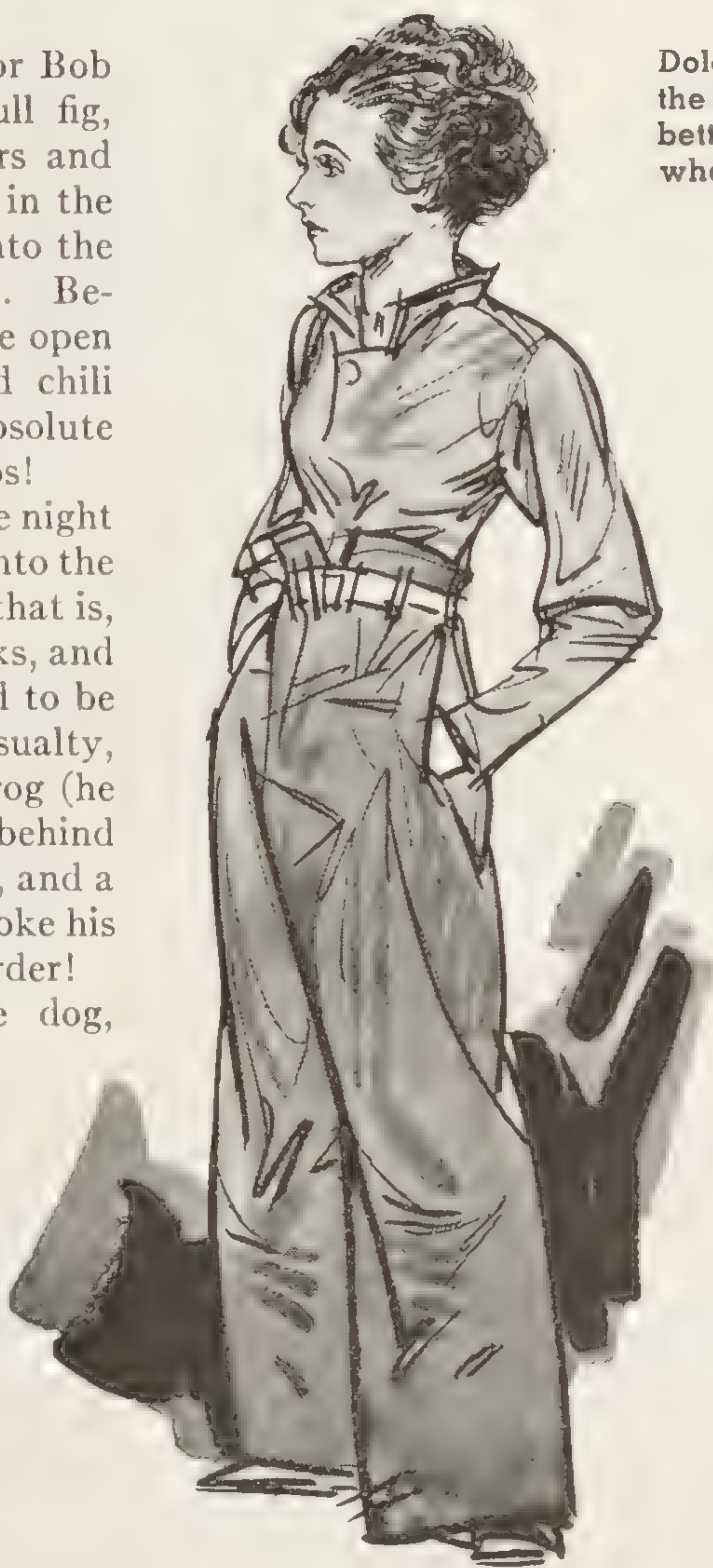
Dolores Del Rio went the Hawaiians one better by having a whole suit of grass

the hills, for her birthday party for Bob Riskin. Everybody arrived in full fig, with trains and tiaras and toppers and sticks, had champagne and caviar in the glittering bar, and then went on into the hay (in the living room, you see). Besides that, she broiled steaks in the open fireplace, and served weenies and chili con carne on tin plates, and absolute magnums of champagne in tin cups!

To add, three Hillbillies made the night hideous, out through the windows into the garden on more haymows. Until, that is, too many people offered them drinks, and they became so hilarious, they had to be ejected forcibly. There was a casualty, as usual, when poor Norman Taurog (he is her goat, isn't he?) put his hand behind him, sitting on the floor in the hay, and a colored waiter stepped on it and broke his finger. It couldn't have been weirder!

Again, when my own Scottie dog, Spiffy, died, it was Lombard who leaped off the set in the middle of a scene, and rushed around the studio taking up a collection to bury it. No more work was done *that* day. Darryl Zanuck sent over a dime in his Rolls-Royce town car. Cecil B. De Mille offered a dollar to bury *me*, but spurned poor Spiffy coldly. All work on Carole's picture was abandoned, until she had wrangled the imposing sum of \$2.90 out of all and sundry. Today, on her dressing room wall, still hangs a hand-illuminated parchment memorial to Spiffy, with his black bow and his dog license, for which Bill Haines soaked me ten times as much as Carole had collected. Ah me, it all seems rather futile!

And while there is yet mention of hay in our minds, there



Peggy Fears had the staggering habit of arriving at parties in her green-lined Rolls with leopard rugs clad in slacks

was Grace Bradley's hay-ride, to which she invited five hundred people in a mood of exuberance, and they *all* accepted. To her dismay, she found that *hay* and hayricks are not so easily come by in the more metropolitan centers, and apparently she had to dash about and purchase *all* the hay in Southern California. One of my spies reported that some of it was *really* cases and cases of Shredded Wheat, crushed up by hand and wetted down to take the scratch out, but this is probably nonsense.

We might as well leave parties for a while, and peer into houses. Perhaps they have become more stately, normal, and calm.

We have with us first Miss Mae West, whose ceiling over her white and gold bed is a mirror, to show her her own white and pink, done up tastefully in black lace, on account of Mae likes to leer at herself too. She even, may we murmur, sent out a very limited edition of pictures of herself in the same costume, or less, as Christmas cards for her intimates last year.

Then there is the home of John McDermott, the writer, high on a hill, with the bar beside the swimming pool, looking out beneath the water, a house entered by subterranean passages, and with a fireplace under the bed in one of the guest rooms.

Ramon Novarro did himself up pretty well when he built his futuristic mansion overlooking Hollywood. The entrance is yards below the street, and resembles a very fancy subway station. His bedroom opens onto a terrace, and you can climb directly from bed into a swimming pool. The walls in the dining room are jet black, with real bicycle chains hanging six inches apart all over them in stripes. The dining table is also inky black, as are the linens, the dishware, and the handles of the silver. At night, if you



once put down your napkin or your plate, you are lost, and had best give up at once.

Alex Tiers, another writer, who is collossally rich besides being bright, added a whole high wall onto a rented house to screen a patio, so that when Greta Garbo came to tea, no one could peek.

At Jack Warner's beach house, there is a great friendship aquarium, in which all the little fishies are named for the loving friends who have donated them. They are getting so many, they will yet have to rent an ocean to keep them.

We have also the blue and silver futuristic house of Jobyna Howland, the comedienne, in which, despite severe and extremely constructivist architecture outside and in, the furniture is all Baroque Italian, with carved and painted angels three feet high suspended on chains, and a huge French porcelain bathroom sideboard, hand-painted with knots of rosebuds, as the *piece de resistance*.

It was in her garden that Anita Loos decided she didn't like passion vines, and uprooted a very costly whopper from over and under trees, walls, and the top of the garage. Joby was pleased, on account of she once had had a hunch that the vine was bad luck. It is this very tall lady who always steals the remaining chicken white meat at parties, to feed her Pomeranian, which she named for her good friend, Zoë Akins.

Miss Akins, by the bye, has a bathroom on her estate in Pasadena almost entirely pink ribbons tied on everything. And she, too, at a recent very chic wedding held in her gardens, astounded her assembled guests by serving nothing but strawberries and tea at the reception. It had been thought that this beverage was extinct. The minister, poor lamb, had misunderstood her instructions, and supposed that she wanted him to whip her up a funeral, and they had to go and fetch him from the graveyard!

There is the sad tale of William Powell's house, which he had visioned as a bungalow and which grew clear out of hand, with museum chairs filched from mouldering castles by Billy Haines and cohorts, bars and kitchens almost everywhere you look, and so many intercommunicating, house phone and trunk line systems that only an Einstein could ever unravel it. Poor Bill finally threw up his hands, and turned the whole thing over to be re-done by Jean Harlow's mother, who has just turned decorator. What with Adrian, Billy Haines, Jetta Goudal, and now Tom Douglas of the English stage all decorating away like mad, the films will yet be reduced to taking in each other's upholstering instead of washing, for their livelihood.

However, Joan Crawford will probably keep them all busy. Half Hollywood is furnished with chairs and whatnots she grew bored with, or which were dirty, and which she gives away in a never-ending stream. The house started out Spanish, and is now Early American. She so intensely dislikes intrusions on her privacy that, when she was building the house, she came in unexpectedly one day and heard a workman using her own bath, so what did she do but tear the whole thing out, and put in a new one!

Bing Crosby, for his own amazement, had a minstrel gallery installed in his former house, from which he could deafen his guests with his finest brands of crooning. He is never one to care what people think of his whims.

Now that we have peeped into several houses, let us see how conservatively the cinema is dressing nowadays.

Peggy Fears had the staggering habit of arriving at parties and openings in her black Rolls-Royce lined with green, with rugs of leopard skin, clad gaily in slacks, not giving a whoop.

Rosamond Pinchot, from New York society, only appeared in one evening gown all the time she was here.

Joan Crawford, who always dresses for dinner, refuses to wear even a brand new dress until it has first been cleaned.

Raquel Torres, believing in enjoying her husband's wealth, rattles with gems, has all her gowns cut to order, and to nought, causing gasps at her every entry.

Dolores Del Rio recently so far forgot her serene self as to appear in a whole suit woven of grass. The Princess Natalie Paley, not to be outdone, promptly turned up in a jacket made of wood! And, curiouser and curiouser, Kay Francis, credited with being one of our most gorgeous dressers, has bought only three new outfits in two years!

Mr. John Colton, author of "Rain" and the like, quite kicked his dignity to the ceiling at Orry-Kelly's, when, for all the hordes of guests he appeared in a flowered robe, with roses in his hair, and gave his remarkable imitations of Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Leslie Carter, until, quite overwrought by his own performances, he tripped, fell, and had to be swept out of the ashes of the fireplace.

Frau Dietrich manages a curious creation now and then. She arrived at Grauman's Chinese Theater not long ago in her Rolls-Royce, with her daughter Maria and floods of bodyguards. Marlene had on flat green sandals, tennis socks, bare legs, knee-high green tennis dress, a short coat of vast-dotted Swiss, her hair à la Zulu chieftain, every which way, and a man's very green derby hat perched precariously atop it all. The result created attention.

Gladys Swarthout, the songbird, went to the maximum or minimum of swank—I can't quite decide which—when she bought a new Ford and had a Rolls-Royce body put on it.

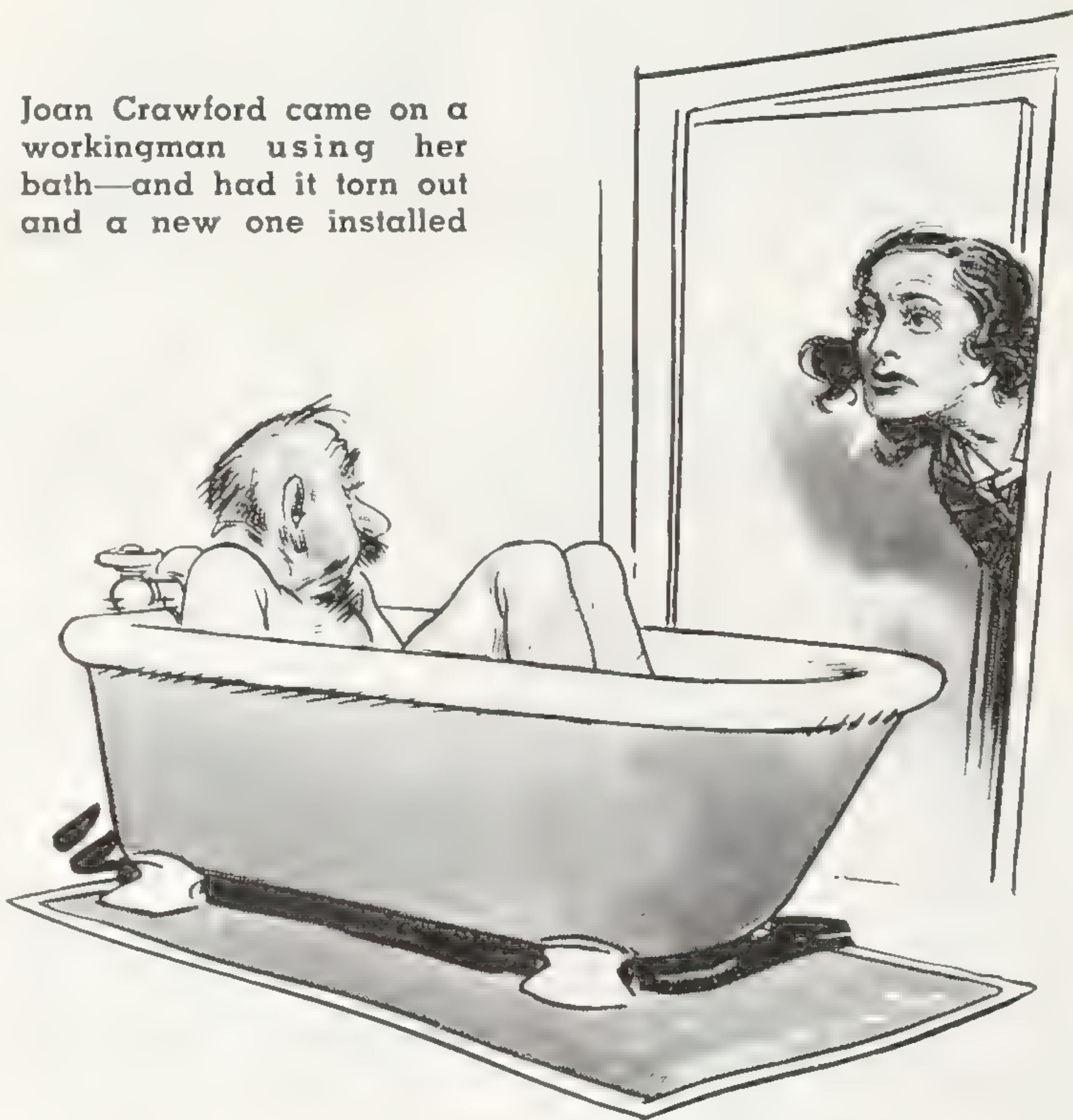
W. C. Fields, content with no proper vehicle at all, hired a beer truck with six white horses, and drove it up the Boulevard to one of Mae West's openings. Such a quiet and demure little town, it is, to be sure.

Richard Bennett, not to be outdone by any of his daughters, had an entire public address system installed in his car, and instead of honking at other drivers, bellowed thunderously at them from mid-air. Arriving at the studios for the day, you could hear him for blocks, booming, "Good morning, this is Richard Bennett speaking. Good morning, this is Richard Bennett arriving for a good day's work!"

To make things odder, all the while the film moguls were threatening to move to Florida but immediately, they were actually running up sound stages right and left, to the tune of hundreds of thousands for each of them, and simultaneously they and many of the stars were breaking ground for mansions costing tens of thousands. Nobody wanted to leave so picturesque a place.

Another trip that fizzled, and spectacularly, was the honeymoon cruise of Carmelita Geraghty and Carey Wilson. After tricking the sailors out very tastefully in red jumpers embroidered in white with "Honeymoon Cruise" on the front, and ex-and first-Mrs. Wilson appeared on the scene, and attached the yacht. It was the Geraghty-Wilson ceremony that Jean Harlow broke up right in the middle [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 ]

Joan Crawford came on a workingman using her bath—and had it torn out and a new one installed







First Native: "Yes, but is it Art?"

DRAWING BY ROBINSON





George O'Brien, an adept at fisticuffs, puts on a terrific fight with Stanley Fields in "O'Malley of the Mounted," his new picture

**W**ARNER BAXTER and Fredric March are placing their lives this month in the hands of a piano player. It's all in the cause of art. But not musical art. For this piano has nothing to do with music. It's a lethal little instrument wired to sticks of dynamite powerful enough to kill a regiment. It's a simple and apparently harmless bit of machinery, but unless handled with exquisite skill it could very easily blow all of 20th Century-Fox right over to Warner Brothers.

This death-piano is used in the big battle scene of "Road to Glory." The young man who plays it looks out over the set of some hundred extras dressed in the horizon blue of the French infantry. In the most meticulously timed rehearsal you have ever seen, director Howard Hawks tells various groups of the soldiers just where they are to be at certain times. And it's just too bad if they're out of position. For the piano, which is wired underground



Newest child star is Bobby Breen who sings on Eddie Cantor's broadcasts. He appears in "Let's Sing Again," with Henry Armetta

At 20th Century-Fox, the huge battle set for "Road to Glory" was too big for a sound stage so it was arranged in a tent. Fredric March, who stars with Warner Baxter, is in the center with his back to our camera

with cans of explosive, is going to shoot up most of the set. The danger spots are pointed out to the actors. March and Baxter, both playing French soldiers, look on with deep interest.

All morning long the rehearsals go on. This is no fooling matter. Crawling through the real barbed wire of this make-believe No-Man's Land, the soldiers count out loud to themselves. The pianist counts with them. The scene depends on perfect

timing between the pianist and the soldiers, for the hot spots are to be blown up on exact count. It is up to the men to be away from these danger zones, no two of which go off simultaneously, at the moment of explosion.

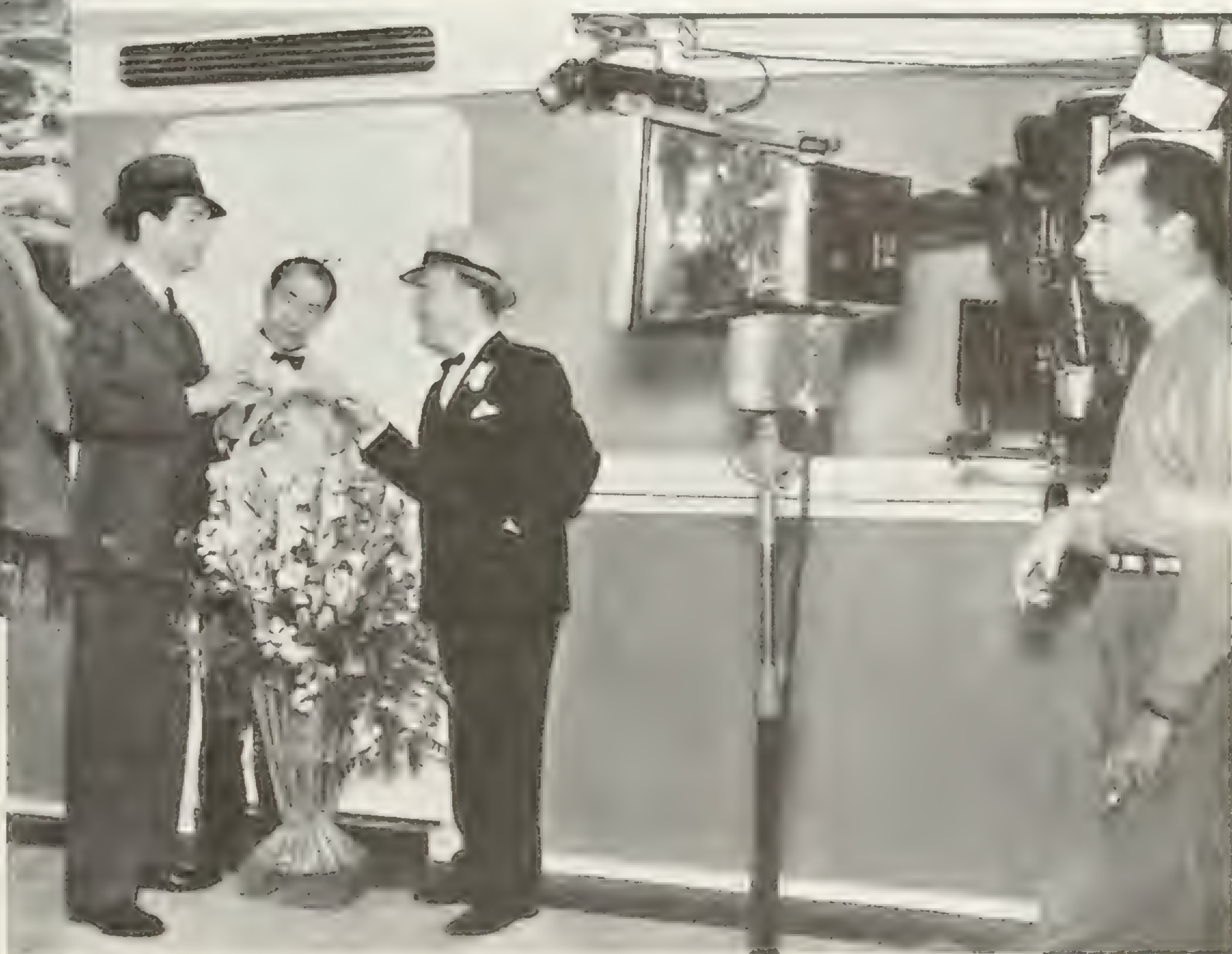
When the last rehearsal is over—and there can be no re-take



# We Cover the STUDIOS

Our rambling behind-the-scenes reporter sees everything, hears everything, and tells all

By Michael Jackson



When George Raft decided to take a walk from Paramount, the debonair Fred Mac-Murray stepped right into "The Princess Comes Across," opposite Carole Lombard

on this scene—Baxter and March return to the side-lines. Baxter is frowning deeply and seems to be in pain.

"What's the matter?" some one asks him. "Worried about the take?"

"No. I have a toothache."

A dentist is due to come on the set and go into Baxter's private dressing room to drill on his teeth. The suffering star went to see what was keeping the dentist and came back all smiles.

"Toothache's all gone," he said, beaming. "The dentist can't leave his office." Baxter practically jumped with relief. A battle is one thing but a dentist is quite another.

This set is too big to get in a sound stage. It is enclosed in a tent, larger than any circus tent, with a ceiling so high that the electricians up in the cat-walks seem like midgets. The eight-foot spotlights up there look the size of auto head-lights. Instead of being dug, the trenches are built up and the spaces in between are filled with a pasty mud. By the time the scene is ready to be shot, the players are caked with dirt.

The actual take is a gripping spectacle. Lights flare in the semi-darkness, ear-splitting explosives fill the air, earth flies thirty feet high. Through all this muddied bedlam, March, Baxter and the extras crawl on their stomachs. The scene is not especially long, but it seems a long time as you watch. An assistant director raises his arm in time with the man at the piano, and you know very well that the actors out there are keeping time under their breath.

It's finally over and no one is seriously hurt, though a few are scratched from the barbed-wire and some have been shaken a bit. June Lang, who plays the lead in this, sighs. "Well, I'm glad that's done." This nineteen-year-old actress is just about the busiest girl in Hollywood. She played the lead in "Every Saturday Night" and "The Country Doctor" and now the studio plans to use her in ten pictures this year. The amazing part of this is that, under the name of June Vlassek, she drew a pay check from Fox every week for five years without ever appearing in a movie. Her job was to pose for stills for the roto sections and get the studio a lot of free advertising. And to show you how things work, June ranked next to Shirley Temple and Janet Gaynor in fan mail, though, of course, her admirers hadn't seen her in a movie.

**W**HILE the extras at 20th Century-Fox have to walk around in the mud with heavy packs strapped on their backs, the players at Paramount are lolling in luxury. Everything is travel here. On the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]



Those virtuosos of rhythm, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, dancing in "Follow the Fleet"



# Ginger Rogers' Rules for Slaying

**N**O girl," Ginger Rogers said to me emphatically, "no girl is a born belle-of-the-ball—just as no girl is a born wallflower. There's nothing

mysterious about the way some girls are always rushed to death by the stag line and others aren't. You *learn* to be popular at a dance just like you learn anything else. A few fast rules plus a few feminine secrets and—well, it's simple, really."

If anybody should know about that Ginger should. I think I can safely say that no young lady in these forty-eight states could step onto a dance floor anywhere in any one of them and rate a bigger rush than the beautiful Rogers. Her recent pictures with Fred Astaire have established her beauty, charm and dancing ability. She is the top in any stag line's language.

And yet, when it comes right down to the technique of slaying the stags, *Ginger Rogers hasn't got a thing you haven't got or that you can't develop if you want to!* She told me the simple secrets that have made her America's Belle-of-the-Ball Number One.

"Before we start," Ginger reminded me, "don't forget that I'm not basing my ideas on my screen work alone. Heavens! because I've danced in pictures it wouldn't necessarily indicate that I'd know the problems of the girl at a college prom or on the floor at her country club. But, I know those problems first-hand. I've had them myself. I've danced all my life . . ."

Ginger went back to the very beginning of the dancing career that was to take her from Texas to vaudeville to New York to Hollywood, from high school hops to débutante parties, dinky night spots to the outstandingly fashionable clubs throughout the country.

"And naturally," she said, "when you make a career of dancing you're bound to learn a lot about it. One of the things I'm surest of is that the old saw about 'the strange social chemistry of the ballroom that seems to inevitably divide its fair guests into two classes—the sought-after and the wallflowers' is just an old saw! There's no reason why belles-of-the-ball *should* be few, but there are a lot of reasons, apparently, why they *are*."

"I've held up a few walls myself, frankly. I believe every girl has at some time or other if she's gone out very much. But my early experiences taught me one helpful thing: 'Wallflowers are self-made!'"

We were sitting at tea in the Rogers' suite in a Manhattan hotel. Ginger, weary and actually footsore from her recent completion of some several hundred hours dancing in the making of "Follow the Fleet," wore a pale gold hostess gown the color of her hair and a nice ridiculous, squashy pair of soft-soled





This team has perfected the most graceful ballroom dancing since Irene and Vernon Castle



# the Stag Line

**The technique of getting a huge rush instead of just a big one isn't only in knowing the latest steps**

By Mary Watkins Reeves

moccasins. She'd come on to New York for a few days of rest and fun before beginning her next picture.

"With these worn-out tootsies of mine," she laughed, "I'm a fine one to gab about belles-of-the-ball! I don't think I could last three dances at a prom this minute—but I could sit up here with my feet propped on this hassock and *talk* about it to you for hours!

"First of all, a girl just can't allow herself to be a poor dancer. I say allow because I believe the ability to follow readily and gracefully is born in every girl and only needs to be cultivated enough.

"Nine times out of ten a bad dancer is bad through sheer

neglect. It always has struck me as odd that so many girls will work hard to perfect their bridge or tennis or personal attractiveness and neglect their dancing. I think they expect to go to a dance and get a rush on the strength of their looks alone. Well, maybe. But even the loveliest face in the world can look like a nightmare to the poor man who's struggling around with a clumsy partner.

"Men don't demand that a girl be a *swell* dancer, but they certainly do justly demand that she be a *good* one. Good enough to follow the current steps and fads, to readily adapt herself to being led by a variety of partners. A Texan and a New Yorker, for instance, may do the same simple waltz step

in entirely individual ways; if you've ever travelled about the country you know how true that is. A really good follower can quickly adapt herself to any type of leading; a poor follower is up against it when her partner doesn't dance exactly like the rest of the home-state boys.

"The stag line demands simply that a girl stay on her own toes and be more like a feather than a lump of lead. That's all. And those two things any girl can do if she wants to.

"Dancing lessons? Why not? If you can afford them and will apply yourself to instructions they can do wonders for you. But, if necessary, entirely on your own, you can do a lot to improve yourself.

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# Trials and Triumphs Of A



Many of Bebe Daniels' fittings with Banton were complicated by crutches and bandages as the zestful Bebe was constantly in a state of convalescence from some accident

**F**OR twelve years Travis Banton has dealt in beautiful women.

Since 1924 his businesslike office in the Paramount studio wardrobe building has fairly reverberated with the clamor of gloriously proportioned creatures, demanding the utmost from his talent to clothe them in beauty.

A dozen years of this sort of thing, Banton insists, have familiarized him with every possible caprice, whim and vagary within the emotional range of women.

And yet, he was pathetically unprepared for Nancy Carroll.

There was nothing in his first meeting with Nancy in the winter of 1927 to warn Banton that he stood on the brink of a four year war. Certainly he expected no trouble from this unknown little person plucked from the morass of Hollywood because a rotund set of Celtic features made her ideal for the title rôle in "Abie's Irish Rose."

Because she was unnaturally silent during the first fittings, Banton thought her tortured with shyness and tried to coax her into friendliness. He can laugh now at this drollery. Her shyness, he soon discovered, was a grim taciturnity in which Nancy chose to fortify herself until a frock was completed. Then she was ready to talk, and in torrents.

Invariably when the final stitch, tuck and seam was finished Nancy found the frock unbecoming, the color wrong, the neckline impossible, the hemline preposterous, the waistline too this or that. And off the dress would come and out the fitting-room door Nancy would go. After six months, Banton and his assistant, Edith Head, knew every gesture of this routine by heart.

But the skirmish of the black lace dress was the funniest of all the Carroll capers. The frock had been ordered by director Eddie Sutherland for one of Nancy's big scenes in "Burlesque." The gown was fitted and finished in the usual stony

silence, but on this occasion Nancy did not criticize. Banton had a faint hope that dawn at least was breaking through the bleak night.

And, indeed, night was broken for Banton, but not with hope. At the chilly hour of three o'clock a jangling telephone roused him to the frantic cries for help from Eddie Sutherland. Could Banton rush to the studio? The company was working all night to finish on schedule but something was terribly wrong with the black lace frock.



Travis didn't mind Clara Bow's singing, but he never conquered his dislike of her fitting-room companion, a two hundred pound dog

Right, Nancy Carroll in "Follow Thru," with Zelma O'Neal and Buddy Rogers, wore as a tie the scarf that caused a row with Travis





# Hollywood Dress Designer

Travis Banton, famed stylist, continues his amusing revelations of the fads and fancies of some of the screen's best known stars

By Julie Lang Hunt

Still loggy with sleep, Banton arrived on the "Burlesque" set to find Nancy parading the black lace that had somehow become a dejected, ill-fitting thing.

"What in heaven's name went wrong with it?" wailed Eddie. "She can't possibly wear it."

"You're right, she can't possibly wear it," Banton agreed. "You see, Eddie, she has put it on backwards."

After this scrimmage they both dug in for guerilla warfare, but this time Banton prepared for it. When his option came up for resigning he did not affix his signature to the document until a clause was written into investing him with complete authority over the screen wardrobes of all feminine Paramount players.

With this shining weapon in his pocket he waited for the next scuffle. A two dollar scarf was the signal to mobilize. The disputed neck-piece was designed for Nancy to wear in an early color picture titled "Follow Thru" (Buddy Rogers co-starring). It was attached to a lemon yellow golf dress and it flaunted two bright shades of green. Nancy complained that the greens clashed and demanded another scarf. Banton said that the greens were correct and refused. Nancy said she wouldn't wear it and settled the argument, temporarily, by tearing the scarf in two.

The next day there was a duplicate of the original scarf in Nancy's dressing-room, and there was a duplicate of her original hysterics. Through the holocaust Banton whistled and fingered the newly signed contract.

Nancy wore the scarf.

But there was still another red-head in Banton's life—Clara Bow.

He finds it almost impossible to describe his mixed feelings for her. She made him suffer, she caused him endless anxiety and worry, and yet there always will be a glowing place in his heart for her. Her taste in clothes was noxious, she thwarted every move he made to improve it, she "jazzed up" his most beautiful creations, and yet he continued to indulge her.

She was a delight and a rapture to dress when he first saw her in 1925. Her figure was superb, her face a luminous blaze of sheer vitality and her spirit gloriously unfettered. Toward the end of Clara's career it was a torment to Banton to watch her young suppleness thicken and blur into plumpness. Spasmodically she would diet and exercise, but her ampleness was, no doubt, an inherited thing and the struggle was too great for her. Finally, she let Nature have its way.



"I'll never doubt any decision of yours," wrote Lilyan Tashman to Travis after he persuaded her to launch a new style. She was considered the screen's "best dressed woman." Now it's Kay Francis

After the record shattering success of "It" in 1926 when Clara Bow was practically the dictator of fashion for Young America, Banton decided that something drastic would have to be done about her clothes.

He started his campaign in the fitting room, of course. Clara sweetly permitted him to excel himself in draping her with subtly exquisite things. She nodded assent when he banished her beloved bangles and socks.

She would sing and hum continuously as Banton worked feverishly over her. And when she was in a pensive mood she would recite the poems of Robert Service for hours on end.

Banton was able to brace himself for the singing and the poetry but he never quite con-

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★ CAPTAIN JANUARY—20th Century-Fox

**I**F you've loved little Shirley Temple before, you'll stand up in your seats when you see her in this salty old timer. It's easily the most delightful picture she has ever done.

The story about a child who lives in a lighthouse with *Captain January*, Guy Kibbee, and is saved from an institution by providential relatives, is secondary to Shirley's dancing technique and the swell musical score, with such grand tunes as "Early Bird," "At the Codfish Ball," and "The Right Somebody to Love."

When Kibbee, Slim Summerville, and Shirley burlesque an opera performance, they create the most intelligent bit of screen comedy in years. You'll applaud Buddy Ebsen when he dances, you'll discover a new Summerville, and come away refreshed to the gills. Take your family.



★ 13 HOURS BY AIR—Paramount

**D**IRECTOR Mitchell Leisen deserves the director's award of the month for his superb handling of this melodramatic story that all takes place in a transcontinental airplane. So subtly has he handled the plot, that half way through the picture you are still uncertain whether it is a love story or a farce. Then the menace begins, and provides you with the most nerve-tingling suspense.

On board the plane, of which Fred MacMurray is pilot, is Joan Bennett, who must get to San Francisco, Fred Keating, who is determined to stop her at all costs, Brian Donlevy, and Alan Baxter who are shadowing one another, and ZaSu Pitts in charge of a meanie kid. When they are forced by a blizzard to make an emergency landing, the bad man (we won't tell you which one) starts shooting. Don't miss it.

# The SHADOW STAGE

## A Review of the New Pictures



★ THE COUNTRY DOCTOR—20th Century-Fox

**T**HE quintuplets, Mamma and Papa Dionne's five star gift to the world, make a sensational début, but if you expect they are the whole picture, you will be pleasantly surprised by the excellent story that surrounds them. The film has been put together by recipe, but it is so skilfully done, we can't imagine anyone who won't find it great entertainment. It is a screen masterpiece.

It is quite exactly the story of a country doctor and his services to a little poverty stricken community in Northern Canada. He is utterly selfless, but the one thing he most yearns for is a hospital for the community. When every element in his life looks blackest, along come the quints to bring him fame and his heart's desire.

Here's the blend for laughter and tears, with the scenes of the five babies' birth as one of the most hilarious ever seen.

Jean Hersholt, a fine actor always, gives his finest performance as the doctor; Dorothy Peterson seconds him as the north country nurse; Slim Summerville and John Qualen, the latter as the bewildered father, are terrific; Michael Whalen and June Lang are the love interest; in fact, plus those amazing babies, it is a genuine eleven star picture.

Henry King's direction, under what were difficult conditions, is superb, and all concerned deserve immense credit. It is a picture you'll long remember.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR	LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY
CAPTAIN JANUARY	THESE THREE
13 HOURS BY AIR	THE MOON'S OUR HOME
A MESSAGE TO GARCIA	TOO MANY PARENTS
THE SINGING KID	RHODES
PETTICOAT FEVER	

## THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Jean Hersholt in "The Country Doctor"  
 Slim Summerville in "The Country Doctor"  
 John Qualen in "The Country Doctor"  
 Freddie Bartholomew in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"  
 C. Aubrey Smith in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"  
 Guy Kibbee in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"  
 Shirley Temple in "Captain January"  
 Slim Summerville in "Captain January"  
 Marcia Mae Jones in "These Three"  
 Joel McCrea in "These Three"  
 Fred MacMurray in "13 Hours by Air"  
 Alan Baxter in "13 Hours by Air"  
 Margaret Sullavan in "The Moon's Our Home"  
 Henry Fonda in "The Moon's Our Home"  
 Oscar Homolka in "Rhodes"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 117)



★ **THESE THREE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists**

**T**HIS is a picture of personal triumphs. The triumphs are for producer Sam Goldwyn, playwright Lillian Hellman, director William Wyler, and actors Joel McCrea, Miriam Hopkins, and Merle Oberon.

But the triumphs of two little girls, Bonita Granville and Marcia Mae Jones are the greatest of all. Two new little stars have surely been born.

The story, from the Broadway success "The Children's Hour," disinfected for the movies, has drama, suspense and power. The lives of Miriam and Merle, proprietors of a girls' school, and Joel, the doctor whom they both love, are twisted into a despairing tangle of shame and doubts by the insinuations of Bonita—until Marcia Mae tells the truth. A picture you'll be hearing much about.



★ **LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY—Selznick-International**

**T**HIS picture with its warmth, dignity and universal appeal is as fine a present as you have had from Hollywood in many months. In every detail—John Cromwell's direction, Hugh Walpole's adaptation, and Charles Rosher's photography—has David O. Selznick given it an outstanding production. Its biggest virtue, aside from superb performances, throughout, is that never once is *Fauntleroy* (sans curls this time) made a sissy or a prig; at all times he is a normal and lovable little boy with a nicety of speech and manners.

Freddie Bartholomew earns new honors as *Ceddie, Lord Fauntleroy*, effecting the magic of making the lad uncannily real instead of a story book hero. His heavy and light scenes alike are handled with surety of purpose and are equally effective.

It is to C. Aubrey Smith, however, that top acclaim must go for his magnificent characterization of the testy old tyrant, the *Earl of Dorincourt*.

Dolores Costello Barrymore, emerging from a long retirement, is as lovely and appealing as ever as the boy's mother, *Dearest*, and Guy Kibbee and Henry Stephenson score heavily as the grocer *Hobbs* and the family lawyer, *Havisham*.

Frances Hodgson Burnett's story of the little New York boy who becomes an English lord in line for an earldom has been a best seller for fifty years and needs no outlining here.



★ **THE MOON'S OUR HOME—Paramount**

**T**HE love story of the month with that famous wife and ex-husband, Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda, playing opposite each other with such sure comedy, skill and such distinct emotion, that women audiences in particular will revel in it.

Margaret is a spoiled movie queen, Henry a spoiled young author. Both of them want to get away from it all. They meet by accident on Fifth Avenue and, unaware of each other's identity, fall in love at first sight. They escape to a snow-bound farm in New Hampshire and fall more in love. The comedy and drama come through their not daring to tell each other who they are. This has been beautifully produced by Walter Wanger, magnificently cast. It's both gay and heart-stirring. You must go.



# SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



☆  
**A MESSAGE  
TO GARCIA**  
—20th Cen-  
tury-Fox

**A** SPECTACULAR, though somewhat overdrawn picture excellently photographed, based on the thrilling trip of Lt. Roman, the soldier, who carried the famous secret message from President McKinley to General Garcia. John Boles is capable in the leading rôle, but Barbara Stanwyck is miscast as a Cuban aristocrat and Wally Beery's overcasting doesn't help.



☆  
**TOO MANY  
PARENTS—**  
Paramount

**D**ON'T miss this excellent picture of juvenile life in a military academy. It is full of entertainment and heart interest. George Ernest, little Billy Lee, et al., give remarkable performances, and Carl (Alfalfa) Switzer's singing of "Little White Gardenia" is worth the admission. Director Robert F. McGowan deserves much credit.



**TWO IN  
REVOLT—**  
RKO-Radio

**A** NICE outdoor story of the friendship between a horse, *Warrior*, and a remarkable dog, *Lightning*. In it, John Arledge, the trainer, catches runaway *Warrior*. The horse wins a race with the help of *Lightning* and John gets the bosses' daughter, Louise Latimer. There is a new "Rin Tin Tin" and the children will love him.



**EVERY-  
BODY'S OLD  
MAN**  
—20th Cen-  
tury-Fox

**T**HANKS to James Flood's skilful direction, this commonplace story turns out to be lively, wholesome fun. Elephantine Irvin S. Cobb, a big hearted food tycoon, teaches his cocky nephew, Norman Foster, a business trick or two while saving the financial day for Rochelle Hudson and Johnny Downs, the children of his former arch competitor.



**GIVE US THIS  
NIGHT—**  
Paramount

**S**OMEHOW this picture falls short of what one expects with the combination of two such glorious voices as those of Jan Kiepura and Gladys Swarthout. It's about a fisherman (Kiepura) who becomes an opera star, falls in love with a diva (Swarthout), runs away and then comes back to save the show. Alan Mowbray is grand as a comic tenor.



**BOULDER  
DAM—**  
Warners

**T**HE fascinating shots alone of Boulder Dam in the building make this picture worth seeing. There are some thrill sequences that will send chills up your spine. The story depicts the metamorphosis of a selfish smartaleck (Ross Alexander) to a decent fellow through pride in building for future generations as a workman on the dam. Good cast.



# HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



☆  
**THE SINGING  
KID—**  
Warners



☆  
**RHODES—**  
GB

**H**ERE'S a new 1936 Al Jolson with a never better voice. The Yacht Club Boys are mad and exhilarating; Cab Calloway "Swings it" and the dialogue is grand. It concerns a big-hearted singer and his troubles with Claire Dodd, the two timing woman, Lyle Talbot, the crooked lawyer, Beverly Roberts, the heart, and Sybil Jason, the little fixer.

**A** SINCERE picture of the life of Cecil Rhodes, empire builder, diamond master, founder of the Oxford scholarships bearing his name, making up in historical interest what it lacks in glamour. Walter Huston as *Rhodes* is able, but highest honors go to Oscar Homolka as *Paul Kruger*. Basil Sydney is a fine *Dr. Jameson*, and Peggy Ashcroft satisfying.



**BROADWAY  
PLAYBOY—**  
Warners



**FARMER IN  
THE DELL—**  
RKO-Radio

**W**ITH the exception of some moralizing at the end, this version of Cohan's play, "Home Towners," is an engaging affair. Gene Lockhart, the pal, who comes to Metropolis as Warren William's best man only to mess things up and fix them again, steals honors. The American humor is recognizable. June Travis justifies her co-stardom. Refreshing.

**A** JAZZED-UP version of Phil Stong's Hollywood novel, this is a highly diverting farce. Fred Stone is perfect as the warm-hearted Iowa farmer bewildered by his fortune in breaking into the movies. Esther Dale couldn't be better as his opportunist wife, and Jean Parker and Frank Albertson share honors as the lovers. Moroni Olson steals scenes. For the family.



**GENTLE  
JULIA—20th  
Century-Fox**



**SILLY BILLIES  
—RKO-Radio**

**T**HE incomparable charm Booth Tarkington knows so well will delight you in this laughable small town story wherein Jane Withers plays Cupid for bucolic Tom Brown in his courtship with flirtatious *Aunt Julia* (Marsha Hunt) when she heeds the tongue of city slicker, George Meeker. Tom Brown rivals one of the best Withers' performances to date.

**W**HEELER and Woolsey are covered-wagoneers this time and, as usual, have at least one good snapper gag—fighting Indians with sponges soaked in chloroform. It is Old Home Week for the pair with petite Dorothy Lee back as Wheeler's girl-trouble. Even though it's awfully old stuff, people still laugh at it.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]



# Gene Raymond Is Really A "Lone Wolf"



After four years in pictures, this traveler still is on the road alone, but he's learned he doesn't own it

By Arden Russell

"The character of this young man has come through the Hollywood mill moulded and finished. He has the capacity to suffer keenly, to love greatly, and to care deeply for every fine thing in life—the measure of a man"

**T**HE Vendome was deserted at that hour. Gene Raymond and I sat toying with our cocktail glasses. We were talking little. But I was thinking a great deal. Of the very blond young man sitting across from me. Thinking of what he stands for in Hollywood. Thinking of how he had "taken it" in Hollywood.

Four years ago he arrived, an engaging youngster with an eager laugh, and an almost old-world courtliness of manner. An avid curiosity and some clearly defined opinions about life and work and his new career. A stage veteran at twenty-three.

The Hollywood mills began their grind upon him. It had not occurred to those who brought him out here that he would be any different than any other handsome young juvenile who had won his spurs on Broadway and looked forward to the rewards of the motion picture business. They had reckoned on him as a box office possibility but they hadn't reckoned upon him as an individual.

He first shocked Hollywood, smoothly accustomed to the workings of its yes-man cycle, when he said "No" and meant it. The first "No" came firmly when they asked him to dye his hair. No blond man had been acclaimed since Wallace Reid, they told him. It did not matter to Gene. If stardom on the screen meant going about with dyed hair—well, he'd return to the stage. They could cancel his contract. No one had ever mentioned his hair in the theater. Dyed hair, indeed! They didn't cancel his contract. But it wasn't the last he

heard of his hair! Platinum blond is his fighting word. It is never mentioned to him any more. No one else wants the experience of his cold anger.

The second "No" came sharply when they asked him to tell interviewers a spectacular story of his life which had been born in the imagination of an eager press agent. A story of valiant struggles, starvation and working his way around the world in a cattle-boat, and the experiences he'd had in far ports. It was, they told him, colorful. The real story of his determined and purposeful climb in the theater, where he reached recognition so very young was commendable, perhaps, but not such hot reading. If being a screen personality made it necessary for him to sponsor the invention of a magic yarn of far-flung and non-experienced adventure, if his work had to be amplified by that sort of falseness once again, they could have his contract!

No, no and again no, he would not conform to a pattern. "No," he wouldn't play that part. Why? He didn't think he was right for it. No, he wouldn't play this part. Why? He didn't believe in it.

This youth of easy laughter who had been so eager, settled, in those first few Hollywood months, into a sort of grim Lone Wolf who did only what he wanted to do. Asking no quarter. Asking no advice. Making no explanations. This did not make for personal popularity. Nor did his popularity increase as time went on and Hollywood [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 ]



# PHOTOPLAY fashions

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD



## LIKE A TALL PINE TREE

Kay Francis' own dress of soft green satin, made with a simple bodice. Skirt is closely pleated. Note silver clasps on the belt

Natural Color Photography by  
James N. Doelittle



# 1855 INSPIRES 1936



Dryden designed this 1855 dress of white striped organza dotted in red for Grace Moore. The undersleeves, collar and front panel are of organdie. Cherry red taffeta ribbons are used in the borders and bows

Right, the 1936 adaptation of Grace's frock which Dryden has made for Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. An ideal dinner dress for summer







SCHAFER

Grace Moore's favorite colors are sky blue and white, so Dryden has designed an organza period gown in this coloring. Ribbon of navy blue taffeta is the trimming. Puffed organdie undersleeves

Right, two modern versions of the same dress: a dinner costume in checked blue and white organza and a summery short-skirted adaptation is at Saks Fifth Avenue. Frocks from "The King Steps Out"





# Black Satin Formal



Carole Lombard calls this the most stunning gown that Travis Banton ever designed for her. Her figure is bound and swathed in black drapery which ties on one hip and forms a graceful sweeping train



# Carole Lombard Presents



Salmon pink panne velvet banded in sable is used for a glamorous negligee for Carole. Travis Banton made both of the costumes

A gown of white chiffon trimmed with silver bugles is worn under a white satin cape. The clothes are worn in "Love Before Breakfast"





# PLAY SUITS IN CALIFORNIA



First Eleanore slips into a white satin lastex bathing suit; then shorts and double breasted coat of marine blue linen with patch pockets



Alone in the desert in a turquoise blue suit and matching hat, Patricia Ellis suns herself, as shown at the right



Above, we see Patricia in a brief satin lastex suit of blue and white. Sun hat and sandals are of natural colored linen



Eleanore Whitney in gay bandana blouse tucked into white sail-cloth slacks. The blouse is easy to make. Four bandanas are ample

Bright red jersey skirt, red sandals and a linen halter printed in nautical design make a smart play suit for Eleanore for days under the sun





# MONA BARRIE ON VACATION



PHOTOS BY RUSSELL BALL

Brown and chartreuse checked wool in light weight for this sport frock. White piqué vest and cuffs, hat and gloves. White shoes and copper-tone hosiery



Shanty loves hiking as much as his owner does. Here she wears a suit of thin blue woolen material and blouse of heavy white crêpe with shirred sleeves. The cape has a belt of red leather. Blue hat, shoes

Lunch in the patio in blue knitted slacks. Red, white and blue belt and red pottery service



Waterproof news print cloth of silky material forms Mona's dressmaker bathing suit with shirred bodice and halter back



# Springtime for Lovely



A dress and jacket of dusty pink angora knit in lacy weave. Belt and buttons of navy kid harmonizing with the hat which is of pink and blue braided straw with a blue band. The shoes are blue and white with gray-beige stockings

Informal coat of tweed in a light natural shade, with a collar of wolf. Beige felt beret, beige gloves with matching hose



Good morning! says Anita, radiant in Roman striped jersey in green, white, wine and blue. A blue kid belt, wide hat of white crêpe bordered in blue, silver foxes, white doeskin gloves, bag and shoes—that's her spring costume for the street



CLOTHES AND HATS  
BY FASHIONETTE



# Anita Louise



Cotton tweed culottes in natural tone for both active and spectator sports are accented by a bright blue chin chukker scarf with matching leather bag and shoes. Beige felt sports hat and matching fabric slip-on gloves

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
VICTOR HAVEMAN



A charmingly simple frock of black crêpe. White piqué is used for the collar and bow and also in a band underneath the scalloped hem which is bound in black satin. Black hat and gloves. Copper-tone hose

Anita Louise's beautiful head is framed by a large white crêpe hat, at left





# GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING!



Cora Sue Collins is not quite sure whether these dainty pink hand-embroidered pajamas are becoming or whether she prefers just the old fashioned nightie



Just too sleepy to decide. She'll wear this tulip satin night gown tonight, anyway. She loves its edging, appliqué of hand-made lace and fresh shoulder frills



Ready for the morning bath she slips into a pale blue corduroy man-tailored robe with petal pink collar, belt ends and pocket appliqué. Furred slippers



A. L. SHAFFER

Now for breakfast in bed in her favorite pale pink satin jacket quilted and embroidered with rose buds. The long cuffed sleeves are cozy



# TAILOR-MADE PERFUME



Attired in the newest street tailleur with a snakeskin weskit designed by Margaret Montague, Harriet Hilliard selects one of the typically modern leather perfumes



Another fragrance suitable for tweeds and woolens is contained in the exquisite gold-encrusted crown bottle above. For best results, perfume should be applied directly to the skin, sprayed lightly



Any eggs that this little china rabbit might leave on Easter morning would be highly perfumed, for concealed, is a very useful atomizer

More flowers and fragrances are appearing with spring and Harriet tucks a gardenia in her lapel and selects a bouquet fragrance, not too heady for tailored wear. Even the hand-etched decanter wears a flower



PHOTOS BY ILSE HOFFMAN

When Harriet pins a huge corsage of violets on the bodice of her evening gown, she sprays them lightly with that fresh woodsy fragrance which captures the mood of prevailing fashion





As a singer, as well as a motion picture star, Kitty is fully aware of the valuable asset of dazzlingly white teeth. Three brushes of varying sizes are advisable to be used vigorously at least twice a day with your favorite dentifrice. Brushes should be dried before using again

A smile like Kitty Carlisle's is an excellent way to commence the day. After the refreshing use of an antiseptic mouth wash, indispensable adjunct to daintiness, the juice of a lemon in a glass of hot water, taken before breakfast, is the first step to skin loveliness



## Nature Gives You Your Other Features But—

**I**S your mouth tabbed generous, eager, understanding, discontented or hard? Just as surely as your eyes reflect your spirit, so does your mouth become stamped with the character of your thoughts. You can change its physical contour with a little lipstick but you can't change its character until you right your own thinking.

Be courageous. Toss ugly and unhappy thoughts into the discard. Learn to smile even when the world seems all wrong. Problems, real or imaginary, met with a smile, often disappear into nothingness. And all you reap from worry is a steady accumulation of firmly etched lines, grim or drooping mouths.

When I say smile, I don't mean a mere facial contortion. It's the smile that starts in your mind, is reflected in the eyes and simply has to follow through on your lips.

One of the most attractive things about Kitty Carlisle is

the smile that lies in her eyes, her ready laugh. When I saw her last, in "A Night At The Opera," I thought how attractive she looks when she sings, so eager, so alive. No grimaces or facial contortions detract from the joy of listening to her lovely voice. While I was chatting with her on a recent visit to New York I mentioned this. And that is how this story was born.

Kitty told me that when she was preparing for her career as a singer, one of her teachers told her that her face was too immobile, too stiff, that she had a "numb" upper lip. (I must have shown that I thought that too incredible, for she assured me that it really was so, that she had been schooled to conceal her emotions.) She went home, smiled at herself in the mirror. There was no answering response from the upper lip.

What to do about it! Kitty is the sort of girl who, when she makes up her mind to do a thing, it is as good as done. She learned some mouth exercises and practiced them assiduously before her mirror every day. They are not just for numb upper lips but are splendid correctives for grim, tense mouths. She

"Spring Perfumes" and how to use them, is yours for a stamped, self-addressed





PHOTOS BY ILSE HOFFMAN

If you wish to be assured of a smooth lip line, try a paint brush such as Kitty is manipulating at the left. Dip the brush in cream rouge or if you wish to use a lipstick, first lubricate the bristles with cream or oil. Outline the lips, fill in, working toward center

A tiny mirror in the cover of her dull gold lipstick may be called into use should Kitty misplace her compact. The tone is bright and flattering when worn with a new powder which comes in "blushing shades," designed to give the skin a lovely glow with gray costumes



## YOU MOLD YOUR OWN MOUTH

says to relax your tongue, relax your jaw, take off the clamps that nerves apply and those diagonal lines from nose to mouth won't appear.

Here they are. First, to relax your tongue, rapidly and rhythmically say la-la-la-la-la. Your jaw will just have to relax and it's a grand exercise for a tense, tired face. Good for your voice too, if you take a full, round tone, placed well forward in the mouth.

To relax upper lip, start with a hum and go into me-me-me-me-me as fast and rhythmically as possible. Don't let your jaw waggle, just move your lips.

On one tone say all the vowels aloud, exaggerating their lip formations so that the lips play freely. Do it with a smile in your eyes and you will see that the corners of your lips turn up automatically.

For the chin, mouth and contour, first cream your fingertips and mold from the sides of the point of the chin around the corners of the mouth to the corners of the nose. Press and lift using the two middle fingers of each hand.

Again using your fingertips, mold from the point of the chin to the temples and your drooping mouth will take on an upward curve.

From nose to mouth lines. . . . Purse your lips as though you are about to whistle and puff hard against the inside of your cheeks and upper lip. Release air in little puffs exactly as if you were keeping a bit of thistle down in the air.

Another exercise for neck and chin and contour lines consists in doing the preceding exercise while you rotate your head.

For a clear-cut contour and twin chins, tilt the chin up, head back as in singing, open the mouth wide and slowly with perfect control, *slowly, slowly* close your mouth by pulling up the lower jaw.

Sometimes there is a slight shadow which appears around the mouth. A stinging circulation [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City





Above, stars and extras alike eat at the studio commissary where the food is excellent. Here are Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy and director W. S. Van Dyke at lunch



Left, Peggy Colman is in charge of the efficient and scientific emergency hospital founded by M-G-M to minister to the health and comfort of all their employees

# The Private Life of

The romance of movie making has never been so fascinatingly revealed

**H**ALF-WAY up any mountain there is always a little inn or gas station appropriately called "Midway Point" or something where you, the climber, are allowed to pause; to take breath and heart; to look back at how far you've come and to look forward at how far you've still to go. You are allowed to gather up and fasten securely things loose and falling.

So this month we pause, we take breath, and we gather up. I've got about half way through the pleasant task of telling you how a modern talking picture is made and in order to keep the story on a straight and intelligible course I've had to put aside and save a lot of things until now. Fortunately those things are fascinating as well as essential to this series double justification.

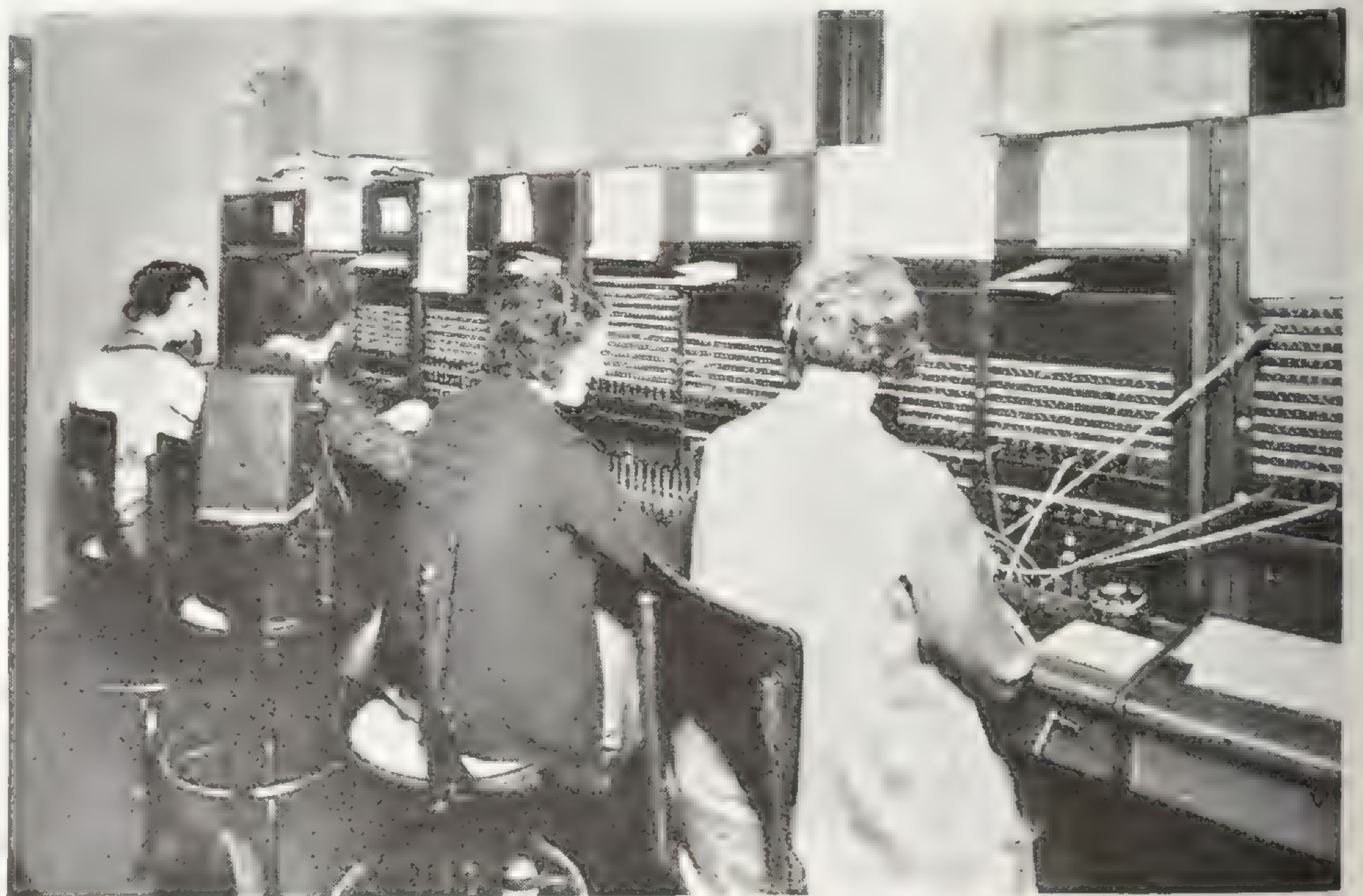
Here's the lay-out: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer chosen for research because it's the biggest and most advanced studio in the world, is divided into 45 departments. In the more obvious progress of any movie a few of those departments stand out above the others: story (handling of plot and script and dialogue); wardrobe and make-up; art and sets; sound and camera; developing and cutting.

These you cannot escape, these you must of necessity probe and inquire into, these you must caption "Of Prime Importance" because of their especially close connection with the stars themselves, the film itself, the picture itself.

But in the last analysis you must see the studio as an integrated whole—and when this is done then no longer can one department be capitalized while others are lower-case; then

all juggle themselves into a checkerboard of usefulness, on an identical plane.

Somewhere before on these pages I remarked that Metro is the richest city in the world, containing in treasure (particularly props) and in bonded resources enough money to start a war. Besides the intrinsic value of material objects M-G-M's high walls enclose the more intangible worth of 5,000 human lives; and the whole must be guarded. To this



The studio telephone switchboard with its four operators handles more calls in six hours than the city of San Bernardino has in a day. Fifteen per cent represents America asking questions





Above, all the interesting information regarding the public and private lives of the stars under contract to the studio is sent out from the publicity department

Right, W. P. Hendry, chief of the M-G-M police, is charged with the responsibility of 5,000 lives and property of immense value. He has a staff of sixty officers



# A Talking Picture

as in this series of unusual and enlightening features

By Howard Sharpe

cautious end the studio chiefs spend an annual fortune, beginning with the police force.

You will not quite believe, but you must, that for the peace of Metro an organized body of 60 men on full salary is necessary; you will not quite believe, but again you must, that this department is so complete as to possess a fingerprint man, sub-machine guns, and gas-masks.

During the day which I reserved for study of this particular

cog in M-G-M's machinery I discovered the following things: that although these law-enforcers are paid by the studio and have no connection with the Culver City police, they nevertheless conduct their organization on immemorial lines and ritual set down by the great metropolitan forces; and that in the way of this they have one Chief named W. P. Hendry, a Captain, four Lieutenants (one of whom is the fingerprint expert), four plainclothes detectives, and 32 uniformed men—not including the reserve.

Their job is collectively to see that no one steals the millions of dollars worth of studio property; to regulate traffic—and there is much—through the narrow streets of Lot I; to apprehend any criminals among those who are not regular employees; and to keep the peace.

"Nothing to do?!" exploded Chief Hendry in answer to my laughing comment. "On the contrary! Things go wrong here the same as in any town, on a different scale and in a different way perhaps, but nevertheless. We have accidents. We have thefts. We've even had homicides. These are regular occurrences, and aren't very exciting; it's when a tiger gets loose in the zoo or when a workman gets stranded on some high set and has to be saved that the interesting part comes in.

"One of our biggest problems, though, has come out of the great American habit of souvenir hunting. Visitors on the set, anxious to have a trinket to show the folks back in Iowa, occasionally pick up some little object that isn't worth very much in itself, but which costs the studio thousands of dollars in re-takes. It's usually [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92 ]



The studio's private fire department is superb. At the dedication ceremonies for a recent addition to the equipment, Fire Chief George Minnick instructs June Knight how to drive it





HYMAN FINK

# formal dinner at pickfair

- Furniture—Original Louis XIV
- Cloth—Imported Czechoslovakian satin damask, Wedgwood border
- Service Plates—Sterling, in a design done exclusively for Miss Pickford
- China—Minton
- Ash Trays—Cloisonné from Cartier
- Pheasants—Sheffield





# Mary Pickford entertains

PICKFAIR, resplendent abode of that famed hostess, Mary Pickford, sets a standard in Hollywood entertaining be it for five, fifty, or five hundred guests. Its dinners, not only because of the brilliance of the guest lists, but also because of the perfect appointments, the superb cuisine and almost royal splendor of service that attends them, are coming to be touched with the legendary.

It is a simple matter for Miss Pickford to hostess scores of guests yet ten remains her favorite number for the dinner table because, she says, it permits the warming intimacy essential to pleasant dining. Limited to this number were those whom she asked recently to join her in honoring Lady Mendl. They included Marquis and Marquise Portago, Edmund Goulding, Frances Marion, Clark Gable, H. G. Wells, Paulette Goddard and Charles Chaplin.

Shortly before eight they met at the bar in the playroom where each enjoyed individual choices of cocktails or light aperitifs. Dinner then was served in the graceful 17th century French dining room.

This room is not overly large, considering the number of diners who frequently are seated in it but it has a feeling of space and serenity. The panelled walls are of ivory. French windows lead to the wide reception hall and a small library on one side, a tall window overlooking the estate is on the other, a fireplace is at one end and a great studio window at the other. Long folds of green and ivory toile de Juoy hang at these and a deep pile rug in soft green covers the floor.

The fireplace, over which hangs an oil of Miss Pickford's niece, Gwynne, done by Orland Campbell, is hidden by a sliding panel of mirror. In the four corners of the room are mirrored recesses, indirectly lighted, in which fine pieces of Dresden stand on crystal shelves. The furniture is original Louis 14th, done in green and antique white. A tall, five-panel decorative screen blocks the service entrance from view.

For this occasion the table was spread with shining satin damask in deep egg-shell. Three gold stands with fluted columns of ivory held masses of Japanese iris and sprays of giant lily of the valley. Spaced between them were tall candelabra of gold holding six lighted tapers of a warm ivory hue.

Before each place lay gleaming sterling service plates, octagonal in shape and exclusive in design, which were engraved MDF (Mary, Douglas, Fairbanks), a reminder of the days when Douglas presided as host at the table. Mirror-bright sterling water and wine goblets reflected the flickers of the tapers as did the sterling bouillon cups and bread and butter plates. The china was fine Minton in rich cream and white bordered by bands of gold. Small cloisonne dishes held cigarettes in individual silver trays. Matches in white and gold packets bore the same monogram as the service plates.

Menus written in the fine hand of Albert Chaix, the quiet little Frenchman who has been major domo of the establishment for the past sixteen years, were a novel feature. Four of them were held in small Sheffield pheasants. The place cards, which Miss Pickford requires for any formal dinner no matter how small, were of fine white linen with the MDF monogram in gold.

Unless she has some specialty in mind, Miss Pickford entrusts

all menus to Albert, just as she has relied upon him to keep her home running smoothly and competently at all times. Her trust is not misplaced for Albert is a genius in the matter of food as many an illustrious guest of the past will attest and the public may see soon when his book of Pickfair menus is published. The foods themselves are neither heavy nor ultra rich or rare; their appeal lies in intriguing combinations of flavor and substance and in their cooking in the hands of Rose, Pickfair's head cook.

For this meal Albert selected fresh fruit cocktail; Consomme Royale, celery hearts and Maywood olives; trout en aspic with macedoine garniture and Boston sandwiches; broiled young chicken with Sauce Diablee, pommes (potatoes) Risoles, French green peas, choux fleur (cauliflower) au gratin and croissant; avocado salad with cheese sticks; and Bombe Glacee-au-Chocolat with assorted cakes.

From the noteworthy wine cellar he chose a Fourche Chablis, 1926, to be served with the trout and a Pol Roget, 1926, champagne to heighten the piquancy of the Sauce Diablee with the chicken.

Butlers at Pickfair are garbed in uniforms of powder blue, lavishly trimmed with brass buttons. In accordance with custom, one butler served every three guests. In an adjoining room a trio of violinist, pianist and 'cellist played unobtrusive salon music.

After dinner the women joined Miss Pickford in her large boudoir for coffee and liqueurs while the men sipped theirs in the lounge. They chose as they wished from Grand Marnier, cointreau, cognac, chartreuse, creme de menthe and creme de cacao.

Movies are a favorite after dinner entertainment at Pickfair and are made doubly enjoyable by the comfort which attends viewing them in the spacious white drawing room. The screen rolls down over a great window, ordinarily covered with a Venetian blind, at the far end of the room. The sound apparatus is concealed behind a magnificent screen while the projection machine operates from behind a sliding panel in a specially constructed and hidden booth in the reception hall. Miss Pickford's taste in movies is catholic but on her private bills there is always at least one Mickey Mouse.

The Consomme Royale is a rich and very clear consomme in which small cubes

of a stiff custard have been dropped just before serving. The macedoine garniture for the trout consists of cubes of boiled carrots, peas and beets tossed together lightly in melted butter. The Boston sandwich is made of thin slices of Boston brown bread spread with grated cucumber seasoned lightly.

For the broiled chicken with Sauce Diablee, cut young broilers, weighing about 2½ pounds, in half. Place on a roasting tray, season with salt and pepper and place a generous piece of butter inside each half.

Broil for 10 minutes, basting often. Then place one teaspoon of worcestershire sauce into each half. Continue broiling and basting for about 25 minutes. Serve garnished with its own juices.

The Bombe Glacee-au-Chocolat is merely chocolate ice cream molded firmly in the shape of a half melon. With it may be served a thick marshmallow sauce, or it may be decorated with whipped cream applied with a pastry tube.



Mary Pickford's distinguished dinners have been appreciated by "who's who" the world over





Edward Arnold plays General Sutter in "Sutter's Gold," with Binnie Barnes



# From PAUPER To PRINCE

How squalor-ridden Guenther Scheider became that adored and adoring family man, Edward ("Diamond Jim") Arnold

By Kay Proctor

**T**HEY say," Edward Arnold said bluntly, "that I spoil my kids. I do not think so, but if I do, I have my own reasons. To me they are sufficient."

We were sitting in the tiny patch of green with one big tree he calls the garden of his home atop a high hill in Beverly Crest. It was a fine, clear day and we could see the vast stretch of the blue Pacific in the distance.

Originally we had no intention, or perhaps I should say I had no intention, of discussing the Arnold offspring, spoiled or otherwise. I was there to learn how he felt about his stardom won with "Diamond Jim," "Crime and Punishment," and his latest picture "Sutter's Gold"; whether he wore that stardom becomingly, smugly or casually; and what changes, if any, being a \$7,500-a-week man had made in him.

It was soon obvious, however, that Arnold had no such intentions or if he had, they got side-tracked in short order. It turned out to be a dissertation on his favorite subject—his children. It was a steady succession of "Elizabeth did this" and "Bill thinks that." and "Maggie (his nickname for Dorothy Jane, his youngest and most lively) wants the other."

At first it seemed faintly amusing, as it is when a newly-made father goes on at length about the wonders of his first-born, that Arnold should be so wholly wrapped up in those kids. After all, he had been a father for seventeen years and a star for little more than one.

Then I saw the answer, a fine and human one. I saw that through his children and the fun, the comforts and the advantages of life he is giving them, he is re-living his own youth. He is wiping away the biting memory of years of hardship, self-sacrifice, loneliness and hard, hard work, and in some small measure, is

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107 ]



Through the advantages he gives to his family, he is wiping away the memory of years of hardship, and recapturing youth. With him is "Mama"

One of his favorite souvenirs is the telegram sent him on the premiere of "Diamond Jim" by his children, William Edward, Dorothy Jane, Elizabeth





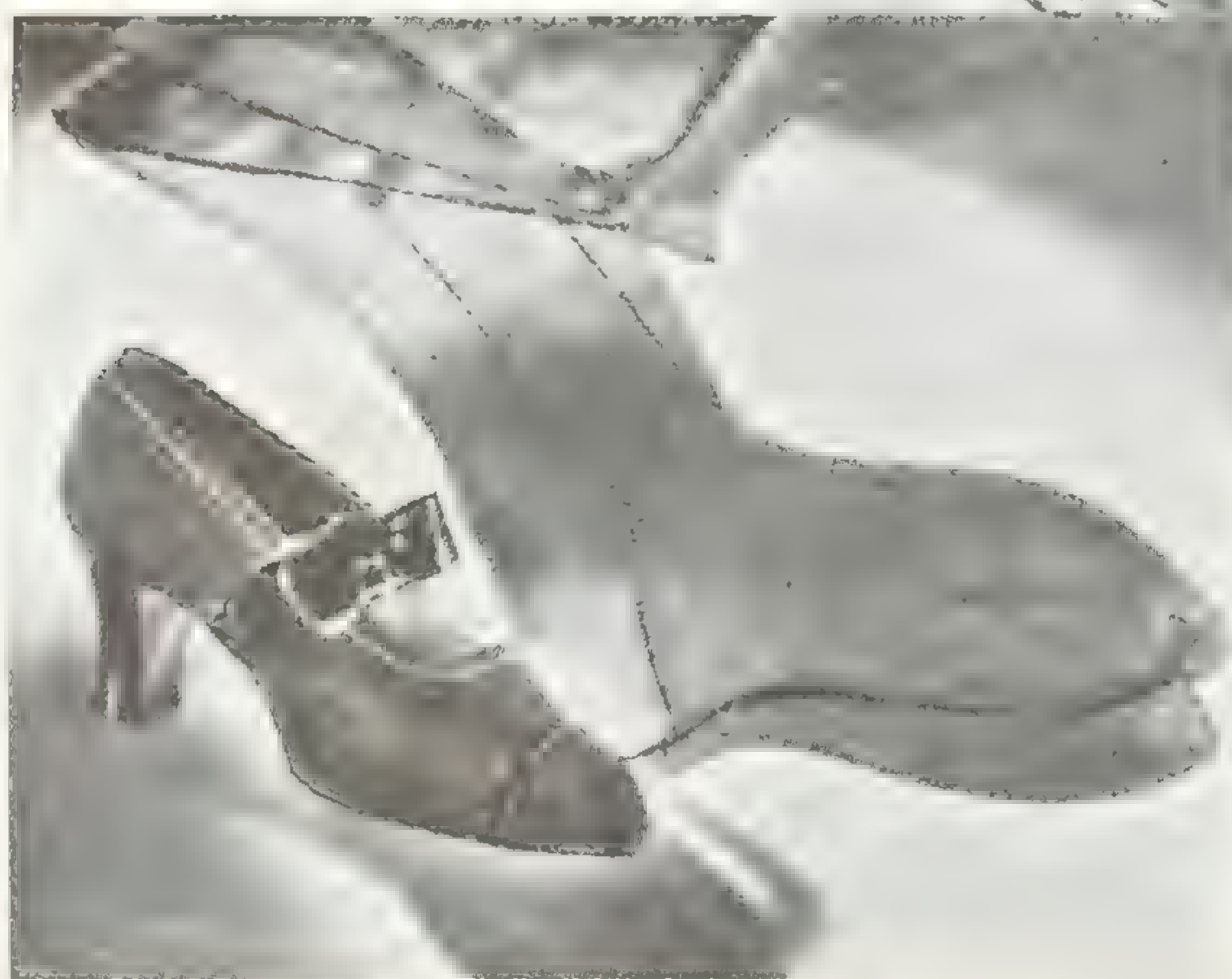
Corsage of field flowers in multiple colors may be worn with any evening gown. Pastel gloves to match hose of the same shade. Gold and white enamel mesh evening bag; jewelry of sapphires and rhinestones

## Spring Garnishings



Gilets and the tailored suit are inseparable. The one above is of white soutache and silk braid. Mimosa suede gloves, bag and belt and compact. From Bonwit Teller

Right, Black gabardine street shoe with gray stitching and patent leather trim, medium heel with new clocked tweedy silk hose in gray, tan and navy, to match suit shades



Fasten the red and white hand-blocked scarf with a new monogram pin or wear a butterfly clip or nosegay on the lapel of your suit. Red suede gloves are smartly cuffed. Gold and ruby jewelry

ISE HOFFMAN





Every Tuesday night, Mary Pickford is on the air in "Parties at Pickfair." With her, above, Marian Parsonett, producer and director, and Nat Wolff, his assistant

# Hollywood at the Mike

By  
Dan Wheeler

**T**HREE of radio's pet prima donnas, all of whom have appeared in pictures, are hovering uncertainly, at the moment, between making more pictures or devoting their time exclusively to radio, concert, and operatic engagements. They're Grace Moore, Lily Pons, and Gladys Swarthout. Miss Pons, who is taking a few weeks' vacation from her Chesterfield hour programs, has gone to Europe and will make at least one more picture for RKO when she returns, but as yet, nobody knows what it will be. Miss Swarthout's second Paramount film, "Give Us This Night," with Jan Kiepura as her co-star, hasn't yet been released, and no contracts have been signed for a third. And as for Miss Moore, she just doesn't care a great deal for the long hours involved in picture-making. Her idea of a perfect schedule, she says, would be one broadcast and two concert dates a week—but with her pictures still tops in the musical category it isn't likely she'll be allowed to bow herself out of the movies entirely.

Frank Fay, of those very eccentric Fays, is all set now for a summer radio show in the interests of Royal Gelatine. Until it starts, he'll remain on the Fleischmann Variety hour. His new contract, they say, is one of the longest ever signed by a



Nelson Eddy's famed baritone was recently heard on the General Motors program



BERT LAWSON

Handsome Freddie Bartholomew gives a few pointers on acting to the boys of the cast of "Peter Pan," heard on CBS' Lux Air Theater

radio comic—it runs for two and a half years. Incidentally, it's fun to watch Frank rehearse. He looks absent-minded, but really he's concentrating and trying to switch his lines around more to his own satisfaction. No two of his rehearsals for the same program are alike—and his broadcast performance is different from any of the rehearsals!

The Flying Red Horse Tavern, sponsored by Socony Oil and heard on CBS every Friday, was still uncertain as we went to press over its future talent plans, but some sort of movie personality seemed certain. Maybe it will be the three Marx Brothers, for comedy; on the other hand it may be Ethel Merman, for songs. Since the Marxmen disrupted a recent Hollywood Hotel broadcast, thereby giving listeners one of the swellest shows they'd had in weeks, various sponsors have eyed them greedily. Rinso soap has them in mind for a half-hour it has contracted for on CBS.

Bob Burns is evidently going slow as far as his return to pictures is concerned. The Arkansas comedian was in the movies, you know, before he made his initial radio hit on the Fleischmann Variety hour, but it took radio to bring him to real popularity. Since he's been in Hollywood appearing on Bing Crosby's Kraft Cheese program, he's made only one picture, a Vitaphone short which has just been released. He has been making personal appearances out on the coast, and this summer plans to make some more, in the east.

Bob would be a good movie bet if he could be sure of getting parts with the same lazy, informal appeal of his radio character.



# Ask The Answer Man

**E**LIZABETH ALLAN, the fascinating heroine of "A Tale of Two Cities," was a school teacher at sixteen, a Shakespearean actress at seventeen, and a London stage favorite at nineteen.

The youngest of the six children of a well known physician, she was born in Skegness, Lincolnshire, England, on April 6, 1910 and educated at a Quaker school in Yorkshire where she won a scholarship to the Old Vic Theatrical Training School in London. In order to pay her expenses, she taught the village school for a year.

After two years in a traveling Shakespearean repertoire company, Elizabeth had a leading part in "Michael and Mary" with Herbert Marshall and Edna Best, who introduced her to William O'Bryen, the English actor's agent, whom she married in 1932, the same year she was signed by M-G-M. Her best known pictures are "Men in White," "David Copperfield" and "A Tale of Two Cities."

This green-eyed young actress plays the piano beautifully, collects antique jewelry, loves to ride horseback, and hates to buy clothes or go to beauty shops. She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 116 pounds, and her hair is a lovely red gold. When she returns from a trip to England, she is expected to play in "Silas Marner."

**EDITH W.; INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**—John Barrymore's father was an Englishman born in India whose name was Herbert Blythe. When he went on the stage he changed it to Maurice Barrymore. He married Georgie Drew, daughter of the elder Drew, and sister of the famous John Drew. His three children have since used the name Barrymore as their own. The actor who played the part of *Herod* in "Cleopatra," and *Conrad* in "The Crusades" was Joseph Schildkraut. Herbert Marshall was wounded in the War which accounts for the slight hesitation in his walk that you noticed. George Bancroft will soon appear in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," which stars Gary Cooper.

**JEANNE REHRER, COLUMBIA, S. C.**—Johnny Downs was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. on Oct. 10, 1913. He was a child actor, one of the first of the original "Our Gang." Later he went on the stage in musical comedy. He is not married and his latest picture is "Coronado."

**DOLORES KREBS, CHICAGO, ILL.**—Alan Baxter, the young man who made such a hit in "Mary Burns, Fugitive," is twenty-five years old, five feet eleven inches tall, with light brown hair and brown eyes. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, where his father is vice president of the Cleveland Trust Company. Alan graduated from Williams College, took a post graduate course in Professor Baker's drama course at Yale and then joined the Theatre Guild where he specialized in Polish dialects. He plays golf, swims, and was on the Williams track team. He also writes musical comedy skits, paints scenery and is familiar with all branches of the theater. Katharine Hepburn was so enthusiastic when she saw him on the stage that she asked Walter Wanger to sign him for "Mary Burns, Fugitive." His latest picture is "Thirteen Hours by Air."



Possessing a quaint charm uniquely English, Elizabeth Allan is immensely popular in Hollywood. A fine tennis player, too

**MISS JEANETTE THORNE, SALEM, MASS.**—I think this covers your questions too. Alan Baxter is one of our most popular young men this month.

**MRS. JOHN WOOTEN, KINSTON, N. C.**—Mr. Baxter's biography will interest you too.

**ANN ROBINS, WEST PLAINS, MISS.**—I'm sorry but I'm afraid somebody lost a bet. *Butch* in "Navy Wife" was Warren Hymer; *Jerry* in "Private Worlds" was Big Boy Williams; the racketeer in "The Glass Key" was Robert Gleckler, and *Sergeant Dudley* in "The Littlest Rebel" was Guinn Williams.

**CHARLES CHICONE, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.**—Charles Chaplin was born in London, England, on April 16, 1889.

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also. The Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to The Answer Man, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

**RUTH MEYER, TEHACHAPI, CALIF.**—Carole Lombard's real name is Jane Peters; Loretta Young's real name is Gretchen Young; Alice Faye's real name is Alice Leppert, and Katharine Hepburn and Miriam Hopkins use their own names.

**CHARLES MALLORY, RICHMOND HILL, L. I.**—The charming dancer *Bubbles* in "Millions in the Air," is Eleanore Whitney. She is eighteen years old, five feet tall and weighs 98 pounds. She was a pupil of Bill Robinson, the tap dancer, and appeared in night clubs and in vaudeville before being signed by Paramount. She is not married, and her latest picture was "Timothy's Quest."

**FRANCES BRADY, BANGOR, MAINE.**—Victor Jory was born in Dawson City, Alaska, in 1902. He is six feet one and a half inches tall, weighs 182 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. He attended high school in Pasadena and later the University of California. He is a fine boxer and wrestler and his hobbies are writing and composing music.

He signed for pictures in 1932; his latest is "Hell Ship Morgan."

**GERMAINE MAYO, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**—You may write to Jean Parker at RKO-Radio Studios, Gower Street, Hollywood, for her picture.

Her current picture is "Farmer in the Dell," reviewed in this issue.

**MARGIE REYNOLDS, BRONX, N. Y.**—Charlotte Henry was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 3, 1914.

Frankie Darro was born in Chicago on Dec. 22, 1917.

**E. M. C., BALTIMORE, MD.**—Mady Christians was born Jan. 19, 1902, in Vienna, Austria, and educated at the Ursuline Convent there. She is five feet six inches tall, weighs 127 pounds, has blonde hair and gray eyes. After spending three years in Max Reinhardt's school in Berlin, she entered pictures in Germany in 1921, later coming to America.

Her most recent picture appearance was in "Ship Cafe."

**JEROME CAMRAS, CHICAGO, ILL.**—Freddie Bartholomew was born in Warminster, England, March 28, 1924. His aunt tutored him in diction and elocution and was responsible for his getting small parts on the London stage. He was chosen in 1934 from among hundreds of boys to play *David Copperfield*.

His most recent picture is "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

**MABEL MEISSNER, MILWAUKEE, WIS.**—Preston Foster was born in Ocean City, N. J., on August 24, 1902. He sang baritone in light opera and musical comedies. His first picture was "Heads Up" in 1930. His latest is "Muss 'Em Up."

Sidney Blackmer was born in Salisbury, N. C., on July 13, 1898, and attended the University of North Carolina. He entered pictures in 1929, and his most recent screen appearance was in "Woman Trap." He is divorced from Leonore Ulrich.



“You girls  
who want a  
lovely skin—  
*use my beauty care*”

*says*

GINGER ROGERS



Star of RKO-Radio's "Follow the Fleet"



**“Don’t run the risk of clogging your pores!  
I avoid COSMETIC SKIN this way”...**

• It’s when stale powder and rouge *choke your pores* that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, blemishes, enlarged pores. Use cosmetics? Ginger Rogers does. “But,” she says, “I remove every trace of stale make-up with Lux Toilet Soap.” Clever girls use this ACTIVE-lathered soap before they put on fresh make-up—*always* before they go to bed. “Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin smooth, flawless,” says Ginger Rogers.



# Yours Truly Rural, Al Jolson

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

people and skyscrapers—he has wanted one thing. The details of that thing weren't necessarily specified in his mind; he dreamed in terms of generalities. Possession of Land and House. Wife and Heir-Apparent. Peace, if he needed it.

Actual realization of all this didn't come until one summer evening a few years ago when he took time out for an introspective interlude. "I realized suddenly that—to be mild about it—I wasn't growing any younger," he told me, drying his hands to light and hold a cigarette. "I'd met Ruby Keeler and loved her: it was nearly time that this guy named Jolson began

When Al bought his little ranch it was with business foresight as well as with the congenital instinct of a family man. "I had to consider finances," he said. "With Ruby and the kid I was no longer on my own, I couldn't thumb my nose at my bank-book any longer. Before, if I went broke I had only myself to worry about—but now it's different: And I haven't any assurance that these salaries of mine will come rolling in forever and ever. Besides, what with inflation and the new taxes and investment upsets, it's pretty tough to hold on to what you *have* got."

He was silent for a time, staring thought-

orchard here is only 'in case.' I'll stick with singing as long as I can . . ."

Wherefore, be of good cheer you lovers of the Mammy-voice. Where there are stages and where there are radios, there also shall be Al Jolson. But go to see "The Singing Kid," in which he is starred—because if his luck holds, that picture will probably be his last.

He fondles no brief for the making of movies. "On the contrary!" he exploded when I asked him. "I told you I hated apartments and cities with all my soul; well, with all my soul I hate putting on grease-paint and acting in front of a camera."

"Singing—of course I love that. I'd just as soon slap on black-face and go to a hospital full of crippled soldiers and sing my brains out, without getting a cent for it. That's different, somehow. But pouring out sentiment to a little group of directors and technicians and five hundred arc-lights: that's no fun."

"It pays well."

He lit another cigarette. "Of course. And anyway I've no choice—just at present."

"You'd have to put on grease-paint if you were on the stage."

"I'd sing in a theater fifty times a night rather than make one picture."

I frowned. "You know almost every star I've ever talked to has said something like that."

**H**E explained: "There's no comparison between talking and singing to an audience, and emoting before an insensate machine. Now I know what you're going to say. You're going to ask me, How about radio? and I'll tell you that a couple of years ago the answer would have been, 'Just as bad!' But not any more."

The sun had baked him dry and he sprawled on his stomach, facing me with his chin on his hands. "The radio managers have realized they get better results out of us if we can work before people, rather than just before a mike. They've built in seats and invited audiences who bring with them that intimate thread of contact, of understanding so necessary to a good performance."

"But even so," I said stubbornly, "if you give up pictures and all the money that goes with them . . ."

"I said I was ready to stop *acting* in movies," Al interrupted, "not give them up. In a few months I'm going to produce 'Three Men On a Horse.' If that clicks—then I'm set. Then I'll go on producing and watch other people rehearse and do scenes over and over and over, while the camera hums money into my pocket." He closed his eyes and grinned. "It's a beautiful thought, believe me."

I stood up and stretched. "Al Jolson: Producer," I said. "It sounds magnificent. And every afternoon, when you've left the fuss and tumult of the studio . . ."

". . . I'll drive out San Fernando valley and turn up that drive over there and hope to Heaven that Ruby is home to open the door. My God, the peace of it! If only—if only—" He paused, looking down into the water beside him.

Finally he said, "I'll tell you this much. This house, this ranch, all they stand for, are what I want from life. It could pay—I know that. And if Ruby would do it with me I'd quit pictures and every other thing tomorrow—and just come here—and *live*."



All is life and laughter in this happy triumvirate. The particular pride and joy of Mr. and Mrs. Al Jolson, their adopted son and heir Al, Jr., poses for his first picture at their ranch in Encino, which he bought for the future

thinking of futures. . . .

"Then I knew what I had to do. I had to find the most beautiful place in California and buy it; I had to marry Ruby; I had to adopt a baby; and I had to start getting out of life the things I'd worked so hard for." He dragged viciously on the cigarette. "I've done that—I've made my home, married my girl; and I've got my son. You understand?"

I said I did.

"Naturally I'm a little astonished at myself," he went on. "I keep going over to the trees and pulling off a grapefruit to see what it is. I find myself listening hard, sometimes, for the rumble of a street-car or the sound of an elevated. But I'm contented now, at least I'm happy."

He gestured to a plot of ground about the size of a standard house-lot, enclosed with a picket fence and containing a perambulator full of dozing baby. "Observe my future," murmured Al. There's another justification for the existence of the new Chez Jolson—an important one in this time of wabbling money values and fortunes that drift away, Heaven only knows how.

fully at a trimmed and irrigated orange tree heavy with fruit near the pool. Then—"Do you know what I did last week? I sold one hundred and fifty-six boxes of lemons off this place, and I got \$5.81 for every single box. That with the ranch just started, and only one hired man to work it."

**I** SMILED. "In a year or two, with five or six men to help, you should be a billionaire."


"I know," he laughed, "but basically it represents security. A little later I'll put in other kinds of fruit, and with luck I'll be able to realize on the grapefruit and oranges too. No matter what happens, you see, I'll always have this place. I'd have kidded myself crazy a few years ago at the idea.

But I'm hardly a boy any more, and also"—he added this with a certain pride—"I've got responsibilities now."

"You sound as if you were about ready to turn in your suit and drop the entertainment business for good."

He put up his hand quickly. "Nothing of the sort. That's my game, so long as I can please the public. The business angle of this





**I WISH I COULD  
WEAR OFF-THE-FACE  
HATS!**

**BUT  
NO HAT  
LOOKS  
WELL  
ON TOP  
OF A  
PIMPLY  
FACE!**

OH, DAD—YOU'RE **SUCH** A  
DARLING! NOW I CAN GET A  
CUTE LITTLE HAT LIKE  
PEGGY'S—JUST WAIT  
TILL YOU SEE HOW  
STYLISH I'LL BE!

I'D LIKE TO TRY ON THAT  
CUTE LITTLE OFF-THE-FACE  
HAT I SAW IN THE WINDOW

CERTAINLY

SHE **WOULD**  
WANT A SMALL  
HAT—HEAVENS,  
**WHAT** A  
COMPLEXION

OH, **DEAR**—IT'S NOT  
A BIT NICE ON **ME**!  
IT SHOWS UP ALL  
MY HORRID  
PIMPLES!

MAY I MAKE A  
SUGGESTION? MY  
SISTER GOT RID OF  
HER BAD SKIN WITH  
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST.  
WHY DON'T  
YOU TRY  
IT?

**LATER** LOOK, MUMS—MY FACE  
IS ALMOST ALL CLEARED  
UP ALREADY. I'M GOING  
TO RUN OUT AND GET  
THAT LITTLE HAT!

IT'S WONDERFUL THE WAY  
THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST  
HAS HELPED YOUR SKIN

**THE  
NEXT  
WEEK**

HI, THERE  
JERRY

GOSH, CLAIRE—IT'S  
**SWELL** TO SEE YOU—AND  
DON'T WE LOOK NIFTY!  
THAT'S ONE **HONEY** OF A  
HAT, I'LL SAY!

**Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep  
YOU from looking your best**

**J**UST when good looks make such a difference  
in good times—from about 13 to 25 years of  
age, or even longer—many young people become  
afflicted with ugly pimples.

During this time, after the beginning of adoles-  
cence, important glands develop and final growth  
takes place. This causes disturbances throughout  
the body. The skin, especially, becomes over-  
sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this  
sensitive skin and pimples appear.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to give you  
back a good complexion by clearing these skin  
irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat it *regularly*—3 cakes a day, before meals,  
plain, or in a little water—until your skin is en-  
tirely clear. Start today!



*—clears the skin*  
**by clearing skin irritants  
out of the blood**



# Trials and Triumphs of a Hollywood Dress Designer

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

quered his aversion for Clara's constant fitting-room companion, a two hundred pound Great Dane. This massive animal completely filled the small fitting-room, crowding out busy and frightened seamstresses. And when he did not choose to sprawl at his mistress's feet, he invariably selected the most expensive bolt of silver or cloth of gold for his thunderous slumbers.

But somehow in spite of behemoths and Clara's vocal exercises the Bow wardrobes would get themselves finished and Banton would anxiously await the first day's shooting on each new picture.

dutifully fitted over the new accouterment, but by some mysterious process they always disappeared just before Clara was called in front of the cameras for a "take."

It was the same with her skirts. She could never resist the temptation to pull them up around the waistline so that the hems of her frocks always flirted with the very tops of her knees.

And then her boundless vitality never failed to turn Banton's most costly gowns into rags within a few hours. There was too much in the sheer business of living for Clara to remember what she had on her back the moment she left

Arc costume he made for Bebe to wear to Marion Davies' costume ball, the biggest social event of that season. Bebe yearned to play the Maid of Orleans on the screen and she took every possible opportunity to appear in the beloved costume.

Just before the event Bebe suffered one of her usual accidents and was ordered to bed with a plaster cast on her ankle. But the night of the ball Joan of Arc stopped the show by her dramatic entrance on a pair of crutches.

And then after a trying day Banton had the fun-loving, luxury-mad Evelyn Brent to help coax him back to gaiety. Evelyn was a star then in the three thousand dollar a week class, and even in a town innured to extravagance she made the natives gasp. Her lingerie was imported handmade puffs of lace, chiffon and pleats, so sheer that every step-in chemise and nightgown had to be dry cleaned each time she wore them. She fancied net hosiery that cost from seven to twenty dollars a pair, and she loved furs and rare jewels. Luxury seemed to protect her like a soft cocoon from something in life she wished to escape. Her home, her motors, her whole code of living was keyed to this insane pitch of lavishness.

**T**ODAY Evelyn is looking for a job in pictures. Banton, for one, is certain that she will return to importance, if not stardom again.

In Kay Francis, Banton found the complete antithesis to Evelyn Brent. And although he refuses to take credit for it, it is true that Kay suddenly flared into print as "Hollywood's best dressed woman" following her screen appearance in his gowns.

No one was more surprised than Kay when this honor was bestowed upon her, for she spends less time, money, energy and thought on her personal wardrobe than any star of equal importance.

Banton recalls one year when she "got by" with one black lace frock for the entire season of parties, and another time when she wore a certain black felt hat for two years. In fact that ancient black felt finally goaded him into reckless conduct. During a fitting one day he said:

"Kay, I'm going to call M——'s today and have them send over a dozen hats for your selection. I don't care if you're angry or not, I simply can't stand another glimpse of that black thing on your head." To Banton's utter astonishment, Kay beamed on him.

"You darling!" she cried, "I knew I had to get a new hat, but I've put off the agony of a shopping trip from month to month. Now I won't have to go. Oh, you darling."

Strangely enough while Banton was coaxing Kay into new hats, and moulding her into a leading candidate (on the screen anyway) for "Hollywood's best dressed woman" race, he was hard at work with her only serious rival in the fashion field—Lilyan Tashman.

But in Lilyan, Travis found a woman with a frank and lusty interest in clothes, one who coveted the "best dressed" title, and worked seriously and intelligently toward that goal.

For some odd reason Banton's first meeting with Lil got off to a bad start. In fact it ended in an argument. Travis, it seems, tried to convince Tashman that she should be the first star, in fact the first woman in the world to discard the Chanel silhouette of the 1925-26-27 period (you remember those funny looking

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88 ]



Sylvia Sidney, star of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," is causing quite a to do these days with a new hair style for her black locks. They have been cut very short in the back and slightly curled over the top and sides

He would get up at dawn and beat Clara to her dressing-room to refresh her memory concerning bangles and beauty spots.

"Remember, dear, no earrings with this simple white crepe," he would cajole. "Two heavy ornaments hanging from either side of your head would ruin the effect, you know."

And Clara would smile enchantingly at him and agree volubly.

But it was always the same. The next day the rushes would show Clara emoting with a heavy shoulder-grazing earring dragging at her ear. And when Banton would charge her with her perfidy she would disarm him with her remorse.

"Why, Travis, darling," she would expostulate, wide-eyed with injured innocence, "you said that *two* earrings were not right. Just to please you I wore only *one*."

And it was the same when her curves became too dangerous for camera angles and Banton ordered girdles for her. Each gown would be

a mirror. Sequin trains were dragged through muddy studio streets, white satin robes fell unnoticed on dusty floors, and a frock of cobweb lace was an unfailing signal for a romp with the great Dane. But a designer's life is not always peppered with trouble. There is always a Bebe Daniels or two.

**F**OR five years or so there was the level-headed, easy laughing Bebe with her good figure and her divine disposition. And there was her large hearted mother, Phyllis Daniels, who was one of the few maternal influences Banton ever welcomed in his fitting-room. It is true that many of Bebe's fittings were complicated by crutches and bandages because she was constantly in a state of convalescence from some accident. But in spite of broken bones and lacerations that often sent her to the hospital she continued to refuse to permit doubles to take the tumbles and jumps for her.

Banton recalls the shimmering silver Joan of



# Born under a Lucky Star

Yet **ROCHELLE HUDSON**

won't trust to luck  
when it comes to  
lovely washables—  
she insists on LUX

Between scenes, Rochelle rests in her dressing room on the set. Its furnishings have the same crisp freshness she insists upon for her personal things.



An all-star cast relaxing! The chows are blue-ribbon winners. Rochelle is the star of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Everybody's Old Man."

"WHILE I'm usually lucky, I don't count on 'luck' to save me from stocking runs or faded colors," declares Rochelle Hudson. "Lux is my secret of keeping things like new for ages!"

Why risk spoiling *your* smart washables this summer? It's so easy—and economical—to keep lovely prints and pastels, sheer cottons and fine linens, always superlatively fresh with Lux.

Rubbing with cake soap, or using ordinary soaps which may contain harmful alkali, is apt to fade colors, weaken threads. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux!



"I love the clothes in my new picture," Rochelle says. "So many of them are Luxable. They're terribly smart looking."

**Specified in all the big Hollywood studios...**

"Washing failures, by holding up production, would cost us thousands of times what they would an individual," says Arthur Levy, wardrobe supervisor.

"That's why at Twentieth Century-Fox studios it's a rule that only Lux be used for stockings and washable costumes—we know it's safe!"



**HOLLYWOOD HAS A NEW WORD FOR "WASH"—IT'S**



# STYLE, BEAUTY

## and Bending Freedom



The new Smoothie Controleur is unique in its styling, its beauty and above all in its positive figure control. Ask about the exclusive features of design which give you a flat back—smooth hip-molding—*marvelous* up-and-down BENDING FREEDOM without creeping or riding up.

At smart shops everywhere

# Smoothie Controleur

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hip length waistlines and short skirts we thought so grrrrrand). Even the intrepid Lilyan drew back from this foolhardiness.

"And what do you suggest in place of the current mode?" she inquired coldly.

"Something drastically different," Banton challenged her courage. "A change is in the air, waistlines are bound to go up again to their natural places and skirts, at least those on evening gowns, will go down to the floor again. Why not be the first to start this new fashion, or are you afraid?"

That word "afraid" ignited the spark of adventure in Lilyan's spirit. She said:

"All right, I'll wear your floor sweeping gowns, but remember, if you happen to be wrong, if these costumes make me look ridiculous, believe me, I'll be your enemy for life."

**A**ND three months later when Hollywood New York and Paris were ringing with the clamor of women demanding copies of the startling new Tashman frocks, she paid a solemn visit to Banton's fitting-room.

"I'll never doubt you or question any decision of yours, again," she told him. "You may design whatever you wish for me hereafter without my okay." Amazingly enough she lived up to this avowal to the end.

Lilyan always came for her fittings alone. Only her husband, Edmund Lowe, was permitted to sit in on these rituals. When a costume turned out unusually exciting Lil would telephone Ed (and at the most absurd hours) and he would rush willynilly to the studio to watch his wife chalk up another tally on the scoreboard of fashion.

To the very end, with her life ebbing swiftly, she remained the same dauntless, gallant Lilyan. Only a few weeks before her death in the east, Travis received the following letter from her:

"Dear Travis: Just had to write and tell you this—went the other night to a very swanky party at the Embassy, and the most chic woman there was dressed in—what do you think? An absolute copy (not a good one, of course) of my first dress in 'Girls About Town.' Am so proud of you and tell everyone about you and your great talent. My love to all, Lilyan Tashman."

The gay and amusing niche in Banton's life, vacated so suddenly by Evelyn Brent, was filled in 1931 by Miriam Hopkins. And in spite of a jumbled background of broken dates and entrancing apologies (both of them Miriam's) her exhilarating series of impracticabilities never failed to make Banton forget the smouldering troubles of his fitting-room.

Now all the Hopkins' wardrobe appointments were broken or forgotten a dozen times or more before a final frantic call (usually the day before the picture start) summoned Banton to her house.

Banton usually arrived at her door hopefully with his armload of sketches for the picture, but the clamor of masculine voices that never failed to greet him in the drawing-room quickly withered such optimism.

Banton considered himself very lucky at these madhouse conferences if he received a breathless, "Oh, yes, darling," or a "I'm sure it's going to be divine, dear."

Usually the whole thing ended with Miriam gayly pushing a champagne cocktail into Banton's limp hand and ordering him to forget business until tomorrow. For Miriam, there is always tomorrow.

But Miriam's merry gyrations were not responsible for all the Banton headaches. For

instance, there was the strange and amusing enigma of Jeanette MacDonald's figure when she arrived in 1928 to play opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade." Not that the MacDonald lines were not (and are not) symmetrical enough.

It seems, however, that between pictures Jeanette's figure is consistently lithe enough. but during production she thinks more of the quality of her high C's than her silhouette. For weeks Banton was puzzled by the constant ripping and letting out of all the MacDonald frocks. A costume would fit perfectly on Monday and on Thursday would be seam-splitting tight. He finally discovered that Jeanette entertains a theory that to be in good voice for her screen rôles she must have abundant extra energy and for extra energy she must drink quarts of rich milk, malted milk, chocolate milk, vanilla milk, strawberry milk in fact any kind of milk.

Banton finally solved his difficulties by ordering extra wide emergency seams left in all MacDonald clothes to take care of the sudden influx of "energy."

Along about the fall of 1932, when things around the Banton fitting-room were bogging down to a soothing normalcy, Tallulah Bankhead came to town. It was no ordinary arrival. From the first she was flanked by a royal cortege of admiring friends, that put Pola Negri's rather decent retinue of the 1924 era to shame. And they never left Tallulah. Ten, twenty, sometimes thirty of them would crowd into the tiny fitting-room after her, to "oh," and "ah," each time she slipped an unfinished frock over her shoulders. It required Herculean strength and patience on Banton's part to complete her fittings. To adjust a drape, to insert a pin meant stepping gingerly over a half dozen Bankhead worshippers, who liked to sprawl on the floor and smoke a rather bad brand of cigarettes with furious speed during these sessions.

**N**OW Banton admits that even a Hollywood designer is not always proud of his handiwork. Take, for instance, the first (and so far the last) frock he made for Greta Garbo. He frankly confesses that it was the ugliest gown he ever had the crass nerve to put on a woman.

It all came to pass about nine years ago when Garbo was a suddenly important star following "Flesh and the Devil." Mauritz Stiller (the director who brought her to America) paid Banton a strange visit one evening. He brought with him a bulky package and with frank pride pulled from the brown paper a man's robe of brilliant yellow and purple brocade. The garment was Stiller's. Greta, he explained, had repeatedly admired it, and he thought it would please and surprise her if he had it made into a gown, a really nice evening gown. Would Mr. Banton do this for him?

There was something so pleading and insistent in the man's eyes that Travis could not refuse, even though the yellow and purple was an affront to his sense of color.

He designed the frock and had it made to Garbo's measurements. It was arranged that Greta would come to his fitting-room for the final fitting, but the day before it took place Banton was quite suddenly on his way to Europe. He was vastly relieved that he had missed Garbo, because he knew it was a really hideous gown.

In the June PHOTOPLAY read Travis Banton's fitting-room secrets concerning Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Marlene Dietrich and Mae West.



# LOOK TO BE SURE *It's the Talon* *Handbag Closing* says JUNE LANG



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 bags com-  
 pleted with the  
 security of the**

***Talon***  
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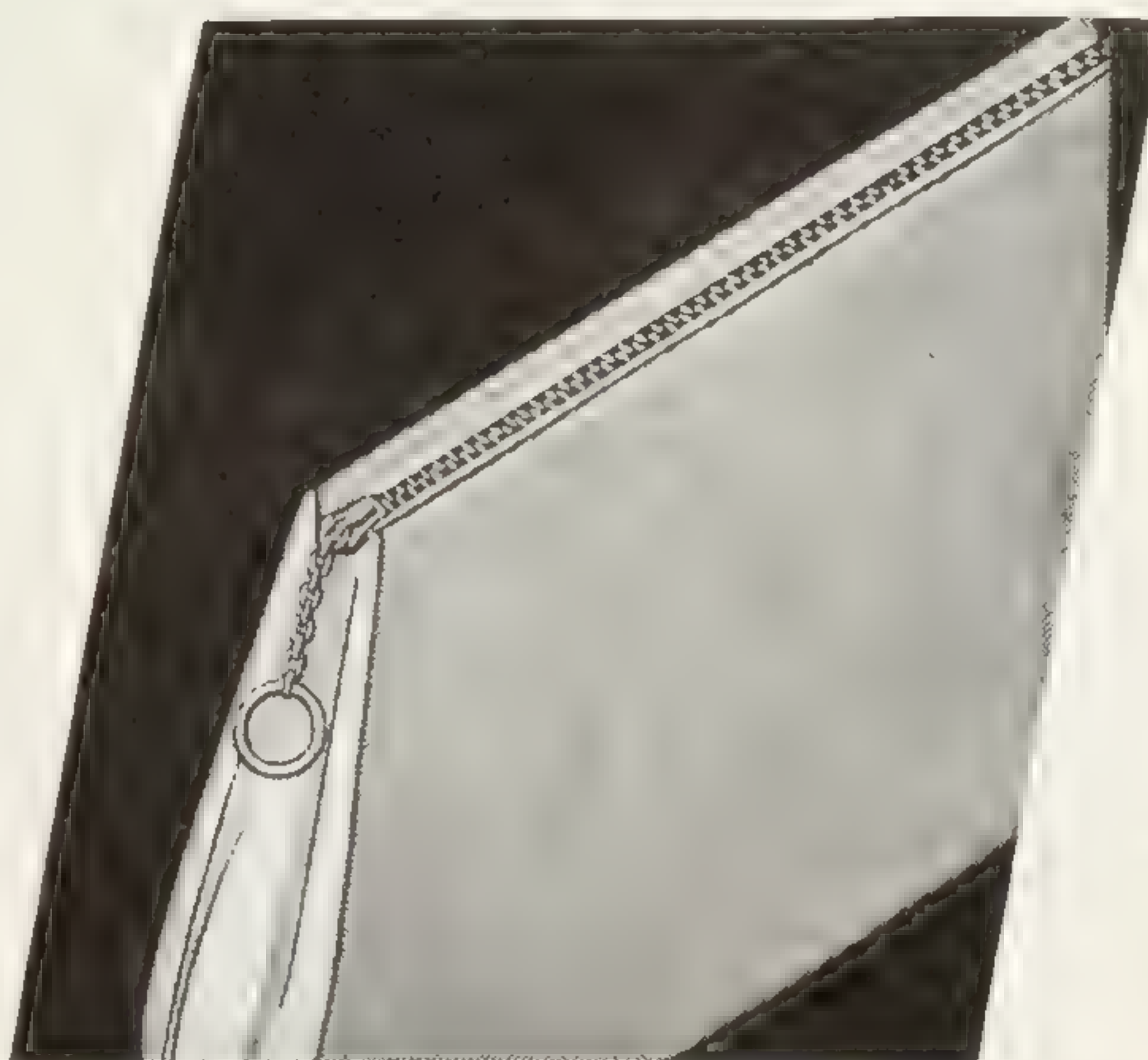
**fastener . . . .**

JUNE LANG, Twentieth Century-Fox player, in "CAPTAIN JANUARY"

Hollywood stars have adopted the Talon habit in buying handbags. Models that spill contents, cause the loss of valuables, are not for them. When they choose, they look first—to be sure their handbags are sealed to safety with the secure Talon fastener.

Follow Hollywood to handbag-satisfaction. When you buy your

handbags, look for the Talon name on the fastener. You'll find this safe, sure closing in handbags of style and quality—in models at the price you want to pay. You'll learn that the Talon fastener performs perfectly in constant use—is always dependable. Make the Talon habit your buying guide when it comes to handbags.



The Talon fastens handbags to one continuous, neat closure — keeps handbag contents safe and secure. When you buy, be sure to see that it is the dependable Talon fastener that operates perfectly always.



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The "GLENDALE" Illustrated above is only one of the many new HADLEY Styles for Men and Women shown in "SMART WRISTS", an illustrated folder, sent on request.



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## Nobody Is Safe in Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]

any ordinary human being down one of the passages or paths, just as the King of Sweden is said to walk democratically among his subjects.

As soon as you are assigned to some particular job within this kingdom and, as I've already said, hold onto it with all your fingers and all your toes, you're aware in what an intricate business you've involved. You begin to be fascinated, and the more you learn of the inner workings of the making of a picture, the less, oddly enough, you are interested in the picture when it is finally made. Because the real fascination of Hollywood lies simply in this; that you are engaged with numbers of other people, a few of whom you know, some of whom you see, the majority of whom you never set eyes on, in a great mystery. You are helping to write the script of, we will say, "David Copperfield." There is somewhere in the world, a book called "David Copperfield" by a writer called Charles Dickens. There will be one day in the world, a film work also entitled "David Copperfield." You know what the book is like, but what the film will be like no one has the very slightest idea. I, for example, after being in Hollywood for a month or so, wrote my first little scene for this picture, something out of the middle of it that would take about two minutes to play. It was to be the Green Room of a London theater with ballet girls moving about in it. David and his Dora would have their first meeting there.

Until that moment, I had never written for the pictures in my life. I was very patiently

informed that everything was wrong about this scene. For one thing, each sentence would cost about \$1200 in the making, and for the first time in my life I had to consider cutting down my dialogue. Finally, through this little scene as through a lattice window, I began to perceive the whole moving world of the picture business. My scene covered two pages in length, but in the fate of it there were involved the personalities of the supervisor, of the director, two film stars, about thirty extras, and I don't know how many camera men, the cutter, several stenographers, the entire finances of Metro-Goldwyn and the film public of all the world. I learned in that harsh hour that nothing to do with pictures is independent or individual, and that at present, at any rate, and probably for a long time to come, a vast collaboration of the most intricate kind, a collaboration in which there is incessant sacrifice of personality, nerves, temperament, ambition, freedom, must be attempted before any successful picture is completed.

Having learned this great lesson, I passed on to the other important aspects of this extraordinary business—the social side of it.

*In the June PHOTOPLAY, Mr. Walpole tells you about "living in a kind of Alice in Wonderland world where anything might happen." And where just about everything does happen, to Mr. Walpole's increasing amazement.*

## Nature Gives You Your Other Features But—You Mold Your Own Mouth

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93 ]

cream smoothed around but never on the lips will soon remove this. Follow with a nourishing skin food, leaving it on for fifteen minutes.

Part of your beauty routine which distinguishes you as a person of charm and taste is the hygienic care of your teeth and mouth. Teeth, white and sparkling, *make* a smile. They are the very first thing after her eyes that you notice about Kitty Carlisle. Some of you teensters take courage. Kitty tells me that she wore braces on her teeth for ten years. The result was certainly worth the effort.

For strong healthy teeth drink plenty of milk and make green vegetables and citrus fruits part of your daily diet.

See your dentist regularly, for teeth help to form the bone structure that makes the youthful contour. Twice daily, or oftener, give your teeth a thorough brushing with an up and down motion and don't forget to brush your tongue. Three brushes and dental floss are indispensable. Select your toothpaste or powder to your taste.

Keep your gums healthy and stimulated by massage, using the flat of your finger in a rotary motion. Salt is very beneficial to toughen tender gums.

Kitty's dazzlingly white teeth are partly due

to a little idea of her own. After brushing them with her usual dentifrice she gives them a whitening and polishing treatment by mixing bicarbonate of soda to paste consistency with a mouth wash and using this for an extra brushing. It works wonders!

We all know at what a high nervous tension all motion picture players work. Nerves often cause internal disorders which react upon the breath, so when Kitty told me that one of the first things the players do on returning to their dressing rooms after completing a scene, is to use a mouth wash, I think it is of sufficient importance to call to your attention. Use a mouth wash at least twice daily and as often in between times as you can.

There's nothing like a new hair-do to give you a mental lift. In our new leaflet "Spring Perfumes" three sketches of the newest coiffures are shown. Too many curves, or not enough? Exercises are yours for the asking. If you are a schoolgirl, "Tips to Teensters" will solve many of your skin and hair worries.

Write me about your beauty problems. Needless to say, your inquiries will be held in strictest confidence and answered by me personally. Now is the time to start your new spring beauty schedule.



RUBY KEELER and JOAN BLONDELL, stars of Warner Bros. "COLLEEN" tell

# The Secret of Attraction

every *Blonde* and *Brunette* should know!

Screen stars find color harmony make-up originated by MAX FACTOR, Hollywood's make-up genius, holds the secret of attraction for every woman

## Hollywood's Make-Up Secret for Blondes



"MAX FACTOR's Powder," says Joan Blondell, "will enliven your skin, give it youthful radiance through the magic of the new color harmony shades created to dramatize every blonde type." Max Factor's Powder, \$1.

"YOUR color harmony shade of Max Factor's Rouge will impart an exquisite lifelike color to your cheeks, that glows softly even under glaring lights, and stays on indefinitely." Max Factor's Rouge, 50¢.

"MAX FACTOR's Super-Indelible Lipstick in your color harmony shade will dramatize your lips with an alluring color that lasts as long as you wish. Keeps lips smooth, young." Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, \$1.

Make-up harmonized to your type will give you new loveliness, make you interesting, different.



## How Brunette Stars Dramatize their Type



"THE color harmony shades of Max Factor's Powder," says Ruby Keeler, "have been created to accent the charm of every brunette type. Powder in your color harmony shade will brighten your skin, give you a satin-smooth finish." Max Factor's Powder, \$1.

"MAX FACTOR's Rouge in your color harmony shade will give you an appealing loveliness because the color is created for you individually. Creamy-smooth, it applies easily, clings persistently." Max Factor's Rouge, 50¢.

"YOUR color harmony shade of Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick will accent your lips with glamorous color that lasts indefinitely. Being moisture-proof, it may be applied to both inner and outer surface of the lips." Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, \$1.

With powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized to your type, you will be dramatic, individual, different.



FOR personal make-up advice... and to test your own color harmony shades in powder, rouge and lipstick, mail this coupon.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

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### Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:  
Send Please Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE 1-5-5

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		



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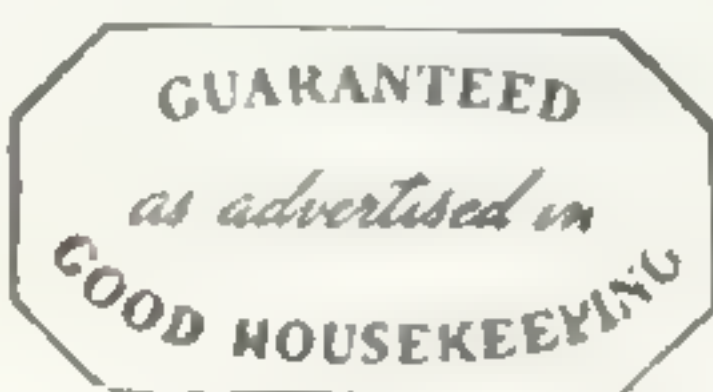
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**TUDOR PLATE***Oneida Community***The Private Life of a Talking Picture**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75 ]

an irreplaceable prop that's been established in the scene, and so the whole must be shot over."

Observe the average studio cop. First, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is his domain and he may not venture out of it—on the other hand, a city policeman's badge is no ticket of admittance at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But within his 72 acres the private Bobbie has plenty to keep him busy, so much in fact that he is never asked to double up as atmosphere when a policeman is needed in a picture.

He must have a thorough knowledge of first-aid, and know the exact location of 196 medicine kits and alarm boxes throughout the grounds. He must be able to use hand grenades as well as his revolver, the latter he furnishes himself. He has an eight-hour shift, from which he must report by phone periodically; and since the studio is divided into four beats, and since there are 60 officers, a little arithmetic will show you that any given point is covered regularly every 16 minutes. Crime doesn't have a chance to pay, here

**O**F those stationed at the gates, one man who presides over the back lot portal has the toughest—and withal the most delectable—assignment. We can dispose of the much-talked-of front gate guardian by stating simply that he sees all the stars all the time and what of it? He doesn't care any more. But Jeff Chambers, at the rear door—Ah, there is a man with a job; and he never sees a single big shot in person.

Whereas 300 players in limousines drive through the Washington Boulevard entrance during one day, 1800 workmen and 250 trucks undergo the stern and watchful scrutiny of Chamber's post in the same period of time. Near him a small sign says, like Beth Brown, "For Men Only"; and this rule he enforces and would enforce were Garbo to appear. He has an imagination and can tell good stories about the trouble he has had getting airplanes and portions of battle-ships in and out of his narrow gateway—but most amusing are his expletive-filled accounts of studio crashers who try to get past him with the tons of merchandise.

They come disguised as "helpers" on trucks; one good-natured driver brought as many as 25 on a memorable day. They come as bundles on the floors of cars; they come as tradesmen on phony business deals. They ever make and use counterfeit badges with such success that every so often new ones have to be designed for the genuine help.

I could go on but dare not. There is neither time nor space. But while we're still concerned with the police department it would be well to offer you a cross-section portrait of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer after dark, when the shadowed alleys and empty, dim-lighted sound stages are exclusive and reserved prowling grounds for night-watchmen and scrub-bucket brigades.

Intent on discovery, I ventured there one chilly midnight; but I didn't stay long. There was something about the stillness, the lost quiet of a city abandoned, that made me feel like a Fortieth Century explorer blundering into a dead civilization: lights made small glowing puddles here and there, keeping a

solemn vigil; the square boxes of buildings sat remote and locked.

When I wrote of silence I did not mean it as absolute. There are sounds, distant and muffled, but they only make the prevailing muteness more appalling. Those sounds are chords in the rhythm-less "Studio At Night" symphony, and are made variously by the trudging feet of five armed men who walk and watch the hours away; by the purring disturbance of a car with two uniforms and two riot guns in it, driving past every quarter hour; by the slap-slosh of mops and the low voices of mopping women; by the far-away hammering on Lot II where the night crew works frantically at a set which must be finished by dawn. . . .

The watchman's route changed nightly so thieves cannot accustom themselves to it, covers twelve miles in six hours. Three thousand, seven hundred and forty-six miles—11,568,480 steps—every year.

Outside of the police department there are two other groups of people whose first business it is to guard the studio, not from robbers but from the public. Any modern picture plant is like a fortress besieged, threatened always by invasion—so that it is necessary to post sentinels at the boundaries who repeat over and over, in effect, "Halt!" and "Who goes there?" and "Pass, friend." They are, respectively, the office boys and the telephone operators.

I was "out front" for an afternoon, and had a marvelous time. You can't imagine the feeling of utter importance it gives a person to sit behind the little grill and raise an interrogative eyebrow at the herd that comes begging admission; I don't suppose there is anywhere in the entire world a single species of animal quite so supercilious, quite so pompous, quite so obviously bored with everyone and everything, as a studio office clerk. But you can't blame him. It's a normal psychological reaction to being the incarnate "Open Sesame" to so much power, so much wealth, so much blinding glory

**T**HERE are six young fellows—ex-student-body presidents from universities, ex-football captains, masters of the phrase "Sorry, sir,"—whose task it is to let in the right ones, keep out the wrong ones. And I mean task. They must have patience, diplomacy and finesse; they must remember faces and mannerisms; they must be adamant, always. This is no job for the gullible.

The crashers come in droves, and in droves are turned away. They disguise themselves and try to bluff their way through the electrically locked doors, they faint in the ante-chamber on the slim chance of being carried inside for resuscitation. The visitor with a genuine purpose gives his name and that of the person he has come to see; if the appointment is verified by telephone he is handed a scribbled pass, good for one hour, and disappears into the forbidden places, watched and envied by the waiting others.

Thus the reception you may expect if you come in person to Metro. But if you telephone you encounter the switchboard sentinels—and that's a different matter.

First, there are four young ladies with astounding memories and quick fingers who sit for six hours at a time before the giant panel



with its 55 extensions for outside calls, its 1000 extensions for local calls within the studio confines. They handle more business in those six hours than a whole day brings to San Bernardino, a bustling quart-size California city; and peculiarly, 15 percent of that business represents America at large ringing in to ask questions.

Under the managership of Lola Shea, who knows her plugs, these four girls must make sure that Betty Whosis from Arkansas, a Crawford fan, does not connect with Joan in her dressing room, as per Miss Whosis' request; they must answer queries if possible, or ring some office that can answer them; they must, above all, keep the insanely busy employees of Metro from being bothered too much.

"Most of the calls are from citizens who want to speak with stars," said Lola to me. "Our system in such cases is to buzz the actor's dressing room, and if he recognizes the name, to make the connection. If the star has a secretary we let her handle it—but our biggest thorn in the side is from long distance calls, people in Georgia or New York who state brazenly that they are relatives of Miss Shearer, or of Wally Beery, and must get through immediately. We even had one collect from Utah, last year.

"Then there are the people who phone to verify rumors they've heard, to praise a picture we've made or to criticize it, and of course to ask question after question. When an animal story is released they want to know whether that crocodile really ate the black man or not, and how *can* we allow those trainers to stick great big spears in the poor elephants. . . No kidding. Families make bets about such things and ring us to settle the argument. We let publicity or production handle calls of that sort."

**N**OT very many thrills for you, are there?" I suggested.

"Well now," Lola smiled, "you know it isn't every gal in these United States who has the chance to talk daily with big-time stars, or who can ring long distance and say casually, 'Get me Paris, France,' or, 'Connect me with the *Empress of Britain*, somewhere on the high seas.' I gasp for minutes afterward, every time that happens."

At any rate it should now be very apparent that a Hollywood studio is not easy of access, not exactly open and free to the public. But for those favored few within its walls nothing is too good; in fact a high percentage of the 45 departments being analyzed in this series of articles are maintained solely for the comfort and convenience of the select Five Thousand.

You've been told by other writers so much about the average studio commissary that I can do no more than to verify the inevitable comment, that it *is* colorful. There are "nuns" smoking cigarettes and ragged peasants eating squab and Socrates thumbing a patent lighter. The food is good, because it has to be, and you can't hear yourself think for the clatter. But many headliners long ago adopted the habit of retiring to peace and seclusion in a dressing room during lunchtime; a sensible idea, certainly, since it gives them an hour in which to rest, or study script, or just draw breath. Disposed of: one commissary.

You must of necessity be just as well acquainted with the post-office, since no columnist lets a week slip by without using the always handy fan-mail chatter as space-fill-up-stuff. However you may not know that M-G-M receives 40,000 letters weekly, or that some



**dressed  
for the office**

**Girdle  
by  
GOSSARD**

Introducing Dorothy\* . . . trim, radiant, 25 . . . and a cracker-jack stenographer. Office gossip says she'll be the boss's private secretary when his present one gets married next Fall. (That is, if Dorothy and her Tommy don't get married then, too.)

Would you believe to look at her picture that a bad case of "stenographer's spread" almost ruined her romance not long ago? Tommy doesn't like hippy girls, and sitting at a typewriter all day without a girdle does do things to hips.

But Dorothy has brains. And she used them when she bought a comfortable Gos-sard semi-step-in of firm elastic net with adjustable side lacings. It did the trick beautifully for \$5.00.

\*Not her real name





ALMOST every one indulges in a good cry, now and then—it's feminine nature. But that's no reason for your eyes to tell tales about it afterwards. What to do? Fly for IBATH—the new beauty benefit! Cup the little container filled with cool eye-refreshment to each eye—and feel it clearing away the ache and redness—coaxing back the loveliness and sparkle!

Eyes tell other secrets—daily! Smoking, reading, driving your car—even sunlight can ruin their beauty without your realizing it—make them dull, inflamed or cloudy. That's why IBATH, so effective it can even banish traces of tears, is becoming part of the regular beauty routine of women who *must* look lovely, always. Use it frequently (especially just before you go out). Perfectly safe—it costs but very little (50c at all good drug stores). Begin eye-loveliness with IBATH sparkle this very day!



stars have regular customers who write two or three letters every day, air-mail registered special-delivery—sixty cents a throw, no less.

Gifts—birds and little bears and kangaroos and tea-sets—arrive here, make a clutter here; and movie stars are human.

They go to the postoffice first thing every morning. . . .

Less shouted about, but interesting from a personal standpoint, is Jim Adamson, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's prize barber. I chartered his services one day, and during the time it took him to give me the best haircut I've ever had I learned from him: that he has been with M-G-M since the very beginning of everything; that shaving Barrymore and trimming Tone never fails to give him a boot, even after all these years; and that his shop, true to tonsorial tradition, is the airing place for most of the grievances and all of the comic stories that turn up during a studio day.

JIM listens to Hollywood's great ones mumble their personal affairs through a steaming towel, or rehearse the coming afternoon's scene to letter perfection. He is supplied with fish and game by hunter Clark Gable, remembered at Christmas by Garbo, and is on first-name terms with men who, as they leave his chair, go to control the destiny of motion pictures in America.

To Adamson come the stars to be sheared and oiled and combed—but to Donald Loomis they come to be reduced or fattened as the case may be. In a business where a few pounds one way or the other may mean failure or success, he is invaluable because his methods are scientific, effective, and lasting.

"I don't use diets or drastic exercises," he explained. "They aren't necessary, if you're healthy and lead a clean normal life free from excesses. I really spend most of my time building muscles on the men here—you see a well set-up, husky fellow can make a greater name in pictures these days than ever before. The world has a new fad for keeping fit, and whereas a few years ago they liked slick-hair smoothy types, now they clamor for Gable and his type of he-man.

"My theory is that anyone can develop a perfect body. All you have to do is stick with a system of bar-bells—they're sort of elongated dumb-bells—and you'll see." Loomis measured me with the light of a reformer in his eye. "I've done wonders for Bob Taylor, you know, but then he really worked hard; a surprising thing, because generally it's the women who stick at it longer than the men, and who put forth more genuine effort to keep in trim."

In the same category with this corrector of human appearances I suppose I can, by dint of small transition, squeeze in a little information about the studio emergency hospital which—to get right at it—is as complete, as thoroughly efficient as science and unlimited money can afford. Nurses are in constant attendance and in constant demand, since much can happen in the way of sprained ankles and smashed fingers during the daily lives of 5000 active citizens. A physician with portable emergency supplies accompanies the location troupes; and because to this profession all men are of common flesh, I could find no medico who would admit that he got any special excitement out of ministering to the stars. "A laborer's barked shin is all one with Greta Garbo's sore tonsil," said an imperturbable Metro doctor to me. . . .

About the publicity department small inside information is ever given the world, for two reasons: first, because it is bad policy to

remind people that an entire staff is paid for the purpose of keeping National Idols national idols; and second, because in the final count there is very little to tell. Oh, I don't mean to imply that the men and women who make up this group don't have a difficult but fascinating job—they do. But their task, resolved to its elements, amounts merely to finding out all and everything there is to know about Hollywood's favorites and then passing the information on to newspapers and magazines.

They do this with the full knowledge and consent of the players, of course, and the outgoing material is under constant and careful censorship. To you, the world, these type-writer-tapping, keen-brained agents are an unseen blessing of sorts, because without their services you would have no contact—vicarious or otherwise—with the glittering people called stars, who interest you so vitally.

Since the stories, the columns and interviews and articles, that they bring to you must be illustrated with portrait photographs, a "still" department is maintained as part of publicity—and you can judge as to the skill of its members by thumbing through the magazine you are now reading.

Those pictures were snapped by artists who earn every penny of the salaries paid them: confined all day in a tiny room with temperament and beauty, they must be psychologists of the first water because, as one of them told me, "We have to make the subjects forget that they're posing, keep them soothed and calm when they show signs of being bored or tired or just plain cross. We have to remember moods and whims of the individuals, and somehow make the whole business as pleasant as possible.

"And then of course the actual work is a science, as well as an art. Backgrounds have to fit the personalities of the stars—ultra-modern for Crawford, rugged and simple for Beery, feminine for Harlow. And some of them like music played during the sitting. . . . It's a complicated affair, all boiling down to the one indisputable fact that *nobody* likes to have his picture taken."

WHICH in the way of things brings us to a final studio section and with it the conclusion of this month's article.

Of all the vast machinery now under our inspection not one stick or wheel is proof against the contingency of fire; but Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has done its best to minimize this danger. Its private fire department is the most superb of its type in the world.

For your information, there are four men under the supervision of Chief George Minnick, there is a made-to-order engine equipped to fight any type of blaze conceivable; there are asbestos suits, gas-masks, and chemical extinguishers. Throughout every building on the lot there has been installed a delicate automatic alarm system which, at the first spark, sounds simultaneously in the local station and in all the surrounding metropolitan departments. . . .

The whole is adequate for a city of 10,000 population!

Wherefore: having cleared the stage for action, we may in the next issue return to our uninterrupted survey of a motion picture in the making. We'll nose into a sound-stage and do the shooting with cameramen and technicians, we'll inquire into the mechanics of sound and into the difficulties of location, and we'll watch the actual recording of drama on celluloid, not as spectators but as part of the staff with a job to do.

Be with you then.



## Our Dumb Enemies

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27 ]

It sounded good. Gloria wired, boarded the train and mused bitterly on the absolute impossibility of making Pete Pryor see that she could play *Delia*.

A voice said, close to her ear, "Why, Miss Lorme!" and settled down beside her. It was the hiss of the serpent. Gloria opened her eyes expecting the worst and got it. "Good afternoon, Nemesis," she said. "I thought I left you in Hollywood."

He wore a hat which was crushed all out of shape. This he removed and placed on the rack above their heads with a dreadful air of finality. "I had to come East to find a *Delia*," he said gently. "Going somewhere?"

"No," Gloria said. "I just got on to rest."

"You look as though you needed one," he said. "You know, haggard. Jumpy. Skittish."

"Now look," Gloria said bitterly, "don't worry about me. You just live your life and I'll live mine. I'm supposed to be having a nervous breakdown, that's all. I'm just supposed to have absolute rest and quiet and keep away from people I don't like."

"You're worrying too much about that part," said Pryor.

"I am not," Gloria said with gentle dignity.

"That's fine. Because there's nothing to worry about."

**G**LORIA jerked upright in her seat. "You mean——"

"It's all settled," he said cheerfully. "I know the girl I want for it."

She sank back with a low wail. "Don't talk to me," she said. "Just don't open that big mouth of yours until you have to get off this train!"

The cheeriness of his voice did not abate. "Oh, I don't have to get off for a long time," he said. "I'm going a long way."

An awful suspicion crept in and poisoned her fluttering conviction that life was worth living. "It wouldn't be . . . to Carborough, would it?" she said faintly.

"It would. How did you know?"

She moaned, "I had a feeling when I got up this morning that something dreadful was going to happen."

"I take it," Pryor said, "that you are going to the Cravens' too."

She abandoned herself to pictures of Pryor lying in an alley with his head bashed in. Beside her, he bounded from crag to crag of conversation. It seemed that he liked horses. It also seemed that he was going to ride a race tomorrow. He would be up on something named Pettigrew for a man named Castleman.

Gloria said, "I think there's something I should tell you. I think I owe it to you. I don't like horses."

"Oh, I do," he said.

"I don't like to talk about horses," Gloria said between her teeth.

"You're not," Pryor said. "I am."

Gloria wore a fixed smile and her eyes were beginning to glaze. "I don't like to hear about horses."

On the way over from the station Emma leaned chummily over the front seat. "Everything's all planned," she said. "Tomorrow we go to the meet. . . ."

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Pete said, "She doesn't like horses."

Ronnie whipped the car around a corner and said, "She'll learn."

"Don't want to learn," said Gloria. "I tried once and the horse bit me."

Emma said, a bit injured, "I told you in my wire it was hunting country."

"I thought you meant rabbits," said Gloria. They pulled into the driveway. Getting out of the car, she said, "To me, Emma, a jump is a hopping motion made with the feet to get from one place to another place."

Emma followed her upstairs and perched cozily on the bed. Gloria unpacked one dress and hung it in the closet. Emma said, "How about the others?"

"I am going to spend the night," Gloria said firmly, "and then I am going back to the Great White Way and have what is jokingly known as absolute quiet."

"But Gloria," Emma wailed, "I had so wanted you to be here when . . ."

"I will not argue," Gloria said. "Horses I might take but Pete Pryor and horses I will not. . . ."

"But Morris Solomon . . . I'd counted on you. . . ."

"Morris Solomon?" Gloria said, pausing in midthought.

"He's coming tomorrow."

**Y**OU wouldn't," Gloria said dreamily, "by any chance mean Morris Solomon of Monumental Pictures?"

"Whom else would I mean?" Emma said.

When Emma left, Gloria stared raptly at flowered wall-paper. Morris Solomon. *The Morris Solomon*. Was it possible that fate had arranged this just for her? No. Pete Pryor had arranged it just to watch her squirm. With Pryor there, would Solomon listen to her? If she could get rid of Pryor, would Solomon be more apt to listen to her? Beyond question. She moaned between clenched teeth. Nobody could get rid of Pryor. Nobody. By dinner time, she was running a fever.

When she went down to the drawing room, she found Pryor there alone. He watched her descend with the rapt, indolent attention of a cat whose mouse cannot possibly escape. "Everybody's dressing," he said. "Shall I take my cocktail out on the terrace or could you bear to be alone with me for fifteen minutes?"

Gloria draped herself in a nearby chair and fluttered her eyelashes. She said, "I'm afraid you think I don't like you."

He had a horrid laugh. Gloria clenched her teeth and stuck with it. "You see," she said, "I get so nervous when I'm working on a picture . . . I haven't had any real rest in four years . . . an afternoon like this, restful, good clean air. . . ."

"And Morris Solomon coming," he said delightedly. "Do go on, darling. You're lovely."

Dinner was not pleasant. Emma kept talking about the meet which was to take place the following day and made vague references to light topcoats and stout boots. She said once, "We're having luncheon at Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills' after, so do wear stout boots, darling."

The following morning Pryor had disappeared before Gloria was down. Almost immediately she was shoved into the roadster between Ronnie and Emma and driven through lanes which were so arranged that after every fifteen yards and a curve it became necessary to get out, let down a fence, drive through, get out once more and put the fence back into its original state in order to leave the same hazard for later arrivals. Gloria didn't mind too much until they parked the roadster under an oak tree and said, "We walk from here." They

walked a considerable distance. When Gloria had begun estimating, roughly, how far they were from the Canadian border, they hove into sight of an animated group on a hilltop.

Pete came up and stood there. He was wearing yellow satin with a broad blue stripe running diagonally across his chest. Gloria said, "You certainly look funny."

"Why?"

"If I had red hair I would be careful about tricking myself out in yellow and blue," she said loftily.

Ronnie, at her side, said patiently, "Castleman's colors."

"Why doesn't he get some colors of his own?" Gloria said. "Does he have to wear yellow and blue just because Mr. Castleman happens to like it?"

Pete laughed.

Ronnie said, "Listen carefully. Pete is riding Castleman's horse."

"I suppose the horse wouldn't run without yellow satin on his back?" Gloria said. She thought she had him there. She had. Ronnie went away.

Pete leaned over and patted her shoulder. "You just sit there," he said. "It's the very best thing you can do. Don't go around talking to people. I'll see you later."

When Pete appeared again he had mud smeared all over the yellow satin breeches, a goodly gash on his cheek and an ugly expression. Gloria said in an interested fashion, "You have mud on your pants."

"You'd be muddy if you'd gone over that horse's head the way I did," he said.

"I wouldn't have gone over the horse's head," Gloria said sweetly.

"How would you have ridden him over that jump, may I ask?"

"Under protest," said Gloria.

Needless to say, their progress to Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills' luncheon was not cheery. Ronnie and Emma deserted her almost immediately. Gloria crouched in a secluded nook clutching a sandwich and a cup of tea. Nobody asked for her autograph. Usually, she was mobbed for it, when people recognized her. Nobody seemed to care that she was Gloria Lorme. A wave of self-pity engulfed her and she was drowning in it pleasantly when Pete came up to hand her a red ticket with numbers on it. Gloria took it, saying, "Do I have to have it to get out?"

"It's a raffle. Are you having a good time?"

"Never," Gloria said with conviction, "never in all my life have I had such a time as this."

**P**ETE said heartily, "That's good," and then went away.

She went back to her wave of self-pity. If she had been the sort of girl who went around making contacts deliberately, she would know Mr. Morris Solomon. And Mr. Solomon would have said to Mr. Smarty Pete Pryor, "There's only one girl to play *Delia* and that girl is Gloria Lorme!" Pete came back, took the ticket, looked at the number on it and said, "You've won."

Gloria said wearily, "I didn't do a thing. I just sat here."

Then she had her first glimpse of her hostess. Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills was stout. She wore a man's shirt and tie and an awful, shapeless mass of tweed that caught and flopped against the calves of her legs. She had a booming voice that hit the surrounding hills and bounced back. Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills beamed at Gloria and then boomed, "You've won, my deah."

Gloria beamed back. Then she said to Pete, "You get whatever it is and then we can go home."



"You don't seem to understand," Pete said. Gloria beamed at Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills again. "It's been an experience, Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills, and thank you so much and I know you won't mind if we just leave quietly . . ."

Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills said. "She's a fine nag."

Gloria rose. "I am not nagging," she said simply. "I merely want to go home."

Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills put out one ham-like hand and pushed her back into the wicker chair. "My deah, her name is Lulu. It seems a silly name, but being my mothah's, I'm sentimental about it. I hope, I *do* hope, that you love her."

"I haven't met her," Gloria said politely. "Perhaps sometime, when I'm not so tired. . . ."

"Oh, my deah mothah has been dead these ten yeahs," Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills said. "I'm talking about the horse."

"Horse?" Gloria said.

Pete said, "You've won a horse."

"I don't want a horse!" Gloria wailed.

Quiet, chuckling triumph at her side. "You've got one," said Pryor.

MRS. Cranbrook-Mills boomed on. "I've disposed of my entiah stable. That is, except for Lulu. I've given them away, my deah. I've had to. I simply could not affoahd to keep them you know . . . or perhaps you don't know. At any rate they . . . my friends, I mean, stuck at Lulu. They'd taken the othahs but my deah do you suppose I could palm Lulu off on anybody? No. But no. So I contrived this brilliant . . . and I do think it brilliant, don't you . . . scheme to find Lulu a home." A pleased crescendo, "And I have." Once more she planted the ham-like hand on Gloria's chest. "Congratulations, my deah. I understand you're a motion picture actress. Motion picture people always have a great deal of money, don't they? It is expensive to keep horses, but they're worth it . . . but every *bit* of it . . . and now goodbye and do come again sometime."

"There's a fine horsewoman," Pryor said, staring after Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills as she swept away. "She can ride anything."

"How is she on a rail?" Gloria said.

She stared at him for a long moment. "You got me into this, now you get me out."

"I didn't get you into anything."

"You gave me the ticket."

"You shouldn't have taken it," he said, and grinned.

Gloria started away. Pete caught her arm. "Where to?"

"I am going," Gloria said, "to return that deah . . . but deah . . . Lulu to that fine, fine hawsewoman Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills."

"Don't," Pete said. "I warn you. There may be more in this than meets the eye." Gloria shook off his restraining hand. He walked along beside her. "I'll tell you a secret. I want to be fair." Gloria laughed bitterly.

"I've been thinking it over," Pete said, "and I've decided that perhaps my methods in this *Delia* business haven't been . . . well, shall we say . . . quite on the up and up."

"That's no secret," Gloria said.

"I'll give you a tip. Morris Solomon is enthusiastic . . . I might even say slightly batty about guess what?"

Gloria's pace slackened. She squared around facing him. "You mean," she said faintly, "he likes . . . horses."

At two-thirty, Lulu was safely installed in Ronnie's stable looking eminently dissatisfied. Lulu was quite a big horse. Gloria clenched her teeth and patted Lulu's flank placatingly

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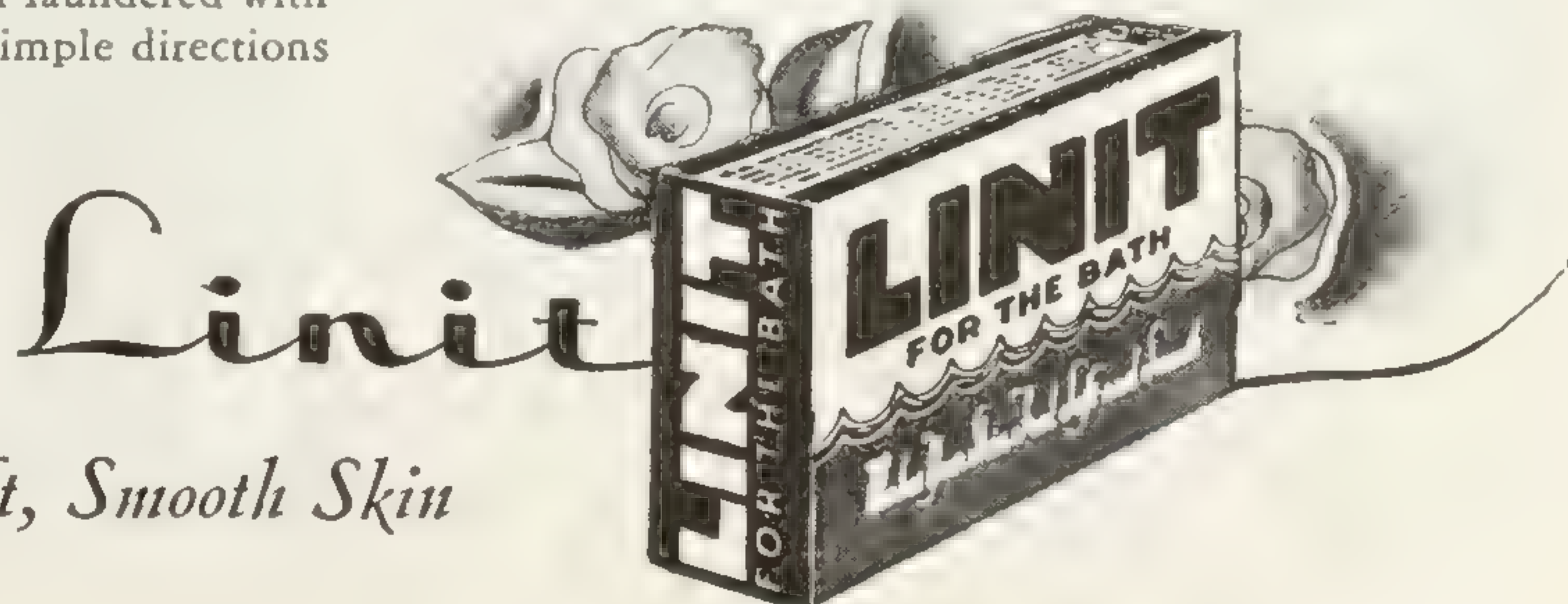
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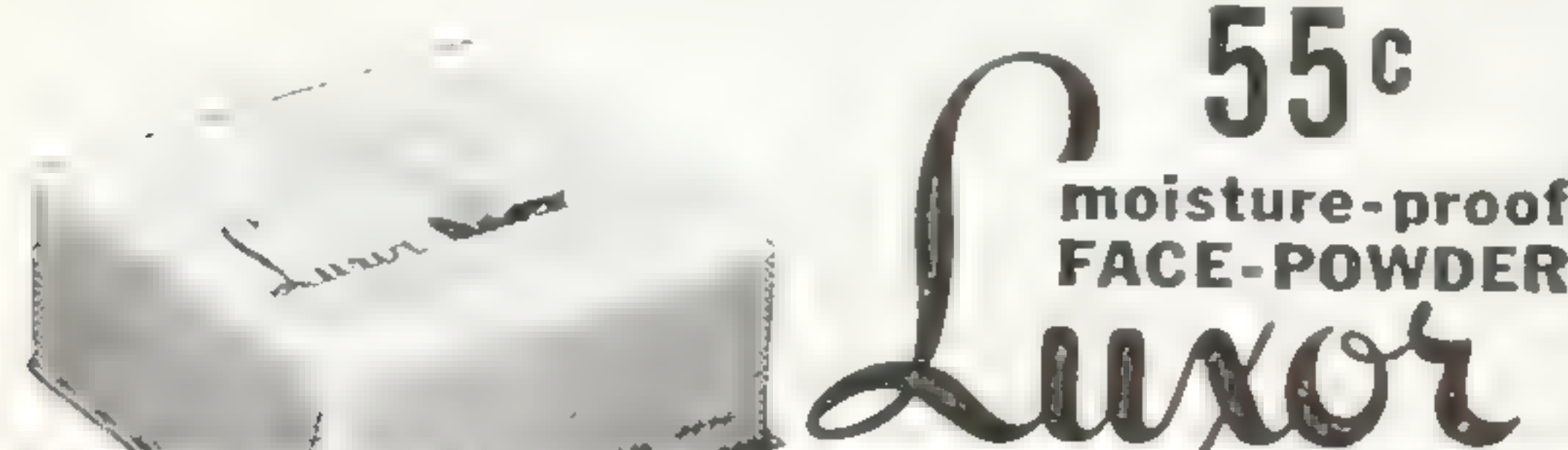
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When Lulu looked around Gloria was swept by the sudden awful knowledge that Lulu had not been placated. "She hates me," Gloria bleated piteously.

"Nonsense," Pete said, "I've seen little six year old kids riding more spirited horses than this one."

"I've seen little six year old kids swinging out over an audience hanging by their teeth, too," Gloria said.

Pete finished buckling things and led Lulu out. In the open, she looked bigger. And meaner. "Come on," Pete said, "up you go."

Gloria saw a stirrup and reached for it with her foot.

"Not that side. Come over here."

Gloria moaned, "What difference does it make? All I want is to get onto the middle of her."

"It makes a difference to Lulu," Pete said.

Gloria went round to the other side and obeyed dazedly when Pete said, "Take the reins. Now don't be nervous. You'll stay on."

CERTAINLY she'd stay on. And they'd put on her epitaph, She Stayed On. It Wasn't Her Fault the Horse Rolled on His Back. It was a nice day, a beautiful day. Probably the last day she'd ever see. There were very few things within reach to hang onto. Gloria could see them all in one despairing glance. Lulu's ears. Lulu's solid looking mane. The saddle. She could, of course, reach under the edge of the saddle and hang on like grim death. They'd probably find her lifeless fingers locked there. They might even have to bury the saddle with her.

Pete stepped back to mount his horse, Faraway, and said, "All right, go on. What are you waiting for?"

Gloria smiled icily. "I'm waiting for her to start," she said.

Pete slapped Lulu and she started. After waltzing gracefully down the drive she broke into an Irish jig Eastward. Gloria gave up and reached for her mane. Behind them Pete was yelling, "Hey . . . we're going this way!"

Gloria howled, "Maybe you are, but Lulu's going this way!"

Beside her now, Pete kept saying, "Turn her! Turn her around!"

"W—what bu—button do I p—push?" Gloria gasped bitterly.

Nevertheless, playing Trilby to his Svengali, she grabbed for the reins and pulled. Lulu responded nobly, standing on her heels at a forty-five degree angle. With remarkable presence of mind, Gloria met this situation by lying flat on her face and attempting unsuccessfully to get her arms around Lulu's neck. This failed. With one long, despairing moan she sprawled flat in the road thinking "A plaster cast for the rest of my life. All of me. Making rabbit shadows on the wall to amuse myself. People bringing me chicken soup and jellies and saying how awful and she so young, and talented, too."

Pete hauled her to her feet. Before she opened her eyes she had the awful conviction that he was laughing. She was right.

He said, "You're not hurt."

Gloria snapped, "I know whether I'm hurt or not. I'm hurt all over."

He was still laughing. "You'll have to get right back on or the horse will think you're afraid of her."

"Why should I care what a horse thinks?" Gloria started for the house. Surprisingly, she could walk. She could even walk fast. Pete trotted along beside her. "I can't figure out," he said, "what it is about you that gets me. There's something about you."

"Maybe it's the way I fall off a horse," Gloria said.

"Since the first day I saw you I've been trying to get your face out of my mind."

"Try falling the way I just fell," Gloria said. "That'll get your mind off anything."

She went into the house and slammed the door in his face. Dished. Indubitably, thoroughly and irreparably dished. She pondered bitterly in her room for an hour. At the end of that time she emerged with a determined look in her eye, borrowed the roadster from Emma and banged off in the direction of the village. Pete rounded the corner of the house just as she was pulling out of the driveway. He said to Emma, "Where's she going?"

Emma waved vaguely in the direction of Carborough. "She didn't say, but she asked the name of my doctor."

Pete just sat down on the top step and laughed.

When Gloria returned an hour later Emma was having a nap. Ronnie dozed on the porch over a julep. He was startled into an unpleasant state of wakefulness as Gloria mounted the steps. He jumped to his feet, spilled the julep and clutched at her. "My God, what's happened?"

"Where's Pryor?" said Gloria.

"He's gone to meet Morris Solomon. What happened?"

"I'm a bruised and broken woman," Gloria said, "and don't let anything convince you that I'm not." She went past him and into the house, selected the most comfortable and central chair in the drawing room and sat down in it with the air of being a permanent fixture.

That was the way Pryor found her when he came back with Morris Solomon. She looked wan and brave. The bandages around her head gave her the slightly incongruous look of a nun in riding clothes. Her arms were swathed in gauze to the wrists.

Downstairs, Pete was presenting Morris Solomon. Gloria gave him a languid hand and a brave smile. Solomon took the hand in his. "Dear me, Miss Lorme," he said, with concern, "an accident?"

"It's nothing," Gloria said. "Nothing at all."

"You bet it's nothing," Pryor said. "She's faking."

Gloria smiled through clenched teeth. "Mr. Pryor is always trying to make me angry at him," she said. "He doesn't mean anything by it."

"I beg your pardon?" said Morris Solomon.

"I mean every word of it," Pete said. "She's a fake and a coward and she's just trying to impress you because she wants to play the part of Delia in 'Forever After.'"

Gloria went white. Before she could answer, Solomon leaned forward saying, "How did this happen?"

"I was thrown by a horse," Gloria said.

"She fell off the horse," said Pete. "The beast couldn't throw a mothball."

Solomon said, "You fell?"

"I was thrown," Gloria said grimly, "by a horse."

"A what? You fell from a house?"

Pete raised his voice. "She was thrown by a horse!" he shouted.

"Oh, a horse," Solomon said.

As Gloria raised her eyes to look at Pete, who was already trotting up the staircase, Mr. Solomon went out on the veranda where he proceeded to remove two sizeable wads of cotton from his ears. Pete leaned over the banister. "You'll have to talk loud," he said to Gloria, "and if he nods and smiles that'll be



because he didn't hear you." Then he disappeared. Gloria cleared her throat and pitched her voice a few keys higher than usual when Mr. Solomon reappeared from the veranda. "The thing I regret most about this fall is that it will keep me from riding with you," she said sweetly. Solomon nodded and smiled. Gloria raised her voice higher. "The thing," she shouted, "that I regret most about this . . . this mishap of mine is that it will keep me from riding with you!"

"Yes," Solomon said uncomfortably.

"Perhaps another time," she said.

He nodded and took a cigarette. Gloria raised her voice again. "Perhaps another time!" she shouted.

Solomon flourished the match until it was extinguished. He seemed restive. "Yes, of course," he said.

Despairing, Gloria stared at him. Had he heard either remark? There was no way of knowing. She cleared her throat again. Morris Solomon stood up suddenly. "I think it might be a good idea if I changed," he said. "The train was hot and dusty. Will you excuse me?"

Over his shoulder, Gloria could see Pete coming downstairs. He had hastily changed to riding kit. Solomon passed Pete and went on upstairs. Pete came down slowly. Gloria said, "If you're planning to get him out somewhere in a thicket and tell him what a rotten actress I am, you can revise your plans. You're not going to get him out of my sight this afternoon."

Gloria stood up.

Pete said, "Where are you going?"

"I'm going," Gloria said, "to ride Lulu."

"This is going to be worth seeing," Pete said. He chucked his cigarette and followed her out.

**W**HEN Mr. Solomon emerged from the house he found Lulu turning in a circle with Gloria tugging in a grim white silence at the reins. Solomon stood and watched them for a moment. "A trick horse?" he said.

"A trick rider," said Pete.

Fortunately, Lulu followed the other horses. They walked. Gloria shouted at Solomon, "It's lovely country!"

He nodded and smiled. Gloria raised her voice and screamed, "It's lovely country!"

Solomon said, "Do you always say everything twice?"

She looked at Pete. He smiled blandly and stared straight ahead.

"Aren't you," she said, in a low, trembling voice, "slightly hard of hearing?"

"No," Solomon said. "I had a little difficulty in hearing when I first arrived because of the packing. You see, I keep my ears packed very tightly with cotton when I'm driving in a car. They're extremely sensitive to wind."

Pete's horse broke into a canter. Lulu danced delightedly. Gloria could feel the blood draining from her face. She had just time, as she passed Pete to say, "If you ever get within range, I shall probably kill you."

It was at this point that Lulu did a bolt. Gloria closed her eyes and hung on. They rounded a curve and Lulu started flying. Gloria opened her eyes, screamed "Petel!" closed them again, opened them to gaze wildly at the passing landscape and wonder how many bones she would break in the interest of getting off. Lulu was getting fairly underway. Gloria shrieked "Petel!" again and then gave up. She felt a rush of wind, a terrific jar and then sank gratefully into oblivion.

Voices from a distance battered faintly at her ears. Pete's voice saying, "Gloria . . . darling. Sweet, open your eyes."

# Every woman should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If you deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armhole



**T**HE more fastidious you are, the more surprised and shocked you may be when you realize that you cannot prevent "armhole odor" unless your underarm is kept *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, as soon as you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how careful you are about deodorizing your *underarm*, you may find that your *dress* carries the embarrassing odor of stale perspiration.

This is bound to happen if you merely *deodorize*. Creams and sticks are not made to *stop* perspiration. They do not keep the underarm *dry*, so perspiration collects and dries on the fabric of your dress.

And the very next time you wear that dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant, stale odor.

## Only one way to be SURE

Women who care deeply about good grooming know that there is no short cut to true underarm daintiness. They insist on the *complete* protection of Liquid Odorono.

**WOMEN** who want to be sure their dresses are free from "armhole odor" gently close the underarm pores with Liquid Odorono.

With Odorono, not even the slightest drop of moisture can collect on your dress to spoil the pleasant impression that you would otherwise make.

Odorono's action is entirely safe . . . ask your doctor. It works by gently closing the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely and inoffensively.

## No more ruined frocks

It takes a little longer to use Odorono, but it is well worth your while. In the end you save, not only embarrassment but your lovely clothes as well! You do away forever with those horrible underarm stains that even the cleaner cannot remove, that can ruin expensive frocks and coat linings in just one day's wearing. And there is no grease to stick to your clothes and make them messy.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to feel the utter security and poise that Odorono brings, send for the two sample vials and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.



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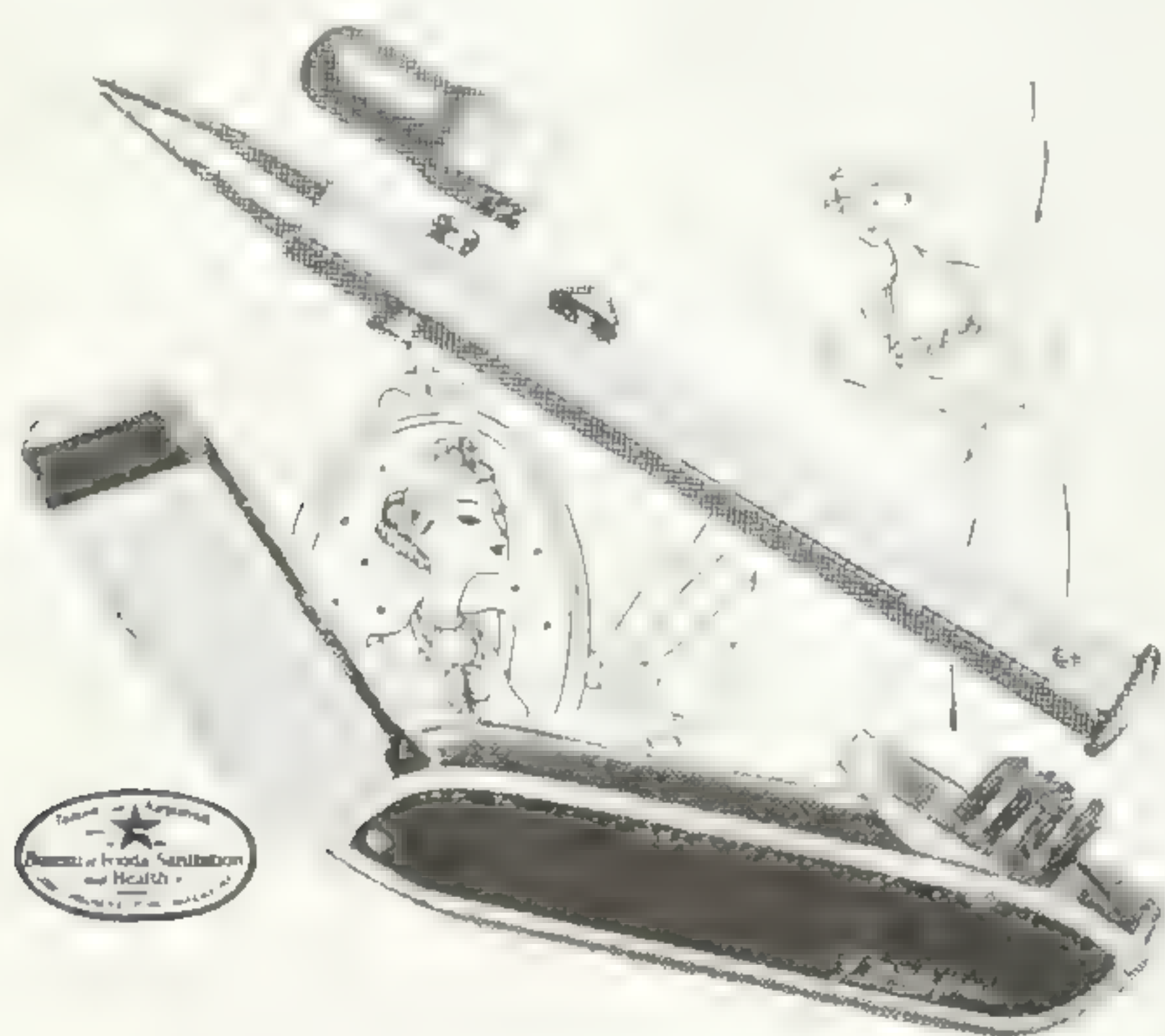


# EYE DEAS

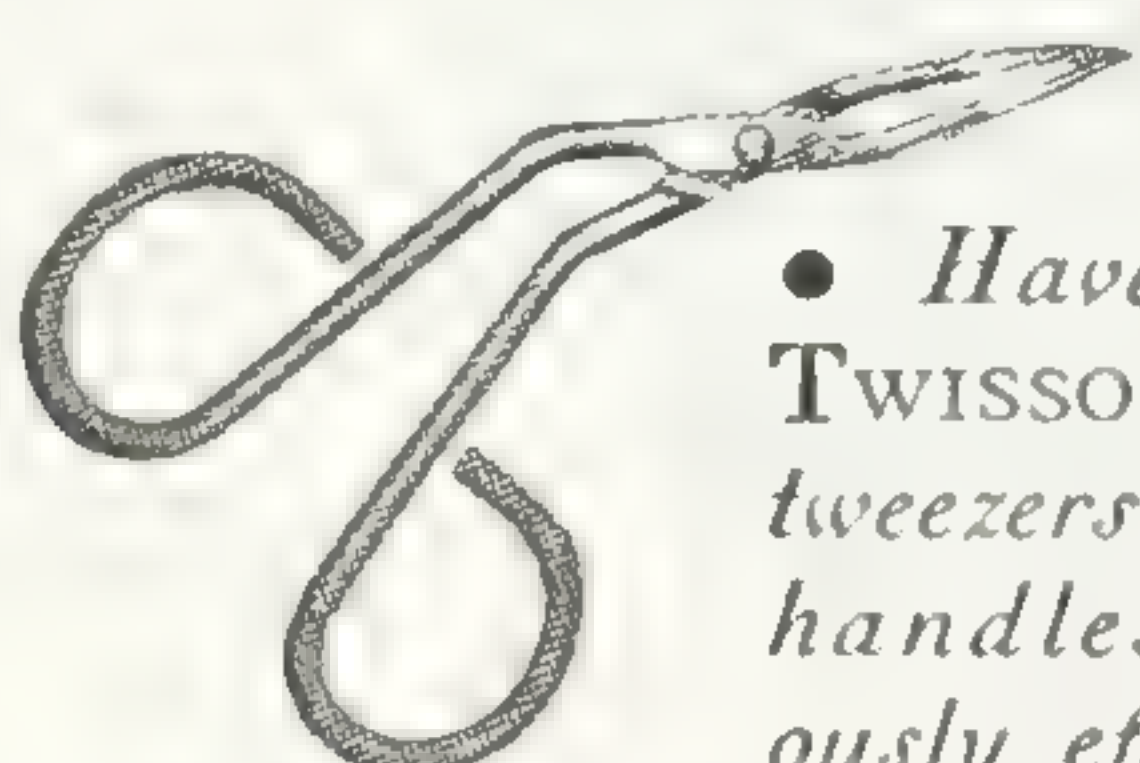
by Jane Heath



Do CANDLELIT dinner tables appear in your When-to-be-Beautiful Chart these early spring months? Then make this simple, amusing experiment: First, make up your face. Then, with KURLASH, curl the lashes of *one eye*. Add LASHTINT to these lashtips and touch the eyelid with SHALETTE. Now light a candle and look in a mirror. Notice how the side of your face with the eye unbeautified "fades away" . . . but how the other seems more delicately tinted, glowing and alive. It's the best way we know to discover how eye make-up and curled and glorified lashes can make your whole face lovelier. KURLASH does it without heat, cosmetics or practice. (\$1 at good stores.)



Naturally, the candlelight test will show up straggly, bushy, or poorly marked brows. And that will be your cue to send for TWEEZETTE, the automatic tweezer that whisks away offending hairs, roots and all, painlessly! Probably you'll want a LASH-PAC also, with a unique stick of mascara, like a lipstick, to darken lashes and mark brows. It has a clever little brush for grooming too! Each, \$1—at good stores.



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## Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

He seemed to be kissing her cheek. She found it quite pleasant. Solomon's voice, saying, "Anything broken?"

"I don't think so," Pete said. "I've felt every bone I could find."

"She's a nice girl," Solomon said. "Beautiful, too. Monumental needs girls like that. Is she hurt much? We couldn't put her in pictures where she had to ride a horse but . . ."

Pete said, "Damnation. I carried it too far. I thought she could stick on. A little jolting, maybe, but that doesn't hurt anybody."

"I'll go back and get a car," Solomon said.

Pete's arms lifting her clear of the ground. He was very strong. He said, "There aren't any horses in 'Forever After.' She's playing *Delia*. Don't bother about the car, I'll carry her."

Then the steady motion of Pete walking, holding her gently and kissing her forehead at every three steps. She opened her eyes. He said, "My God are you clumsy!"

"I'm hurt," Gloria said faintly.

"You are not hurt," Pete said. "Don't think for a minute that you're hurt."

"You were worried," Gloria said.

He stared down at her. "Faking," he said.

Gloria said, "I'm going to play *Delia*." She sighed happily and closed her eyes.

"Well, when we start shooting 'Forever Af-

ter,' I'll probably be working night and day. I don't want my wife batting around town alone. If you're on the set I can keep an eye on you."

"What makes you think I'd marry you?"

"Didn't I tell you that I can anticipate everything you're going to do or say?"

"What's the matter with my mouth?" Gloria said.

He looked at it. "Nothing, that I can see. Why?"

Gloria rubbed her face against his shoulder. "You seemed to concentrate on my forehead and cheeks," she murmured.

He put her down on her feet and stood staring at her. "You can walk," he said. "If you're feeling well enough to be kissed, you're well enough to walk."

"Oh, do shut up," Gloria said, "and kiss me. I'm beginning to ache and I want to sit down and I can't sit down until we get back to the house and we can't get back to the house until after you kiss me."

Mr. Solomon said, plodding along beside them, "It's like this. We could just put her on a horse, if we ever had to use a horse, and have somebody hold the horse, eh? It could be in any script. The hero, or somebody. He could be talking to her and holding the horse at the same time, you understand what I mean?"

## 1935 Award Winners—The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences

### SPECIAL AWARD

D. W. Griffith, for his pioneer contributions to the industry.

### BEST PRODUCTIONS

"Mutiny on the Bounty," M-G-M. Second choice, "The Informer," RKO-Radio. Third choice, "Captain Blood," Warners.

### BEST PERFORMANCES

Actor: Victor McLaglen for "The Informer," RKO-Radio. Second choice, Paul Muni for "Black Fury," Warners. Third choice, Charles Laughton for "Mutiny on the Bounty," M-G-M.

Actress: Bette Davis for "Dangerous," Warners. Second choice, Katharine Hepburn for "Alice Adams," RKO-Radio. Third choice, Elisabeth Bergner for "Escape Me Never," British & Dominion.

### BEST DIRECTION

John Ford for "The Informer," RKO-Radio.

### BEST WRITING

Original: Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur for "The Scoundrel," Paramount.

Adaptation: Dudley Nichols for "The Informer," RKO-Radio.

### BEST MUSIC

Song: Harry Warren and Al Dubin for "Lullaby of Broadway" from "Gold Diggers of 1935," Warners.

Score: Max Steiner for "The Informer," RKO-Radio.

### BEST DANCE DIRECTION

Dave Gould for "I've Got a Feeling You're Foolin'" number from "Broadway Melody of 1936," M-G-M, and "Straw Hat" number from "Folies Bergere," 20th Century-Fox.

### BEST ASSISTANT DIRECTION

Clem Beauchamp, Paul Wing for "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," Paramount.

### BEST SHORT SUBJECTS

Cartoon: "Three Orphan Kittens," Walt Disney.

Comedy: "How to Sleep," Robert Benchley, M-G-M.

Novelty: "Wings Over Mt. Everest," GB and Skibo (Educational).

### BEST SOUND RECORDING

Charles Steincamp for "Naughty Marietta," M-G-M.

### BEST CINEMATOGRAPHY

Hal Mohr for "Midsummer Night's Dream," Warners.

### BEST ART DIRECTION

Richard Day for "Dark Angel," Samuel Goldwyn.

### BEST FILM EDITING

Ralph Dawson for "Midsummer Night's Dream," Warners.



## We Cover the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

"Florida Special" set it's by train and on "The Princess Comes Across" stage it's by ocean liner. We decided to see the train first.

In "Florida Special," Jack Oakie plays a reporter who's out to help a detective catch a bunch of crooks.

You can't keep Mrs. Oakie's boy down, not even between scenes. He's one of the few comics who likes to gag just for the fun of it.

Only one person wasn't laughing. He was Mack Grey—better known as "Killer."

Mack Grey is George Raft's closest pal. Hollywood is not famous for its friendships, but after hearing Grey's impassioned defense of his sleek pal we are sure that there is one in this town that will last through any trouble.

Right now, the dapper Raft is in the doghouse with Rover. The reason, as probably you know, is because he walked out of the Carole Lombard picture. Since that film—with Fred MacMurray now in Raft's place—was shooting on the next stage, we went over to find out why Raft wouldn't play.

All the papers carried the story that Raft quit because he didn't like the way cameraman Teddy Tetzlaff was photographing him. But that, we learned, isn't the true reason at all. Raft left because he didn't like the story. Now Paramount has been having a lot of trouble lately anyway, with bosses walking in and out so fast nobody knows who's in charge. Dietrich refused to make "I Loved A Soldier" because she didn't care for the story. So when Raft decided he didn't like his story either, the bosses thought that was one too many. It isn't good advance publicity for the stars to dislike the plot.

For all the fuss it has caused, there's nothing hectic about the way this company works. The scene is the deck of an ocean liner, with the rest of the ship—staterooms, engine rooms and bars—disconnected and spread all over the stage. MacMurray walks down a bit of stage which is the deck and shows, all in pantomime, how to make a hit with Carole Lombard, the *Princess*. This he does by following a steward, who is carrying a bouquet to Miss Lombard's stateroom. When the steward comes to the door, MacMurray takes the card out of the flowers, and puts in one of his own. Not only practical but inexpensive.

Fred MacMurray, who's getting more popular with each picture, started out as a saxophone player. In this film he plays the concertina. We couldn't find out if he wins the *Princess* because he plays the concertina or in spite of it. That's Paramount's worry—that and fixing up a Raft rôle to fit MacMurray.

**O**THER studios may have their troubles, but M-G-M goes out and looks for it. In "San Francisco," which co-stars Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald and Spencer Tracy, director Woody Van Dyke staged an imitation earthquake. It shook down three whole blocks of sets and had a thousand extras jumping out of the way of falling bricks all day.

"San Francisco" has all the ingredients of a sure-fire hit. Jeanette MacDonald—who's trying to gain weight these days—plays a dance hall singer. Gable is a big-time gambler and Spencer Tracy plays a priest. They're all caught in the San Francisco earthquake. The scenes we watched show the debacle after the

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And, in addition, Woodbury's Cold Cream helps to keep skin moist and supple. It contains Element 576 which aids in combating skin dryness.

Use Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream as a foundation for make-up.

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A

B

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When a tiny break occurs in the skin, as from chapping or dryness, the skin's defense against germs from the outside is weakened. If germs get under the skin a bacterial infection, or germ-caused blemish, may result, as shown in the photomicrograph labelled "A".

Picture "B" is a section of clear, unblemished skin magnified many times. Germs are constantly present, even on a lovely complexion. Woodbury's Germ-free Beauty Creams, which remain germ-free as long as they last, help to guard the skin against the attack of germs, thus greatly reducing the chances of blemish.

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# OTHINE

DOUBLE STRENGTH

quake. It is the interior of a barn, made over into a first aid station. Everyone is bandaged, many made up with cuts and bruises. Going through the stricken crowd are nuns, acting as nurses.

When it is over, Gable sits on the side-lines with Spencer Tracy. This is the first time they have worked in a picture together. But they both got into movies for their portrait of the same rôle. The play that opened the studio gates to them was "The Last Mile." Lionel Barrymore discovered Gable playing the rôle of Killer Mears in a touring company and Fox spotted Tracy in that rôle in the New York company.

**J**UST as the San Francisco set is studded with old-time names, the background of "Big Brown Eyes" is filled with stars of tomorrow. The set is the barber-shop of an elegant hotel in Coral Gables (no relation to Clark Gable), Florida. Joan Bennett plays a manicurist who helps to trap a famous jewel thief. Cary Grant is the detective she aids. In this scene, right in front of the detective, the thief gets himself a haircut and manicure.

As this is a very large barber shop, there are about twelve other manicurists besides Miss Bennett. These girls would be insulted if you called them extras. They're stars of tomorrow. They get twenty-five dollars a day, but that isn't why they are considered on their way to fame. These dolls—all given the highest beauty rating by central casting—are the ones that autograph hounds, not quite certain who they are, approach at openings and at the Trocadero.

Speaking of new stars, there is a new Joan Bennett, and that's no publicity gag. While it is enthusiastically admitted that Miss Bennett's round, childish face is something to gaze upon, her rôle in "Big Brown Eyes" called for a sophisticated look. We watched Harry Ray, Miss Bennett's make-up man, change her completely in fifteen minutes. Joan hasn't changed any of her traits, though, for all the time she's not working she and her stand-in punch hooked rugs.

From this strictly feminine atmosphere, we went next door, where it was just about as masculine as it could be. It was, to be exact, jail. As a twist in penal proceedings, we saw a couple of people get thrown out of the cooler. This is a bit in the picture, "The Case Against Mrs. Ames," which brings the very lovely Madeleine Carroll, star of "39 Steps," back to Hollywood. Her other American picture was "The World Moves On."

Alan Baxter, the electric heavy of "Mary Burns, Fugitive," plays a reporter in the picture, and the bustling Tammany Young, is a newspaper photographer. They bust into the jail and try to get the warden to put two of the toughest criminals in the same cell. They figure that the prisoners will start fighting and then their paper can get a sensational story and picture.

The fight that Alan Baxter and the paunchy Mr. Young have with the warden is a slightly playful affair. For real screen battling you have to see George O'Brien, voted the fourteenth most popular star of 1935. O'Brien has been in more than one hundred and seventy-five screen fights.

The danger in movie gang fights is that some extra, with an eye to getting his name in the paper, is always liable to take a real poke at the star. O'Brien has had this happen to him many times and now he looks over the crowd for any too enthusiastic battlers before he begins.

The toughest movie match O'Brien ever had

was in a picture he did with Victor McLaglen. They were both victims of the "double-rib." Here's how the "double-rib" works. Before the scene begins, some one goes to McLaglen and says, "Look, Vic. O'Brien is out to get you. You better sock him before he socks you." Then some one sneaks over to O'Brien and tells him the same thing about McLaglen.

O'Brien was once light-heavyweight champ of the Pacific Fleet and McLaglen was a professional boxer. The "double-ribbers" thought this would be a swell chance to see two real scrappers go to it. And perhaps get a sensational picture besides. Both O'Brien and Vic fell for the gag and for one round they pummeled each other unmercifully. They both caught on to the trick before either was seriously hurt.

A curious thing, O'Brien explained to me, is that the fake fight photographs better than the real thing. No man has endurance enough to fight honestly for the length of time it would take to photograph it. And a faked fight includes more exciting action.

In "O'Malley of the Mounted" which O'Brien is making for Sol Lesser, you can see two experts of the fake fighting. Fake doesn't mean easy. It requires as much skill as any other sport. Lew Fields is O'Brien's enemy, or, rather, partner, in this scrap. Fields is the villain and George is the cop.

The punches are not held back, but since the fight is rehearsed like a dance, the men know when to roll with the punch. Even standing only five feet away, it seems utterly vicious. Between takes, Fields and George work out new punches, holds and falls.

Despite all the tricks and thrills of fighting, this insists in being a kiddie's year. Newest of the child players to attempt to climb the heights with Shirley Temple, Freddie Bartholomew and Jane Withers is little Bobby Breen. He's the lad who sings on the Eddie Cantor broadcasts. We watched Bobby—a nice looking and happy kid—do a back stage scene with the ebullient Henry Armetta. The boy is a competent actor and his voice—a rather manish tenor—might make him a threat in the kid field. His first film, "Let's Sing Again," is set in a traveling side show, with Armetta as a broken opera star who starts the boy on the ladder to musical fame.

**W**ARNER BROTHERS' newest star is Humphrey Bogart, the killer in "Petrified Forest." Now Warners are making a good man of him. That doesn't make any difference to Bogart. Nothing does. He's the laziest white man west of the Mississippi. He admits that everything that has happened to him has been the result of chance rather than his own efforts. His most strenuous exercise is putting on his clothes in the morning. He hates all work, even acting. All he wants is to get through life without owing anyone money, and parts that he can play sitting (or lying) down. Maybe that's why he was so splendid in "Petrified Forest."

Our last set this month is "And So They Were Married" at Columbia. Melvyn Douglas, Mary Astor, Edith Fellows and Dorothy Stickney have the leading rôles. The action takes place at Yosemite, during the Christmas season. So, for location, the company was sent to Lake Tahoe, almost twice as far away from Hollywood. Efficiency, that's what it is.

The picture has been one long battle with the elements. While on location almost half the players had the flu. Back in Hollywood, the sight of even artificial snow makes the players sneeze. Elliot Nugent, who started out to be an actor, directs it



## "Why I Will Not Re-marry Margaret Sullivan"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36 ]

ing two months, a year or two before I met Sullivan. I'd sub-let my apartment to a friend while I went to Washington, D. C., for a few weeks' engagement, you see, and when I was through there I came back to New York with about two hundred dollars and no prospects. I found my landlord ready to kick this friend of mine out on his ear because the rent wasn't paid—the kid was broke.

"It was a swell apartment, and it took every penny I had to get it out of hock. My friend stayed on with me, and between us we cleaned out everything in the pantry before the first two days had passed. Then during the next week we didn't eat anything. Not *anything*," he emphasized when I smiled my disbelief. "We drank water. That's all."

"I've heard of people living on cigarettes and coffee for two or three days," I muttered, "but a whole week. . . ."

HANK snorted. "We didn't have any cigarettes. They went the first night and so did the coffee. I said we drank water. Of course in the second week people began to find out we were in town and would invite us to dinner occasionally. But starved as we were we couldn't go and gobble down enough food to last us until the next invitation—pride, of course; we had to arrive looking as if we'd had two big square meals that day, and didn't care whether the next course amounted to anything or not. Later we'd be able to pick up a nickel once in a while, and when we got one we'd spend it on rice and puffed wheat—five cents worth of rice swells up into quite a good-sized dish, goes a long way."

"It's a nice picture," I suggested: "You sitting there in splendor, quietly starving to death with a proud tight smile on your lips."

"What do you mean, *sitting*?" frowned Hank. "I didn't sit. I got up every morning and drank my water and went out looking for work. I stayed out all day, too, went the rounds and saw everybody I knew who might be able to place me. I confess I didn't worry myself into a decline over the situation, but I didn't just accept it either."

"But hadn't you friends who were good for a touch?"

Fonda said simply, "I didn't like to do that."

"Well, then, how about your family?"

"I've never asked them for a thing!" he said seriously. "Not ever. When I went to

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them and told them I was leaving home to try the theater, that was a definite break; I figured I was on my own, perfectly capable of taking care of myself, and if I did it so badly that I had to starve in the process then that was no worry of the folks."

Do you see? This was no irresponsible shallow personality going hungry in a smart apartment and making a game of it. Hank had character enough to eat rice when it would have been the easiest thing in the world to wire his father and get money for roast beef; Hank had character enough to keep up his prestige before his friends, and plod the theater by-ways in search of a job when he didn't know he was going to get this foot ahead of the next one.

He didn't groan all over the place, because he's congenitally unable to groan or worry. But he smiled at the spot he was in and went out to fix things.

In Easter week a Metropolitan florist hired seven extra men for rush delivery service; Hank was one of them. The forty-five dollars he earned lasted until the summer tour to Westchester.

Of his engagement and marriage to lovely little "Sullivan," you must know that they came together and looked up a minister because they couldn't help themselves. "I'd been in love before, certainly," Fonda told me. "Back in college I developed a heavy crush, the way you do in college, and I got the same way a time or two while I was batting around New York. But I never thought of marriage until I met Sullivan. Things were better then, I had steadier jobs and more money; she was in stock too, and together we made out pretty well. Of course, there were times when the going was tough—an engagement would be cancelled or something—but I couldn't worry even then. I'd take the bad breaks the same way I took those two months I told you about."

**P**ERHAPS Margaret didn't understand. Anyway she is said to have explained to Hollywood that she couldn't go on living with Hank because Hank wouldn't take things seriously; because Hank laughed when they were broke, and made a game of things. And if that's the way it is—if beautiful little "Sullivan" must think of the future and if Henry Fonda must smile with the present—then nothing on earth, not even love, could make a successful marriage for them.

"When we found there was no show," he said to me, "we just talked it over and decided to call it quits."

Hank, true to his nature, is happy these days. He doesn't really believe that he's set in pictures or with the public, although all America sings his name; and as long as he's single he doesn't care.

"That's one side of me," he told me slowly, frowning in his effort at introspection. "Right now I haven't any ties, I'm having a good time, and I don't want security. If the movie industry finished with me tomorrow, I'd go right back to the stage and be just as content; if I go on making this money and have success, I'll travel a bit and hunt about for a little excitement."

"But that isn't what I want most, you understand. My home and my family were completely normal and average; I want the same thing. My sisters are married, having children—and every time I send one of them an anniversary present I feel as if I were failing to do my bit, as if I'd poofed out on them."

"If I could find the right girl tomorrow, I'd marry her and establish trust funds for my

kids and I'd settle down. But you can't make things like that happen. I'm not going around peering into the face of every woman I meet, asking myself, 'Can this be the one? Would she be a good mother and a fine wife? Do I love this blonde, or that brunette?'"

"Then you're not in love now?" I pried persistently.

"No."

"Shirley Ross . . .?"

"A lovely girl and a good kid. We had a lot of fun."

"Jeanette MacDonald . . .?"

Hank grinned. "She's my next-door neighbor, you know." He pointed through a window. "Right over there. I think she's beautiful. But—well, I've taken her out once, to the Mayfair. At the beginning of the evening I called her 'Miss MacDonald,' and by twelve o'clock Hollywood had us engaged. That's all."

That is all. You can't make anyone believe it, but there just isn't any more. Henry Fonda's having a swell time seeing the town, he's not in love with Margaret Sullivan or anyone else, and it may be years before he discovers the extraordinary woman who will understand his psychology and his viewpoints; who will be a wife to him.

At the time of this writing he likes Virginia Bruce, but there's nothing astonishing about that. So does every man in Hollywood. "James Stewart and John Swope (the fellows who live here with me) and I have a sort of contest every night to see who can get a date with her," grinned Hank. "We all took her to the preview of 'Trail of the Lonesome Pine'—she wouldn't make any choice that evening."

"Virginia has a sense of humor, you know. I think that's one of the most important things in any girl. The wife I'll have some day will be able to laugh. . . ."

Which explains much, if you will think back.

**Y**OU may, then, conclude what you will. You may remember that famous actors and actresses have denied being in love before this; that they have carefully prepared a nice little story for public consumption, only to slip off in the dead of night a few weeks later to justify all the settled rumors.

But when Henry Fonda told me yesterday that he would never remarry Margaret Sullivan, I believed him. Because:

(1) He isn't in love with her.

(2) She isn't in love with him.

(3) Even if they had once more caught the elusive spark during those casual interludes on the set, they're both intelligent enough to admit one mistake is one lesson, not to be repeated.

(4) Hank is extrovertive, fundamentally unable to analyze or fuss; Margaret is obviously his exact antithesis. Wherefore they are, now and for-ever-more with no blame attached to either, incompatible.

(5) Hank, to the intense surprise of all who know him only through interviews and hearsay, is too strong a character to allow momentary sizzling (if any), sentimental memories, or any other fleeting impulse to lure him back into a relationship that has proved unfortunate.

And (6) Hank wants a marriage entirely apart from the glamorous hulabaloo and publicity which necessarily surrounds a Hollywood movie star; that would be impossible with famous Margaret Sullivan.

Somehow, in these six reasons why Mrs. Rumor is a liar, there are summed up all the various facets of Henry Fonda's personality.

They represent, in detail, the true portrait of "Hank."



## Boos & Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5 ]

### \$1 PRIZE

#### IRENE CAPTIVATES

Since cinematically feasting upon the pictorial beauty of Lloyd C. Douglas' fascinating story, my "Magnificent Obsession" has been to acquire some degree of the poise, charm and verve displayed by Miss Dunne! To express in twenty words what she does with a glance; to be as captivating in a Chanel model as she is in the simplest frock; to be as fascinating in a week as she is with a fleeting smile!

I'd throw pennies to paupers, and dangle bones to stray dogs, never breathing it, if this attainment could be mine!

RUBY M. CHAPMAN, Montgomery, Ala.

#### A WELCOME VARIATION

Hurray for ADVENTURE! "Captain Blood" was certainly a welcome variation from the monotony of social farces, gangster crimes, and G-men thrillers. How exciting to roam the seven seas with a bold pirate band. "Captain Blood" was realistic in its presentation of Sabatini's dramatic story and broadly imaginative in conception and execution.

Handsome, swaggering Errol Flynn is due to become a new idol of the screen if he continues to be given romantic rôles such as that of "Captain Blood."

BEATRICE SPASOFF, Washington, D. C.

#### A PICTURE FOR POWELLS

The appearance of Miss Eleanor Powell and her torrid-moving legs had much to do with making "Broadway Melody of 1936" the smash hit it was.

What could be better than a Powell in a picture? Two Powells? And three of them would be even better. They would be terrific. Can't you see their names in lights over your favorite theater—Eleanor, Dick and William Powell in "Broadway Melody of 1937"?

Come on all you Powell fans and write in for arrangements to be made to get the big three together in such a production.

GEORGE HUTTER, Buffalo, N. Y.

#### A NEW COMET

Once in many years there flashes across the heavens Haley's comet, a fiery star, leaving behind it a blazing trail of glory. Just so in Hollywood, once in many years there flashes across the heavens of Movieland one bright fiery star. Like Haley's comet, Robert Taylor has flashed before our eyes, and we are watching with wonder. Isn't it a pleasure to see a star that is really qualified for the shoes he is so ably fitting?

ANGELINA BURICH, Los Angeles, Calif.

#### WHY FRED!

Every time I see Fred MacMurray on the screen I have a great yen to slip back of the screen and close his mouth.

Nice voice, when he's talking, attractive teeth, when he smiles, but why doesn't he close his mouth when he is not talking, or smiling?

If it is a hangover from the days in an orchestra, it could easily be corrected; the fact is, he holds his lips ready to start his saxophone moaning "Moon Over Miami."

MARTHA BRECK, Greensburg, Pa.



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"Yes, too much of it. I really feel miserable most of the time."

"DID DIET REDUCE YOU?"  
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"IS EXERCISE EFFECTIVE?"  
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3 INCHES in 10 DAYS  
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## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59 ]

### ☆ PETTICOAT FEVER—M-G-M

**S**PARKLING and gay throughout, this bit of nonsense reaps laughs and chuckles from start to ridiculous finish.

In the unusual setting of a Labrador outpost in midwinter, Robert Montgomery, an exiled young Englishman, is interrupted in his idleness by the arrival of two stranded travelers, Myrna Loy and her fiancé, Reginald Owen. Mr. Owen is convinced Montgomery, who is quite overcome at the sight of the beautiful Myrna, is stark mad and attempts an escape. This brings about an engagement between Myrna and Robert until Robert's other fiancé walks in and then the fireworks really begin.

Montgomery is deft in his touches; Myrna real and human, and even the Eskimos are a riot. Funnier than the stage play by far.

### F-MAN—Paramount

**W**EAK as a full length feature, this comedy would have made a swell two-reeler. It is all about *Johnny Dime* (Jack Haley), a small town soda jerker, who wanted to be a G-man but could not make the grade. Practical jokers in the department make him an F-man instead but he turns the tables neatly. Adrienne Marden is his loyal country sweetheart. It is mildly amusing with a few good situations.

### ROAD GANG—Warners

**T**HIS grim accounting of prison brutality is apt to prove too depressing for most tastes. The story concerns the injustice suffered by Donald Woods, young writer who began his journalistic career by exposing the crookedness of a state political dictator. The good performances of Woods, Kay Linaker, Henry O'Neill and Joseph King fail to raise this sordid film to good entertainment.

### DESERT GOLD—Paramount

**T**HIS bang-up Zane Grey western story makes an even more bang-up outdoor movie. If you're a western addict, you'll love it. It's fast and fighty and the acting is top notch. Tom Keene and Monte Blue battle for pretty Marsha Hunt and a fabulously rich gold mine out where men are men. Buster Crabbe, an Indian chief, repays a favor to Tom in the exciting action climax.

### THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES—Republic

**G**IVEN many ingredients of a good film, this mildly entertaining picture based on Meredith Nicholson's novel, falls short because of its old mistreated story. Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, Irving Pichel, Rosita Moreno and Paul Ellis do well enough in the tangled action depicting the workings of an international spy system.

### LAUGHING IRISH EYES—Republic

**T**HERE'S good entertainment in this simple story of an old time fight promoter, Walter C. Kelly, who goes to Ireland to get a champion in a desperate effort to retrieve his fortune,

and is duped into bringing back a blacksmith who turns out to be a singer. Through the efforts of a radio announcer, Ray Walker, and Kelly's daughter, Evalyn Knapp, he also turns out to be a fighter, so all ends happily. Phil Regan, of radio fame, can take a bow as the battling singer, and Walter C. Kelly is excellent.

### CHARLIE CHAN AT THE CIRCUS—20th Century-Fox

**M**URDER under the big top. In the midst of acrobats, freaks, and animals, Charlie Chan discovers a crime and solves it with the aid of son Key Luke. The slow pace and lack of suspense is balanced by an interesting background and an unusual climax when Charlie reveals all. Warner Oland as Charlie gives his usual smooth performance. George and Olive Crasno, midget performers are outstanding.

### THE ROBIN HOOD OF EL DORADO—M-G-M

**Y**OU may find it hard to believe that every American who came to early California was a bully and that Juakin Murrieta was a simple, misunderstanding fellow who just couldn't help being a murderer. But, otherwise, this is a thrilling melodrama. Story concerns a famous bandit, Warner Baxter, who terrorized the West for revenge against the gringos. William Wellman directed and the cast is superb.

### THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN—Criterion-United Artists

**T**HIS freely adapted movie version of Jeffery Farnol's famous best seller has all the advantages and many of the disadvantages of romantic costume melodrama. It is colorful, glamorous and frequently exciting—and yet it is slow and clumsy in getting started, taxes your credulity to the utmost with many of its situations. It's recommended for the gay and ingratiating performance of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in the rôle of *Barnabas Rarty* who crashes early eighteenth century London society to save his father from the gallows; for the loveliness of Elissa Landi, the regal heroine; for the fine performance of Basil Sydney as the villainous culprit and of Gordon Harker as our hero's faithful friend and servant.

### MOONLIGHT MURDER—M-G-M

**T**HIS is combined murder and opera with an ingenious twist about mercy killing in it, but so bewildering and complicated throughout that you can't really enjoy it. Leo Carrillo as the first tenor in "Il Trovatore" drops dead during a performance at the Hollywood Bowl, Chester Morris plays the detective, Madge Evans, a woman scientist, and J. C. Naish is marvelous as a madman. The music is overpowering.

The appearance of a review in these columns rather than on the opening pages of the Shadow Stage does not imply lack of merit in the picture reviewed. Frequently it indicates merely that the picture has been reviewed too late to be placed on the opening pages of the Shadow Stage.



## From Pauper to Prince

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79 ]

recapturing what life should have given him forty years ago.

Forty years ago he was Guenther Scheider, the five-year-old son of a sickly, frightened furrier of German-American birth living in New York City. He lived in what was close to squalor in a tenement with his desperately poor family. Even the few pennies young Guenther brought home each night after hawking papers for long hours were of tremendous importance to the family finances.

The \$7,500-a-week star of today knew nothing of the little boyhood that is the heritage of the average American boy. Guenther was forced to face stern realities at the age of eight when his father, no longer even able to take personal care of himself, was placed in a home for invalids, via the charity route, and remained to die.

From then on it was touch-and-go for the family of seven, the mother and the five other children, three of whom were younger than Guenther. It was a day and night struggle to keep a roof over their heads and the cheapest of food in their mouths.

**G**UENTHER did his share by rising before dawn to peddle papers. He delivered meat for a neighborhood butcher after school was out in the afternoon. Even after dark, in the hours the tired lad should have been building up fresh energy, he sought out odd jobs of any kind that would add a few coppers to the family's pitiful income.

His mother, worn out with the uneven battle with life, died when he was ten, and with her death the children had to fend for themselves. There were relatives, I suppose, but they had their own worries and their own children. Although not the oldest, little Guenther automatically assumed the man-size burden of his brothers' and sisters' responsibility. There usually is one in a family to whom others turn when in trouble and he was this one.

His first step was to quit school that he might have added hours for work, work which was far more important to him than learning the names of the seas of the world or dates in history. Knowledge like that was of little use in feeding hungry children.

By the time he was eleven he had his first full-time job, one that kept him working ten to twelve hours a day and paid him \$3.00 a week as a sort of handy-boy to a manufacturing jeweler on John Street. Then suddenly he was fired, this little security taken from him. An inspector from the board of education discovered the boy did not have the necessary working papers. The lack was no oversight on Guenther's part; he was too young to obtain them legally.

Determined not to be caught in the same trap again, he stole the papers of his older brother, Charles, and got a job sweeping up, running errands, and polishing brass cuspidors in a law office. This lasted one whole, and to Guenther, glorious year. He next became a bellhop in a German club, receiving the munificent sum of \$14.00 a week for eighteen hours of labor every day.

Meantime he had become interested in athletics at the East Side Settlement House on 76th Street, haven for the boys of the tenement districts. He spent as many hours as he could

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spare under the friendly roof. Incidentally that athletic interest combined with the long hours he stood on his growing feet at the German club resulted in a collapse of the bones of his feet, and added to his other troubles was a twenty-one week period when he hobbled about in clumsy casts.

Then, when he was just past twelve, came the first truly bright spot in his life. He made his theatrical debut. The stage was the ramshackle affair at the Settlement House where an amateur production of "The Merchant of Venice" was given and Guenther, strutting proudly in ill-fitting doublet and hose, played the rôle of *Lorenzo*.

That night marked the turning point in the life of the boy who was to become Edward Arnold, the Hollywood star. Not one of his recent brilliant premières, he said, could equal that night for sheer thrill and happiness.

With a theatrical career his sole ambition, Arnold from that night on appeared in every amateur production at the settlement house in which a rôle could be made to fit him. He had unmistakable talent and the wise settlement house directors encouraged it. Meantime, of course, he continued to earn a living for himself and his family in a succession of jobs which included working in an interior decorating shop, and oiling engines at Columbia University.

**B**Y the time he was fifteen some of his family obligations had eased. His first interest, which had been support of his family, could now be turned toward himself and his own future. That future lay in the theater, he was sure, and upon advice of the settlement house dramatic coach, Guenther took the name Arnold and turned professional. His first job was with the Ben Greet Shakespearean Players at the Trenton, New Jersey, Opera House at \$25.00 a week. The company toured the country and then disbanded, leaving Arnold with nothing more financially than when he had started but with considerable valuable experience.

Next came a season as juvenile and assistant stage manager with Maxine Elliott at \$50.00 a week. Then he was out of work again, and to make matters worse, terrifically in love with a girl he could not afford to marry. So he proceeded to try to sell insurance, and wholesale groceries. The work did not appeal to him. In two short years the romance was dead and he was again haunting theatrical agencies. The result was three seasons with Ethel Barrymore as juvenile.

During the next four years he played in stock here and there. He met and married Harriet Marshall in Richmond, Va., a marriage which was destined to end in divorce with the three children born of that union electing to remain with their father.

After that, it was a series of ups and downs with the downs outnumbering the ups in discouraging ratio. He made forty pictures for the old Essanay Studios, on Argyle street, in Chicago and was then let go when George K. Spoor, head of the firm, began experimenting with third dimension film. He went to New York, ran into the actors' strike and in nine months worked only two weeks on the stage and in one motion picture.

Luck finally began to break for him. He worked the next five years on Broadway, appearing in stock in the summer.

In 1928 he married Olive Emerson of St. Paul. He calls her "Mama" as do many men of German blood when speaking of their wives. His children call her "Mother," a nice tribute to the part she now plays in their lives.

Arnold was not successful in his first attempt to storm the gates of Hollywood. While

on his honeymoon, he was playing in vaudeville in Los Angeles with Viola Dana. Despite the fact that sound had made its debut in pictures and stage actors were receiving an almost frantic welcome from movie magnates, he was unsuccessful in doing more than getting inside one studio, once.

Disheartened, he went back to Broadway and to a fat rôle in "Whistling in the Dark." When it closed its New York run, he was once more out of a job. He finally accepted Producer Alex McHaig's offer to appear in a production of the show in Los Angeles during the Olympic Games—but at half salary.

Forty-eight hours after the show opened, three motion picture producers had offered him parts. The rest is Hollywood history.

This, then, was his arduous climb to the top and his youth, the youth, he had determined years before, his own flesh and blood would never know if he could help it.

When his mounting Hollywood salary enabled him to move his family into their present hilltop house which is beautifully yet simply furnished, he was likewise determined that the house should be first, last and always a home and that nothing but love, happiness and sheer joy of living should fill it. Each must do their part to achieve that end, and he, as father, must do the most. It would not be enough, he knew from experience, to give generously of material things; he must give even more generously of his time and companionship, of himself.

I got my first glimpse of how well he has succeeded in this ideal the moment he first opened the door of that house to me. Before he had a chance to utter a word, a human bombshell with flying blond hair and a jam-spattered dress came hurtling through the air at him, hitting him squarely amidship. A voice, stridently immature, emanated from the flailing mass of arms and legs.

"Hi, Pops!" it shrieked. "How about a game of Old Maid? Bet I can skin you seven ways to Sunday!"

"For the love of Pete, Maggie, call your shots," was the sole answering rebuke. "Your dad isn't as young as he used to be." Then proud as Punch, he said gravely: "This is my daughter, Dorothy Jane."

**S**HE chirruped the casual, impersonal hello of a healthy eleven-year-old and then, to her father: "Okay, but how about Old Maid?"

"Later, Maggie," he promised. "Dad is busy now."

"You said we would make taffy later."

"Well, after that."

"You promised Bill (the fifteen-year-old son) a game of chess."

"Well, after that then."

"You know you promised you'd take us all to the movies and that 'Lizabeth (the seventeen-year-old daughter) called off a date on account of it."

"Well, how about after we get home?"

"Gee, Pops, have you forgotten that's when you and me are going to pillow fight Bill and 'Lizabeth? Don't you remember we challenged them last night after we busted that pillow case of Mother's and she gave us all fits?"

"Sorry, Maggie, but you see how it is. This is important now. The lady has come all the way up here just to interview your dad."

Suddenly, as Maggie stared at me reproachfully, plainly indicating it was all my fault that Old Maid would have to go by the boards, a baleful gleam filled one eye. The other was cocked half-shut in candidly sizing me up.

"If you say he's fat and homely . . ." she began.



Some hapless writer, it seems, had so described Arnold and loyal little Maggie had been raging about it for weeks.

Arnold said: "Beat it, pest!" Maggie beat it.

So that is how Arnold spoils his kids. With Old Maid and chess, with taffy pulls and pillow fights. With love and companionship. With the kind of living that he, as a hungry and lonely little old man-boy, never dreamed existed!

But for all the luxuries, the comforts, the advantages and fun he gives them, Arnold is too wise a father not to balance them with discipline and training. Elizabeth, Bill and Maggie each have their duties to perform—washing cars, clearing firebreaks, mending clothes, keeping their own rooms tidy and helping "Mama" whenever she needs help. Those duties must be performed or else "Pops" lays down the law and imposes punishment. It is never corporal, but it is effective just the same. It is called "Doing Without" and means doing without coveted horseback rides, dates, use of the car, or movie shows.

The most fun of all at the Arnold home, they all agree, is on cook's night off. They gather in the kitchen, then Arnold ties an apron over his considerable middle, "Mama" brings ingredients as they are needed, Bill lounges in one corner offering advice, Maggie keeps an eye on "Pops," the cook, and Elizabeth keeps an eye on Maggie.

OUT of the general uproar comes such treats as *sauerbratten a la* Arnold, potato dumpplings and *szwiebel kuchen* (onion cookies to you). After the meal and doing the dishes, in which everyone lends a hand, comes the making of a big batch of rich, creamy fudge.

For all he has given his children, Arnold said he was repaid by them a thousand fold on the night "Diamond Jim," his first starring vehicle, had its première and he was in New York for the occasion. His eyes still mist when he speaks of it and his voice chokes up unashamedly.

"The kids chipped in together and sent me a telegram," he said. "I would not part with it for all the money in the world. They wrote: 'Dear Dad, we are so proud you are our father.'"

Fame and wealth? Yes, in a way I suppose they do mean much to Edward Arnold. Proof, for one thing, that he faced life and bested it against terrific odds. But really they mean only one thing, that he can give and give unendingly to his own, can spare them the ugly side of life he had to know, can himself be young again.

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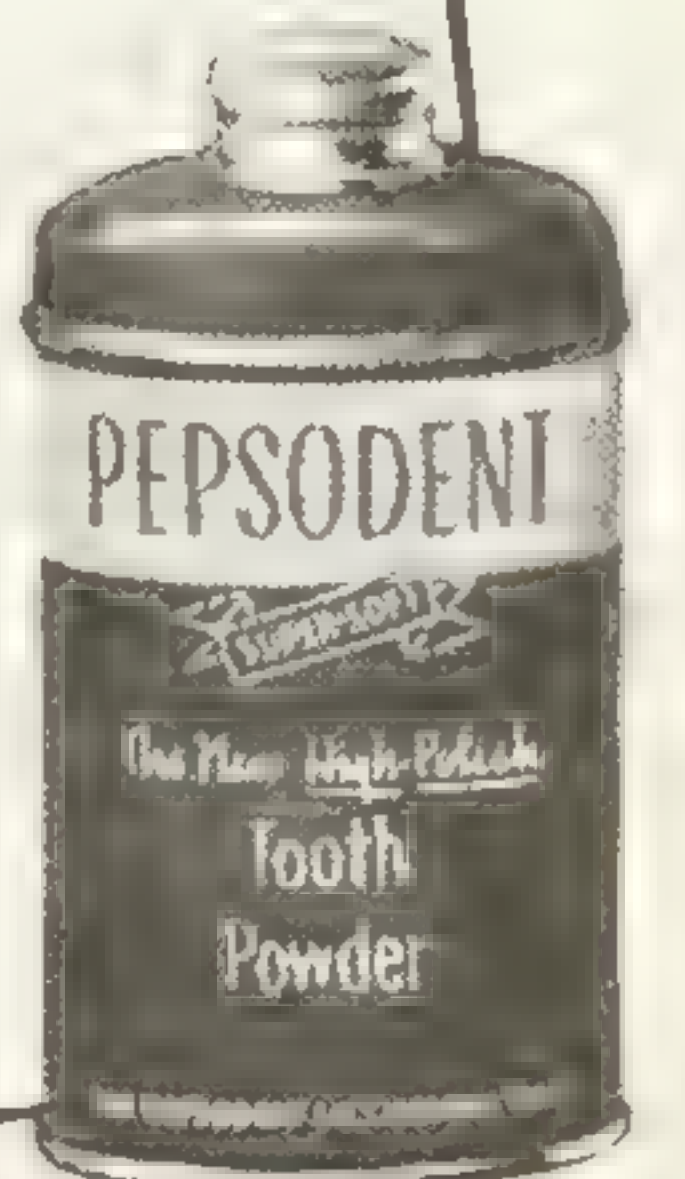
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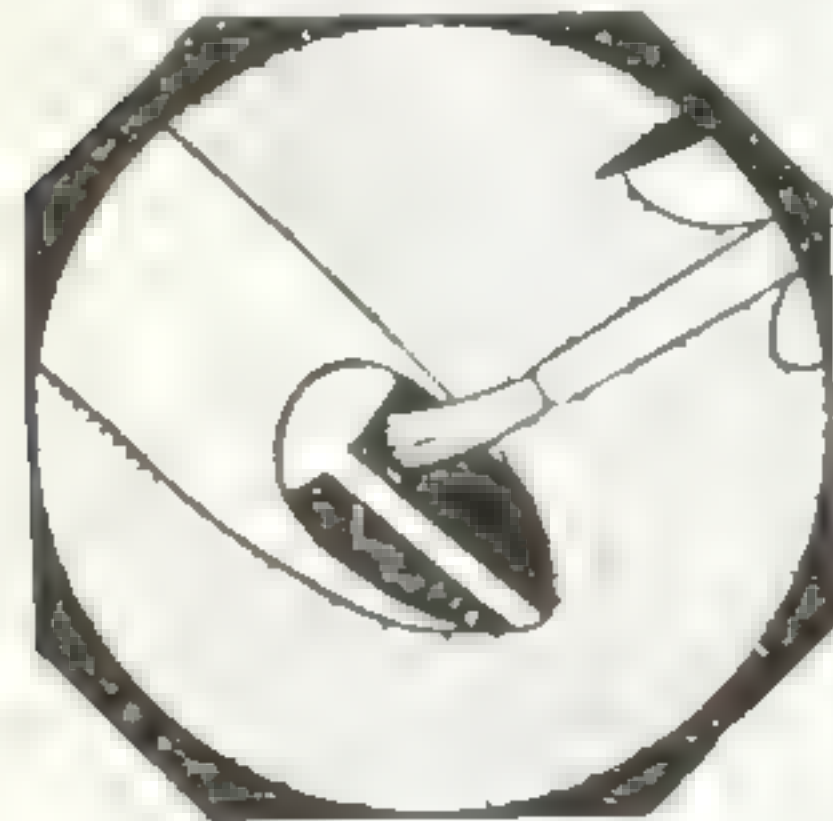
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# The Real Story of Eleanor Powell's Collapse

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

she insisted a home remedy would do them more good than any of the new-fangled things her expensive doctors were thinking up. But unfortunately it isn't lapped around by any such family existence that careers are shaped into brilliant and glittering fame.

That same night Eleanor and her mother had to return to their New York hotel that she might be on hand for an early call the following morning.

By the time "At Home Abroad" opened, the only time Eleanor attempted to put on shoes was in the theater. The rest of the time she wore bedroom slippers. She even wore them on the street. And at the radio studios a high stool was kept on hand so during rehearsals and broadcasts she need not stand to reach the mike.

WITH every succeeding day she paid more and more dearly for overdoing. Her toenails came out. Abscesses formed on her feet. If that's unpleasant to hear about, imagine the pain Eleanor suffered when she arrived at the theater half an hour before she otherwise would have needed to get there because she had to have this extra time to squinch her feet into her dancing shoes!

A friend who spent much of this time with Eleanor told me neither she nor Mrs. Powell ever went out front to watch the show. "We daren't," she said, "for every time Eleanor went on we believed she must collapse. Night after night we used to sit together in her dressing-room and wait for her to come back after her different numbers.

"And always when she managed to get through one number in particular where she had to tap her way up and down stairs and in and out of difficult doorways, apparently laughing, singing and being so gay, we counted it a downright miracle.

"Worst of all, however, even worse than watching her manoeuvre her poor feet into her dancing shoes, was to see her worry about herself. Eleanor always has been so well and strong and had such a fine, healthy body. It was pitiful to see her eyes darken and her mouth tremble and to hear her say, scared as a child, 'Wouldn't it be too awful if tonight I couldn't get through?'"

Now for the first time in her life Eleanor Powell turned afraid.

Always before this, she had had the courage to take the life savings her grandparents had offered that she and her mother might come to New York.

And even though they had been in New York seven months before anything materialized, she had felt sure things would be all right. She even had dared take part of their slim funds to pay for ten lessons in tap dancing from Jack Donahue, the only tap lessons she ever had, and to spend a little more to hire rehearsal halls for an hour at a time that she might, by herself, go on from there.

Always before, she had been able to look ahead, to believe. Always before, she had been able to feel her own strength and power within her.

She never, for instance, had doubted that one day she would be able to install her grandparents in a comfortable, gracious house in a quiet suburb.

And she had been perfectly certain there would come a happy time when Broadway

itself would be brighter for her name shining over a theater's door.

But now when she woke in the morning as tired as she had been when she had dropped into bed the night before she daren't feel sure of anything. She no longer knew what she would be able to do or how long she would be able to do it.

Those who crowded into the Winter Garden and often enough paid speculator prices to see "At Home Abroad," saw an Eleanor Powell who was bright and gay. On the stage, whatever happened, she strutted her stuff.

But that was in the part. The Eleanor Powell who presented herself at the offices of a prominent New York physician one day this past winter was another person entirely. She was white and scared. Before that physician did anything else she insisted he examine her heart. A bad ticker is a dancer's nightmare. It means the end, of everything, of the very dancing which so often causes it.

"You're sound as a trivet!" that doctor told her, "but you're tired out and you need a rest."

Whereupon, unutterably relieved, Eleanor went back to work. If her heart was okay, she counted a rest the last thing in the world she could take. Once again she failed to realize that the time to call quits is before you have to.

When that same doctor appeared at the Powell hotel suite not long after this, when Eleanor collapsed, he no longer pronounced her sound. In the meantime, carrying on, ignoring the warnings her body had so incessantly sounded, she had developed a heart murmur. There also were unmistakable indications that she had used up her energy to the last reserve drop.

"However, grave as this all sounds now," her doctor told her, "there's nothing wrong which won't right itself if you'll rest. Your heart murmur will disappear within a week or two and just as surely, if less quickly, you'll store up energy again and your feet will become as fit as they ever were. So you will rest, won't you?"

Eleanor's smile reassured him. It was the smile of a child who, thoroughly scared, is only too delighted to promise to be good forever after.

ALL this, of course, would have been bad enough in itself. But immediately it became known Eleanor was out of the cast, rumors began flying. Broadway is a gabby street and when there's that much talk it can't be all true or kind. It was hinted Eleanor merely was pretending illness so the producers would cancel her contract and she might return to Hollywood and the far richer rewards which awaited her there. All of which very well may have been the thing Eleanor had feared would be said.

Then a newspaper printed a sensational story about back-stage intrigue having forced her to leave the show.

The impression was conveyed that Ethel Waters, the negress singing star, had instigated a campaign of snubs and criticism against her and that it was because of Beatrice Lillie's protests that Eleanor's numbers had been cut down from five to three.

Eleanor knew none of this was true. She had Bea Lillie's telegram "Sorry to hear the news, Darling. We miss you and hope you'll be back soon. Love, Bea." She had messages



of deep regret from Ethel Waters and memories of the fun she and Ethel had had pulling silly gags on each other in the grandest kind of friendship. Nevertheless, that newspaper story and the swift rumors to which it gave substance marked her professional friends as jealous and her as a miserable little quitter. Concerned, she used up energy she could ill afford dictating telegrams of denial. But since the story proved more exciting than the denials, many people preferred to go right on believing it.

Made unhappy about all this, Eleanor at first failed to regain her strength as rapidly as it had been hoped she would.

Her doctor was a wise man. He ordered her out of New York, away from the whole business, to a sanatorium.

Then about a week later he let her be moved to her own bedroom in that Crestwood house where those who love her best once again were waiting.

Within an incredibly short time her improvement became marked.

For while being lapped around by a comforting family existence may not be the thing that makes for brilliant, glittering fame it still is the thing that cures a girl when her body is tired and her heart is a little sick over man's unkindness to man.

So in no time at all now Eleanor will be back in the studios, at work on her second picture. But in between productions, she'll rest, you can depend upon that.

For she's not a girl to make the same mistake a second time.



Lucille Ball's new avocation, a shop, selling replicas of real flowers, is going over with a bang. A steady patron is another RKO player, Eric Rhodes

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## So We're Sane, Are We?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48 ]

of it, by announcing suddenly that she had just decided to leave Hal Rosson. They almost forgot to go on with the wedding in the uproar she started.

It was at another wedding, that of Mervyn Leroy and Doris Warner, that the whole thing took place in a blaze of glory, so proud Father Warner could preserve every last detail of it in cameras as it went along.

Even the children's parties have become fantastic. There is always a bar for the parents, and puppet shows, ponies, merry-go-rounds, magicians, movies, food, and heaven alone knows what all.

Vincent Barnett may have ceased pouring soup down people's necks and insulting everyone, but he has now taken to blowing jets of fire in people's faces. Perfectly harmless, but sort of distressing when one has nerves.

So perhaps you are beginning to agree with my contention that the reports of the deadness of Hollywood are slightly exaggerated. The huge super-colossal premières may have been abandoned, but the opening of almost anything is now an event. Several months back

the Westmores opened their beauty salon with cocktails and a buffet that numbered most of the whole top flight of the films.

More recently, Max Factor opened his cosmetic factory, with engraved invitations sent to five thousand of the Flickers, and the whole five thousand appear to have arrived. Sid Grauman was Master of Ceremonies. There were arc lights, mobs of sightseers roped back from the entrance, footmen and limousines. Inside, free drinks for the thousands, the costliest canapés in the city by the ton, hostesses and entertainment and such a crush as has never been seen in Hollywood before. There was a preview later at the Chinese, but nobody remembers much about it.

It seems there is no getting around it. You bottle up Hollywood's fantastic sort of gaiety at one point, and it simply pops out somewhere else.

No matter how manners and customs may alter, the California sunlight, or something always appears to render them slightly groggy.

So we're sane now, are we? Well, *prove* it to me. I dare you!

## Gene Raymond Is Really a "Lone Wolf"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60 ]

found that his attitude was sincere, not just another subtle bit of showmanship.

But the fans had acclaimed him in his first picture and continued to do so. Right or wrong in Hollywood, he was completely right at the box-office.

Four years have passed since that advent. Four years that have changed Gene Raymond. The boy into a man. They've done more than that. They have brought him much that is fine. They have taken from him a little that makes one miss the excitement sometimes caused by that wilful boy.

"You know, Gene, you've changed a lot since I first met you?" I said, voicing my thought.

Glancing up from his glass, he grinned. The same grin he had four years ago but warmer, somehow. Slower in its arrival but just as real a grin when it does arrive. "I know," he acknowledged quietly, "that I have learned a lot."

"Do you like what you've learned?"

"Um . . . uhuh," speculatively. "And I realize that I needed the learning. I must have been pretty insufferable that first year I was out here. I didn't think so at the time, certainly, but I see it now. I was headstrong Cocky, even." He shook his head somberly.

"I've learned that success should not come too early. It's a lot harder to stand than failure. It should come when a guy is ready for its responsibilities, for the problems it brings. I've learned it's better to have the tough breaks first. The tough breaks toughen a man so he can 'take' success.

"It isn't that I would change my ideal of what I want to do. I'm still stubborn as ever about that. But I have learned that there was no need for me to have been so *obviously* stubborn. I've learned a little finesse about getting my own way. I've learned it isn't good to be so sure I'm right all the time. Not being

so sure gives you a chance to consider, at least, the other guy's viewpoint. Tempers your judgment. It's far better to decide you are right, after you've given thought to every angle, than to take a stand simply because you *think* you're right. You've got to know what others think, what they feel, what they're working for in order to place a real valuation on your own thinking. When you've decided you are right, hop to it. Don't tread water then."

**G**ENE'S fans helped him learn this. A year ago he went about his work with a certain indifference. The conflict between what Hollywood wanted of him and what he wanted for himself had been persistent enough to take the zest out of everything. He finished his picture and left on the next train for New York. He didn't say when he'd return—or that he would return. His attitude crystallized into a nostalgia for the theater—for an audience. He accepted an offer for personal appearances in Chicago and Detroit. Not since Valentino had there been such a turnout of eager fans. House records were broken and from the darkness of the theaters there came across the footlights the wholesome, warming encouragement of the loyal friends his shadow self had made. He's grateful to those friends. His personal contact with them—talking with them, finding out what they wanted him to do, gave him, literally, a new perspective, a new lease on ambition. His recently signed contract with RKO reflects much of this perspective.

"What have you done that hasn't turned out right?" I asked him.

"That isn't what I mean. I think I've made pretty much the right decisions, as it happens. It's just that I think I need not have gone about expressing myself as I did."

"After all, you were pretty young."



"Maybe that's what gets me. I acted—terribly young."

We both laughed. Even when this young man with the deserved reputation for cageyness turns voluble, nothing he says gives a true picture of him. The real Gene Raymond is a very remarkable young man. He is part and parcel of the post-war generation; on his own in an age when ideals and principles were flung into the brightness of youth's bonfire. When the briefness, rather than the manner, of living had been impressed upon plastic young minds. He has emerged with a strength and dignity which is rare.

I think Gene Raymond is never, really, confused, for all his admission that he has learned a lot. For all of that admission's implication that he has more to learn, I know the clear sightedness and integrity of this young man. He is not afraid to think, talk and live for a principle. He is true to his creed, a creed which asks that he be first of all, true to himself.

**H**IS is not a profligate nature. He is as chary of waste in his thinking and actions as he is in the spending of money, as chary of his confidences and giving his trust to others.

When he was just entering his teens, proud and sure of his adolescent judgment, he had many friends. Youngsters he trusted. They let him down—not importantly, according to adult standards, but with a desperate disappointment to Gene. He had looked forward eagerly to a certain football game. Elaborately enthusiastic, he planned to meet 'the gang.' All slicked up, appreciating an afternoon free from study, rehearsal or a performance, he arrived at the appointed place ahead of time, his ticket clutched in a tense, small hand. The minutes ticked slowly by, mocking his eagerness. Game time came and passed. He fought the temptation to go alone. He had said he would wait for them and he waited. When it came dark, he went home. The kids had found a short cut, gone hilariously to the game forgetting a lonely little guy who stood gallantly where he had said he would stand. That accounts for much in the nature of the Gene Raymond of today. He is still young enough that the memory of such disappointment restrains him from trusting easily.

Though he has a growing capacity today for understanding others and for giving them a great consideration, his friends are few. His valuation of friendship and of a friend is refreshingly old fashioned. There is nothing casual about it. He gives his friendship seldom, but when he does, he gives it deliberately and permanently. While a list of those who hope eagerly that he will accept their invitations when they entertain might achieve the proportions of a telephone book, he counts his friends upon one hand. Their names do not matter. Much as the four years in Hollywood may have taught him, they have not taught him to forsake his reticence about things which are close to him.

"Know what else I'm learning?" he leaned forward, suddenly eager. "Thinking of *little things!* Surprises for people. Something they'll like. Banging about the way I've done since I was a kid, living in apartments and hotels, never any place for long, I never collected anything. No souvenirs, nothing that meant more luggage. So, it never occurred to me to give other people anything, either! But now, since I bought the house for Mother, and started fixing it up, I've come to feel I've taken root somewhere. All the getting together of things has started me on giving things to others, too. H'm, it's fun!"

How well I remembered the day he burst in upon me, hat on the back of his head, grinning from ear to ear, blue eyes flashing, with the announcement: "Hold everything! I've gone and done it!" Never had I seen such unbridled enthusiasm. There was only one thing to be gathered from that degree of excitement.

"You've married!"

Like a cigarette tip to a balloon was that exclamation. He looked as disappointed as a kid. "No."

"Well, then, you're engaged!"

"Say, isn't there anything but a romance that ever caused any excitement in your life?" He demanded disgustedly.

I guessed it then. It had to be the most improbable thing in the world for this still more-or-less-homesick-for-New-York-young man . . . "You've bought a house!"

"Who," he enquired with great dignity, "told you?"

Then he was all eager descriptions of the house he had just bought for his mother because she had said very simply, "It feels like home, Gene. I want it."

"The house taught me lots. I learned all manner of things. Woods, and materials and the history of living very nearly. Furniture reflects so much of the customs and necessities of the period for which it was designed. Furnishing that place turned out to be a liberal education in things I hadn't felt any need of knowing. And learning that made me curious about a thousand other things. But the real thing, the big thing at least to me was . . . doing something entirely spontaneous . . . entirely impulsive . . . considering nothing at all but the thing I wanted to do!

"That's how I bought the house."

Today he has developed a real sense of humor. The serious purpose of his youth made him take too many things with too great a seriousness. Now, his sense of values is more balanced. He sees that many things must be taken lightly to be endured at all. He sees that it may be important to discard many unnecessary prejudices, to save one's strength of objection for those things which are vital.

Despite what four years have taught him, despite all he expects to learn in the years ahead, Gene Raymond will change only on the surface. For basically the character of this young man is moulded and finished. It is sturdy and true and has its own courage. He can face criticism and laugh when he is right. He can take applause and fame and money because he has worked very hard for all of them and found that they are nothing of themselves.

He can take or leave popularity, because he knows that what he thinks of himself is the thing which is most important.

**H**E expects as much honesty in his judgment of himself, his motives and acts as he expects from any of those very few friends of his. He has the capacity to suffer keenly, to love greatly, to care deeply about every fine thing in life. And he has the ability to keep to himself those things which matter most.

He is still a Lone Wolf. And there will always be those who do not understand him. That doesn't matter. He has learned to understand others. And, understanding, is kind. There is a new humility about him. He will make concession to the happiness of those about him, reckoning the cost, if there be any, to himself last of all. But he will not relinquish one single principle. He takes the hard road and laughs.

Others may write of the actor. I have told a bit of Gene Raymond, the man.



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## Ginger Rogers' Rules for Slaying the Stag Line

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]

"Off the dance floor: it's awfully important, especially if you don't go out dancing frequently, to practice as much as you can in between times. You can enlist the aid of your brothers or cousins or the boy across the street or anyone you know to help you. Being a good dancer is just like being good at anything else; if you were a tennis player and you only played in a match once a month you certainly wouldn't expect to win unless you kept in practice between matches.

"When you can't find a partner to lead you at home, roll up the living room rug two or three times a week, turn on your radio and dance by yourself. It's good for you. I do it myself nearly every day. Try out any movements or steps that pop into your head. Relax, and express your personality through your feet. If you've got a big mirror watch yourself in it while you dance, taking notes on your posture and grace. You can't imagine how limbered and in what a grand dancing mood it'll keep you. It's not only beneficial but a lot of fun besides.

"ON the dance floor: never be nervous! Being nervous is just about the worst thing that can happen to your dancing. Even the most experienced dancers sometimes become selfconscious when they find themselves with a partner who is difficult to follow; and self-consciousness, I know only too well, can make lead of dancing feet. The fear that you are not dancing well, the fear that you may not be able to execute a certain step, can actually produce a physical reflex that will so tighten your muscles you're just sure to fumble.

"So there's only one thing to do when a man is hard as the dickens to follow—keep relaxed, don't worry about the mistakes you've made or are making, and go ahead and *dance* as though you hadn't a care in the world for your feet!

"And while we're on the subject of partners who are hard to follow, there's a secret you might remember. At every dance, no matter how large or small it is, there are always the inevitable stags who are such poor dancers that no girl could follow them well. You know how it is, some men just never learn to lead efficiently and they're naturally sensitive about it. They realize too that the girls who are getting the big rushes don't particularly want to be bothered with them.

"So if you can dance with the poor dancers and do your darnedest to stay away from their unruly toes, and bear up under the strain to the extent that you can make them feel you're really enjoying dancing with them—let me tell you they'll appreciate it. They'll rush you to death. And that's a grand way to secure right there the beginning of a stag line all your own.

"Rhythm is born in all of us. To be a desirable dancing partner you don't have to be able to do all the intricate fancy steps that happen to be in vogue; the stag line doesn't expect it because few of them themselves can do them. All you have to do is be a good average dancer and anybody who spends the time and effort can accomplish that. The girl who makes a good dancer of herself has a lot of her ballroom popularity already assured. The rest depends on—well, lots of things."

At that point Ginger, completely out of breath, stopped to order, wait for and drink a

glass of cream to help her gain back some of the pounds she lost during her intensive practice with Fred Astaire for the dance routines in "Follow the Fleet." Then she got back to our subject again.

"There are really so many things besides dancing ability that can influence a girl's popularity at a ball. First and foremost, of course, you want to look your loveliest from your gown right down to the smallest detail about you. I don't know of any place (unless it's before the camera) that every item of a girl's physical attractiveness is subject to closer scrutiny than at a dance. I think you ought to allow yourself at least two hours dressing time and be sure that you're groomed to complete perfection.

"And what's just as important—try to stay that way! The exercise of dancing can make you wilt so quickly. Many girls, I've noticed, carry a small compact on the floor with them and are constantly splashing powder on their noses between dances. I think the smart thing to do is to leave your compact, lipstick, comb and everything with your wrap and do your primping in private. I do. Every dozen or so dances I dash into the dressing room and take a thorough look at myself in a full-length mirror. Instead of just a nose-powdering I usually find a twisted seam, a loose earring, a wave out of place, smudged mascara, all sorts of things that should be fixed. I repair them then go back on the floor and forget all about my appearance until I feel it may be needing another check-up.

"I'd like to add a word against sensational gowns. I'm sure you've noticed at nearly every dance you've attended the inevitable two or three girls who have selected extremely daringly-cut, attention-attracting dresses to help to put them on the map, so to speak, with the stag line. Frankly I don't think it really gets them anywhere. A girl who has to be sensational to appeal to the stag line is putting her worst foot forward.

"THE same thing goes for sensational dancing. You know—there's always the girl who insists on doing a razmataz Yazoo-Shakedown or something right up in front of the orchestra. Hotcha. Suggestive. Showoffish. She may attract the curiosity of everybody in the room, but I bet her poor embarrassed escort slinks outside for a smoke until the dust settles under her heels. It's so much smarter, really, to dance tastefully and gracefully. No girl ever got to be a belle-of-the-ball because she staged a spectacle."

Ginger took time out to show me her wardrobe of off-screen evening things. They're the loveliest, most glamorous gowns you can imagine, mostly pastels because she's fond of soft colors, with a sprinkling of all-white.

"Well, now we're getting somewhere," Ginger continued. "If you're a good dancer and you're attractively groomed and your poise is perfect, then the chances are you're doing okay. But to get a *huge* rush instead of just a *big* one here are some of my pet secrets.

"If it's a big dance and a crowded one, pick a corner or an end of the room and try to dance around it all evening. The poor stags who are bewildered in a sea of girls will know where to find you when they want to cut in,



without having to go looking the entire length of the floor and getting bumped on all sides. If you're danced out of your corner or 'head-quarters,' just say to your next partner, 'Dance me back over that way, will you?' and he will. This is really an awfully good scheme; the stags will appreciate it and you're certain to be cut in on more frequently.

"However, if it's a big dance and you don't know enough stags to assure you a successful evening, it's better not to stay in one place.

"Another little trick that's a good way to increase cut-ins is to wear or carry something individual by which the stags who want to find you can spot you at a distance. I know a college girl who does an awful lot of prom-trotting and does it darned successfully. She carries to every hop she attends a bright red chiffon handkerchief which trails from her left hand over her partner's back. On a crowded floor that girl can be seen for miles. Bright flowers in your hair or an unusual bow or something on the back of your dress can effect the same thing.

**H**ERE'S another point, too—if you want to keep your stag line, don't sit out too many dances. When you want to rest sit on the sidelines somewhere and talk; you can still be seen there and the tempo of your rush won't be lessened the way it will if you just disappear outside for three or four dances.

"People have often asked me if I talk while I'm dancing. In pictures, no. But I must confess that when I'm just dancing for the fun of it at a party I usually talk a blue streak. I always have. Somehow dancing and bright,

charming conversation go together and I think the girl who can entertain a man, who can dazzle him with delightful patter while she's dancing with him, stands much more chance of attracting him than the girl who's just a good dancer alone.

"Now and then, though," Ginger added, "you do run into a partner who takes his dancing seriously and doesn't like chit-chat. Just go ahead and dance your best with him and save your bright speeches for the stag who will appreciate them.

**L**ASTLY—and oh! this is such a big point—I think it's *terribly* important at a dance for a girl to *look* like she's having a good time! If she's smiling and vivacious and wears an air of confidence about herself she's sure to attract partners all over someone who looks a little bored or scared or too sophisticated. There used to be a girl in my class at school who wasn't pretty nor was she such an expert dancer, but she always radiated such fun at our school parties, she always seemed to be having such a grand time, that the stag line just couldn't resist her. She got lots more cut-ins than the best-looking girls in the class just on the strength of her contagious manner. I think I first learned that lesson from watching her. And I don't think it can be emphasized too much.

"It's really awfully simple. If you can just be on the dance floor what you are in your own living room—charming, and confident of yourself—well, whether it's a dance or a party or a picnic or a twosome, you're sure to slay the stags."



Equally happy in each other's company are Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of PHOTOPLAY, and the captivating Shirley Temple when Mr. Macfadden visited the set at the 20th Century-Fox Studio on a recent trip to Hollywood



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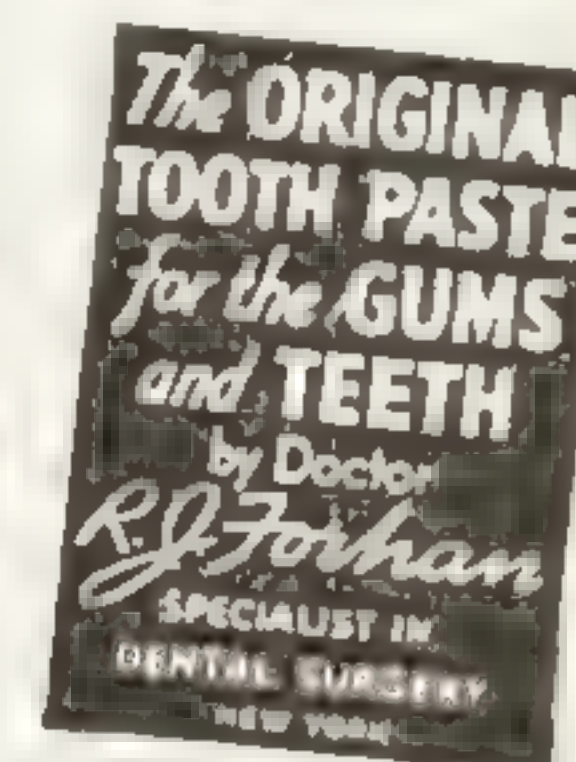
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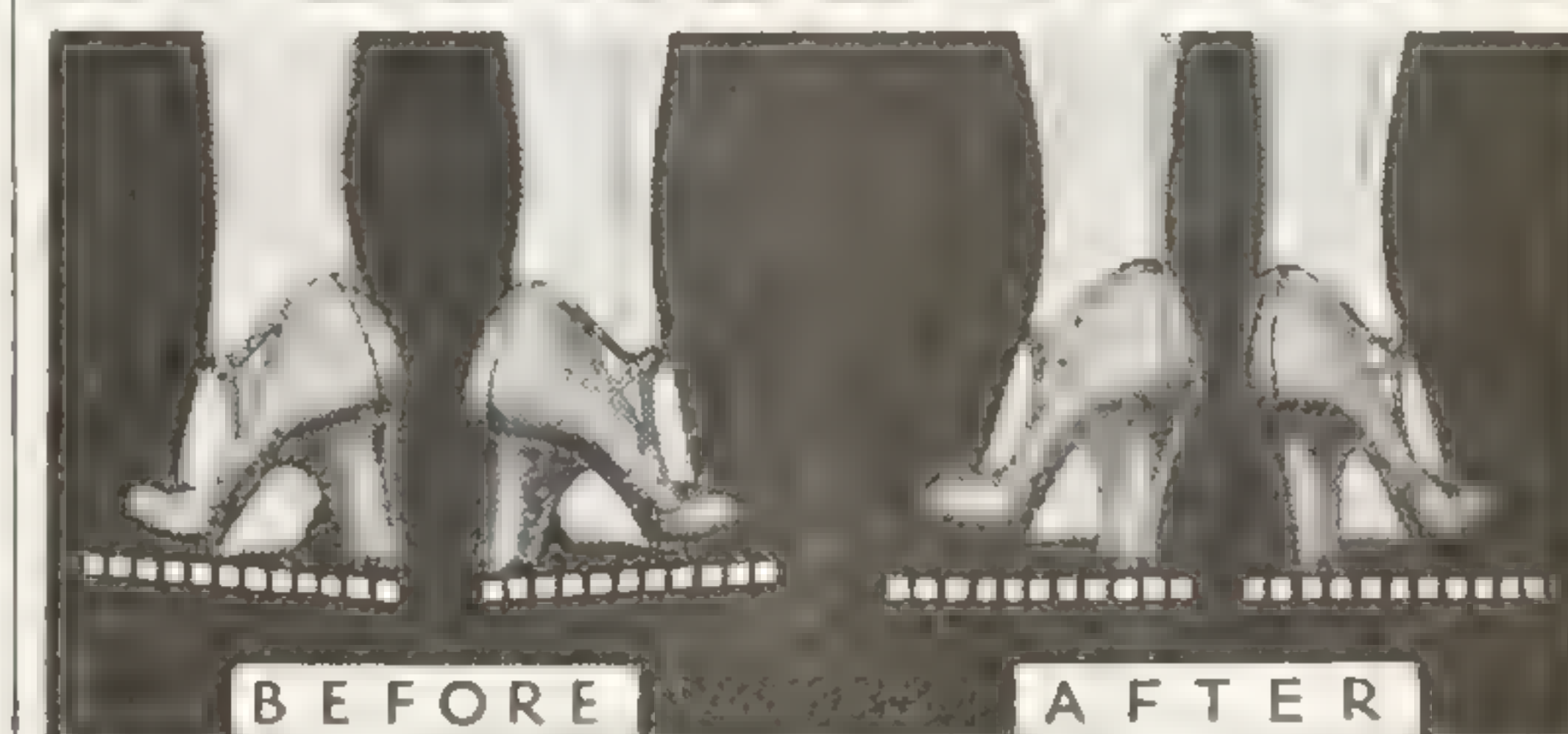
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## Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

IT isn't only you fans who have souvenir-itis by any means. There was an avaricious gleam in Betty Furness' eye the other noon when she saw a luncheon companion pull a monogrammed packet of matches, carried away from Pick-fair, from his pocket

"Gimme," Betty pleaded. "I'd adore to have it!"

DIRECTOR CUKOR was having his troubles filming a certain scene in "Romeo and Juliet." It was an outdoor shot and when airplanes overhead stopped zooming around, actors muffed their lines, or horses in the scene pranced out of camera line. To quiet one horse in particular, Basil Rathbone fed him a handful of carrots snatched from the scenery.

Finally all was quiet. Airplanes, actors and horses alike were behaving admirably. Once more the cameras turned.

In the midst of a perfect take, the restless horse lifted his nose and let out a vociferous and pleading whinny—for more carrots! Rathbone did a speedy exit right.

A CERTAIN well known actor, who considers himself quite a horseman, won't go riding with Freddie Bartholomew any more.

The two were at Palm Springs and jogged a full thirty-seven miles across the desert. Arriving at their ranch destination, the actor planned to return by automobile. Freddie, however, insisted upon returning on horseback. Since he was the lad's protector for the trip, there was nothing for it but to ride back with him.

Freddie was fresh as a daisy at the end of the trip. The actor didn't sit down for three days!

DID you know that Clark Gable is an accomplished pianist? Neither did several other people, including several professional musicians, when Clark offered to do a number or two at a party the other night. He had one of those "they laughed when I sat down to play" experiences complete. He doesn't, however, attribute his popularity to the piano; he could play and play well long before he had the gals swooning in hordes at the sight of him.

THE cathedral-like silence that usually prevails on a von Sternberg set was shattered to bits the other day when a yo-ho-ho-ho-ho from that anathema "The Music Goes 'Round" came trilling from off-stage somewhere. Von was fit to be tied until the perpetrator walked on. It was—of all people—Grace Moore!

SOME of the old-timers were reminiscing of the past glories of the ramshackle commissary at M-G-M which has been torn down to make way for a new and more glorious edifice. Among the days they recalled most fondly were:

The day W. S. Van Dyke, sick and tired of the frozen north from whence he had just returned after "Eskimo," was deluged with a storm of chopped ice.

The day Paul Lukas hosted Ted Healy at lunch and fed him six courses of snails—Ted's pet aversion—without Healy recognizing them.

The day Harpo, Chico and Groucho Marx staged their mad butterfly chase, complete with butterfly nets.

The day an assistant director, at Bill Powell's instigation, entertained two Chinese "dignitaries" with great pomp and ceremony, only to discover later they were a couple of extras from Los Angeles' Chinatown.

The day Greta Garbo dined there in shorts!

SOME of Bess Meredyth's well-meaning friends gave a shower for her the other day. The idea was to bring utilitarian gifts which she could take with her to her new farm where she plans to do most of her scenarizing for 20th Century-Fox in the next few months.

Among the donations received were a harmonium for the parlor, a zither for most any place, a dozen eggs complete with setting hen and a lady cow with a soprano bellow.

Bess is now contemplating giving up the farm idea in favor of Patton. That's where they keep people with funny ideas of possessions, you know.

THE curative powers of whittlin' are being discovered by our film folk, 'twould seem. Ann Sothorn is now the master whittler of the village, and its most ardent advocate. She allows as how it does worlds to relieve that tired and tense-y feeling between difficult scenes.

Ann began her avocation one day by idly whittlin' on a stray piece of redwood with a property man's pet jack knife. When she discovered something faintly resembling an ash tray was emerging from her efforts, she went for the idea whole hog. Her hand-carved *objets d'art* now occupy a prominent place in her home and she's ready to challenge Chic Sale, Henry Fonda, Wallace Beery or any of the other self-styled whittlers to a championship match.

CHARLES WINNINGER is now qualified to join the "My Most Embarrassing Moment" club.

He blew so lustily on a cornet in a scene in "Show Boat" the other day, a sturdy seam in his coat split wide open!

OF all the lavish gifts she has received, none have sent Shirley Temple into such squeals of delight as the premature birthday present Bill Robinson gave her.

It is a bracelet made of perfectly matched seed pearls and platinum links. Dangling from it are six tiny jeweled charms, mementoes of past pictures Mistress Shirley has made. A dancing crane represents "Captain January" in which such a bird appears, a pearl-studded horse recalls "Little Miss Marker," a tiny dog suggests the puppy in "Curly Top," an airplane represents "Bright Eyes" and two likenesses of Bill himself are for "The Little Colonel" and "The Littlest Rebel." In the center of the string is a likeness of Shirley herself, done in hammered gold.

FANCY this! David O. Selznick is so impressed with the idea around which he is building a million dollar movie that he has hired a former ace G-man to guard the secret of it!

Just how one man can guard an idea which at least half a hundred people must perforce share is a bit vague, but that's Joseph E. P. Dunn's worry.

He's the ex-G-man.



# Casts of Current Photoplays

**"AMATEUR GENTLEMAN, THE"**—CRITIC.—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Jeffrey L. Tol. Adapted by Clemence Dane. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Barnabas Rarty*, Doug Fairbanks, Jr.; *Lady Cleone Meredith*, Ehssa Landi; *Miss Chichester*, Basil Sydney; *Natty Bell*, Gordon Barker; *Lord Ronald Meredith*, Hugh Williams; *Lady Antonia*, Irene Brown.

**"BOULDER DAM"**—WARNERS.—Based on the story by Dan M. Templin. Screen play by Syrett and Ralph Block. Directed by Frank McDonald. The cast: *Rusty Noonan*, Ross Alexander; *Van Vangarick*, Patricia Ellis; *Lacy*, Lyle Talbot; *Edwyer*, Eddie Acuff; *Agnew*, Henry O'Neill; *Van Vangarick*, Egon Brecher; *Ma Vangarick*, Eleanor Vesselhoft; *Boss*, Joseph Crehan; *Sheriff*, Olin Howland; *Wilson*, Wm. Pawley; *Peter Vangarick*, Ronnie Sby; *Stan Vangarick*, George Breakston.

**"BROADWAY PLAYBOY"**—WARNERS.—From the play by George M. Cohan. Screen play by Roy Ansor. Directed by Wm. McGann. The cast: *Arnold*, Warren William; *Beth Calhoun*, June Davis; *Casey*, Barton MacLane; *P. H. Bancroft*, Lottie Lockhart; *Lottie Bancroft*, Kathleen Lockhart; *My Calhoun*, Dick Purcell; *Joe Roberts*, Craig Reynolds; *Mr. Calhoun*, Granville Bates; *Mrs. Calhoun*, Dorothy Vaughan.

**"CAPTAIN JANUARY"**—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by Laura E. Richards. Screen play by Sam Hellman, Gladys Lehman and Harry Wend. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Mr. Shirley Temple*, Captain January, Guy Kibbee; *Captain Nazro*, Slim Summerville; *Mary Marshall*, June Lang; *Paul Roberts*, Buddy Ebsen; *Agatha Morgan*, Sara Haden; *Eliza Croft*, Jane Darwell; *Bill Morgan*, Jerry Tucker; *Mrs. John Mason*, Ma Walker; *John Mason*, George Irving; *Deputy Sheriff*, James Farley; *Old Sailor*, Si Jenks; *Eastman*, John Carradine.

**"CHARLIE CHAN AT THE CIRCUS"**—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on the character "Charlie Chan" created by Earl Derr Biggers. Screen play by Albert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by Harry Sherman. The cast: *Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *Chan*, Keye Luke; *Tim and Tiny*, George and Eve Brasco; *John Gaines*, Francis Ford; *Marie Norman*, Maxine Reiner; *Hal Blake*, John McGuire; *Miss Norman*, Shirley Deane; *Joe Kinney*, Paul Anton; *Tom Holt*, J. Carrol Naish; *Dan Farrell*, the Howard; *Nellie Farrell*, Drue Leyton; *Lieutenant Macy*, Wade Boteler; *Su Toy*, Shia Jung.

**"COUNTRY DOCTOR, THE"**—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From the story by Charles E. Blake. Screen play by Sonya Levien. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *The Dionne Quintuplets*, Yvonne, Cecile, Marie, Annette, Emelie; *Dr. John Luke*, Jean Hersholt; *My MacKenzie*, June Lang; *Constable Jim Ogden*, Slim Summerville; *Tony Luke*, Michael Whalen; *Miss Katherine Kennedy*, Dorothy Peterson; *MacKenzie*, Robert Barrat; *Mrs. Graham*, Jane Darwell; *Wyatt*, John Qualen; *Dr. Paul Luke*, Frank Cher; *Sir Basil Crawford*, Montagu Love; *Governor General*, David Torrence; *Greasy*, George Chandler; *S. Ogden*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Mrs. Wyatt*, Aileen Dyle; *Dr. Wilson*, George Meeker; *Mike*, J. Anthony Hughes; *The Gawker*, William Benedict.

**"DESERT GOLD"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Zane Grey. Screen play by Stuart Anthony and Robert Yost. Directed by James Hogan. The cast: *Moya*, Larry "Buster" Crabbe; *Fordyce Morley*, Robert Cummings; *Jane Belding*, Marsha Kent; *Dick Gale*, Tom Keene; *Glenn Kasedon*, Glenn Eskon; *Chelley Kasedon*, Monte Blue; *Doc Belding*, Raymond Hatton; *Ladd*, Walter Miller; *Lash*, Frank Mayo; *Sentry*, Phillip Morris; *Sleeping Passenger*, Les Burtis.

**"EVERYBODY'S OLD MAN"**—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Suggested by the story by Edgar Franklin. Screen play by Patterson McNutt and A. E. Thomas. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *William Franklin*, Irvin S. Cobb; *Cynthia Sampson*, Rochelle Hudson; *Tommy Sampson*, Johnny Downs; *Fred Gillespie*, Alan Dinehart; *Susan Franklin*, Sara Jen; *Ronald Franklin*, Norman Foster; *Mike Murphy*, Warren Hymers; *Dr. Phillips*, Maurice Cass; *Wiley*, Donald Meek; *Mansfield*, Charles Coleman; *Wolf of Spearforth*, Ramsey Hill; *Judge Larsen*, John Stern; *Haslett*, Walter Walker; *Aylesworth*, Fred Burton; *Jameson*, Hal K. Dawson; *Miss Mar-Delma Byron*, Helen, Hilda Vaughan.

**"FARMER IN THE DELL, THE"**—RKO.—From the story by hard Connell. Screen play by Eddie Welch, Harry Johnson and Paul Gerard Smith. Directed by Edward F. Cline. The cast: *Johnny Dime*, Jack Ley; *Evelyn*, Grace Bradley; *Hogan*, William Frawley; *Molly Carter*, Adrienne Marden; *Mr. Shaw*, Ony Stevens; *Esau Whitney*, Edward McWade; *Wiley*, Norman Willis; *Cartwright*, Robert Middlemas; *Daughterly*, Walter Johnson; *Craig*, Franklin Baker; *Man*, Heinie Conklin; *Young Man*, Buck McK; *Woman*, Phyllis Crane; *Elderly Woman*, Bel Forrest; *Julie*, Gail Sheridan; *Sheriff*, Spencer Corters; *Woman*, Carol Holloway; *Girl at Switchboard*, June Brewster.

**RADIO.**—From the novel by Phil Stong. Screen play by Sam Mintz & John Grey. Directed by Ben Holmes. The cast: *Pa Boyer*, Fred Stone; *Adie Boyer*, Jean Parker; *Ma Boyer*, Esther Dale; *Chester Hart*, Moroni Olsen; *Davy Davenport*, Frank Albertson; *Maud Durant*, Maxine Jennings; *Spike*, Ray Mayer; *Gloria*, Lucille Ball; *Nicky Ranovitch*, Rafael Corio; *Crosby*, Frank Jenks; *Milkman*, Spencer Charters.

**"GENTLE JULIA"**—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on the novel by Booth Tarkington. Screen play by Lamar Trotti. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Florence Atwater*, Jane Withers; *Noble Dill*, Tom Brown; *Julia Atwater*, Marsha Hunt; *Herbert Atwater*, Jackie Searl; *Mr. Tubbs*, Francis Ford; *Mr. Crum*, George Meeker; *Newland Sanders*, Maurice Murphy; *Grandpa Atwater*, Harry Holman; *Mrs. Atwater*, Myra Marsh; *Henry Rooter*, Jackie Hughes; *Kitty Silvers*, Hattie McDaniel; *Wallie Torbin*, Eddie Buzard.

**"GIVE US THIS NIGHT"**—PARAMOUNT.—Based on the story by Jacques Bachrach. Screen play by Edwin Justus Mayer and Lynn Starling. Directed by Alexander Hall. The cast: *Antonio*, Jan Kiepura; *Maria*, Gladys Swarthout; *Marcello Bonelli*, Philip Merivale; *Tomasso*, Benny Baker; *Francesca*, Michele Burani; *Priest*, William Collier, Sr.; *First Carabinieri*, Sidney Toler; *Second Guide*, Charles Judels; *Guido*, Maurice Cass; *Vincenti*, John Milner; *Forcellini*, Alan Mowbray; *Elena*, Mattie Edwards; *Lucrezia*, Chloe Douglas; *1st Fisherman*, Nick Thompson; *2nd Fisherman*, Bob Milash; *3rd Fisherman*, Monte Carter; *4th Fisherman*, Constantine Romanoff; *5th Fisherman*, Sam Appel.

**"HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES, THE"**—REPUBLIC.—From the novel by Meredith Nicholson. Screen play by H. W. Hanemann and Endre Bohem. Directed by Arthur Lubin. The cast: *Tony*, Phillips Holmes; *Carol*, Mae Clarke; *Sebastian*, Irving Pichel; *Raquel*, Rosita Moreno; *Alf*, Fred Walton; *Marta*, Hedwiga Reicher; *Sir Andrew*, Lawrence Grant; *Travers*, Fredrik Vogeding; *Barrie*, Michael Fitzmaurice; *Jules*, Rafael Storm; *Demetrius*, Mischa Auer; *Agent*, Paul Ellis; *Steward*, Keith Daniels; *Radio Attendant*, Charles De Ravenne; *Sergeant*, Olaf Hytton.

**"LAUGHING IRISH EYES"**—REPUBLIC.—From the story by Sidney Sutherland and Wallace Sullivan. Screen play by Olive Cooper, Ben Ryan and Stanley Rauh. Directed by Joseph Santley. The cast: *Danno O'Keefe*, Phil Regan; *Pat Kelly*, Walter C. Kelly; *Peggy Kelly*, Evalyn Knapp; *Eddie Bell*, Ray Walker; *Mrs. O'Keefe*, Mary Gordon; *Tiger O'Keefe*, Warren Hymers; *Weisbecher*, Herman Bing; *Deacon*, Clarence Muse; *Gallagher*, Raymond Hatton; *Molly*, Betty Compson; *Tim*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Fight trainer*, John Indresano; *Cronin*, John Sheehan; *Announcer*, Robert E. Homans.

**"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY"**—SELZNICK-INTERNATIONAL—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Screen play by Hugh Walpole. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Ceddie*, Freddie Bartholomew; *"Dearest"*, Dolores Costello Barrymore; *Earl of Dorincourt*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Mr. Hobbs*, Guy Kibbee; *Havisham*, Henry Stephenson; *Dick*, Mickey Rooney; *Lady Lorrindaile*, Constance Collier; *Sir Harry Lorrindaile*, E. E. Clive; *Mary*, Una O'Connor; *Tom*, Jackie Searl; *Applewoman*, Jessie Ralph; *Rev. Mordaunt*, Ivan Simpson; *Minna*, Helen Flint; *Ben*, Eric Alden; *Mrs. Mellon*, May Beatty; *Miss Herbert*, Virginia Field; *Newick*, Reginald Barlow; *Higgins*, Lionel Belmore; *Mrs. Dibble*, Tempe Pigott; *Purvis*, Gilbert Emery; *Lord Chief Justice*, Lawrence Grant; *Snade*, Walter Kingsford; *Landlady*, Eily Malyon; *Landlord*, Fred Walton; *Policeman*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Susan*, Elsa Buchanan; *Dougal*, "Prince."

**"MESSAGE TO GARCIA, A"**—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Suggested by Elbert Hubbard's essay, and the book by Lieut. Andrew S. Rowan. Screen play by W. P. Lipscomb and Gene Fowler. Directed by George Marshall. The cast: *Sergeant Dory*, Wallace Beery; *Senorita Raphaelita Maderos*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Lieutenant Rowan*, John Boles; *Dr. Krug*, Alan Hale; *Henry Piper*, Herbert Mundin; *Spanish Spy*, Mona Barrie; *General Garcia*, Enrique Acosta; *Luis Maderos*, Juan Toren; *Rodriguez*, Martin Garralaga; *Chiquita*, Blanca Vischer; *Pasquale Castova*, Jose Luis Tortosa; *Commandant*, Lucio Villegas; *German Stoker*, Frederick Vogeding; *Irish Stoker*, Pat Moriarity; *Spanish Commandant*, Octavio Giraud.

**"MOONLIGHT MURDER"**—M-G-M.—From the original by Albert J. Cohen and Robert T. Shannon. Screen play by Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Steve Farrell*, Chester Morris; *Tony Adams*, Madge Evans; *Acosta*, Leo Carrillo; *Goetz*, H. B. Warner; *Feydak*, J. Carrol Naish; *Quinlan*, Robert McWade; *William*, Frank McHugh; *Dolores*, Benita Hume; *Pedro*, Duncan Renaldo.

**"MOON'S OUR HOME, THE"**—WALTER WANGER-PARAMOUNT.—From an original story by Faith Baldwin. Screen play by Isabel Dawn and Boyce DeGaw. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Cherry Chester*, Margaret Sullivan; *Anthony Amber-*

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# The Facts of Hollywood Life

## PREACHERS

For *Kathleen Burke*, "Panther Woman," and *Jose Fernandez*, dancer, in Hollywood.  
For *Audrene Briar*, actress, and *Nat Ross*, Universal producer, in Hollywood.  
For *Phyllis Loughton*, Paramount dramatic coach, and *George Seaton*, actor-writer, in Hollywood.

## PROMISED

*Mae Clark* to *Dr. Frank J. Nolan*, Hollywood physician.

## ANNIVERSARY

The tenth year of wedded bliss for *Vilma Banky* and *Rod LaRoque*.

## STORK HEADQUARTERS

*Robert* and *Betty Montgomery* welcomed *Robert, Jr.*  
A daughter arrived in London to make *Laura LaPlante* and *Irving Asher* happier.  
Western star *John* and *Mrs. Wayne* brought a sister, *Mary Antonia*, to keep son *Michael* company.  
Heir conditioning nurseries are *Alan* and *Moselle Dinehart*, also *Steve* and *Linda Parker McNulty*.

## ADOPTION

*Gracie Allen* and *George Burns* have taken *Ronald*, six months old, from famous *Evans-ton's Cradle*, where they got *Sandra*, their daughter, two years ago.

## DARK ANGEL

Took *Alex Pantages*, pioneer showman, in Hollywood.  
Took *Francis C. Jenkin*, father of *Wendy Barrie*, in China.  
Took *Mrs. Nat J. Dobbs*, mother-in-law of *John Boles*, in Tyler, Texas.

## CANDLES

Twenty-four for *Brownette Jean Harlow* when confined to her home with flu.  
Eight for *Drew Ebersson*, Warner Brothers director, on February 29.  
Unstated number for *Dorothy Mackaill* and *Margot Grahame*.

## NURSES

For *Mary Astor*, snowbound at Lake Tahoe with flu.

For *Bob Woolsey* at Palm Springs with nervous breakdown.  
For *Glenda Farrell* with wrenched back from gardening.  
For *Jean Muir* with foot infection.  
For *Edward Everett Horton* with wrenched knee from tennis.  
For *Leslie Howard*, *Howard Hawks* and *Maurice O'Sullivan*, all with flu.

## LAWYERS

*Bert Wheeler* was divorced after several years' separation from *Bernice Wheeler*.  
*Margaret Sullavan* has separated from Director *William Wyler* pending divorce.  
Song-writer *Morris Gittler* (Mack Gordon) heard the judge say "Granted" to *Rose Gittler's* plea for divorce.

*Mary Ellis* announced Reno treatment for her marriage to *Basil Sydney*, English actor, immediately.

## CUPID AT WORK

On Songstress *Marjorie Lane* and *Brian Donlevy*.  
Also on lovely *Irene Hervey* and *Alan Jones*.

## SHIPS

Carried the *Mervyn LeRoys* and *Samuel Goldwyns* to Europe, *Charles Chaplin* and *Paulette Goddard* to Hawaii, and the *Warner Olands* to the Orient, all on vacations.

## ECHOES

The exquisite furnishings of the late *Lilyan Tashman* bought at auction by a crowd of friends and curious.

## IN DUTCH

*Pat O'Brien*, Hollywood's perennial good boy, was suspended by Warner Brothers, for refusal to play the rôle in "Stage Struck" which *Jimmy Cagney* refused.

## COURTS

*Barbara Stanwyck* is being sued by agent for \$3,500 in services.  
*Jimmy Cagney* and Warner Brothers are battling out contract troubles in court.  
*Ann Dvorak* lost her suit against Warner Brothers to cancel or clarify her contract.  
*Jean Parker's* new contract with M-G-M approved by court.

## On the Spot News

*Fred MacMurray*, despite all rumors, did not let that raise at Paramount. Fred is a star at exactly \$400 a week.

As usual, *Sylvia Sidney's* new apartment is the envy of all decorators. Sylvia did it herself. Prune color and grays.

RKO has reached over the back fence and nabbed *Jack Oakie*, *Joe Penner*, and *Herbert Marshall* from Paramount, all under contract. *Harriet Hilliard*, who clicked in "Follow the Leader," stars in her next, "Twinkle Twinkle."

Divorced pairs are the latest production faves. *Fonda* and *Sullavan* started it in "The Moon's Our Home." Now it's *Powell* and *ombard* in "My Man Godfrey," for Universal.

*Dietrich* has just signed to return to Paramount in the autumn. She will make only one for Korda in England.

After four years of romancing, *Paulette Goddard* has finally announced she will wed *Charlie Chaplin*. She waited until they reached Shanghai before announcing what all America knew to be true.

*Jean Harlow* got her final divorce decree from *Hal Rosson* on Friday 13, in March. She didn't apply until the next day.

*Joan Bennett* is on her way to Europe and with her travels husband *Gene Markey* who will adapt his own book, "The Road to Rouen," for GB.



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## Brief Reviews of Current Photoplays

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9 ]

**SEEING EYE, THE** — Educational. — An instructive and heart-warming picturization of the worthy non-profit organization in New Jersey which trains German police dogs to lead the blind. (April.)

**SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT** — Columbia. — A swiftly paced and hokum packed version of the harassed millionaire and his spoiled family gives George Raft an opportunity to wage a battle of temperaments with Joan Bennett until love finally crashed through. Funny in spite of its shortcomings. (Dec.)

★ **SHE MARRIED HER BOSS** — Columbia. — Claudette Colbert in one of her most amusing rôles since "It Happened One Night," plays the part of the perfect secretary who finds it difficult to be a perfect wife. Melvyn Douglass, Edith Fellows, Jean Dixon. (Nov.)

**SHIP CAFE** — Paramount. — Fairly entertaining musical romance with Carl Brisson rising on the wings of song from stoker to gigolo. Arlene Judge and Mady Christians. (Jan.)

★ **SHIPMATES FOREVER** — Warners-Cosmopolitan. — The perennial Annapolis story emerges fresh and appealing with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler giving knockout performances and adding sparkling gayety with their songs and dances. The story is more original than the general run and one that you will enjoy immensely. (Dec.)

★ **SHOW THEM NO MERCY** — 20th Century-Fox. — This gripping kidnapper-hunt film is full of terrific suspense after Edward Norris, Rochelle Hudson and baby stumble into a gangster's hideout. A prize portrayal by "killer" Bruce Cabot. (Jan.)

**SNOWED UNDER** — Warners. — An unpretentious and rib-tickling little farce with George Brent as a playwright harrassed by too many wives. Genevieve Tobin, Patricia Ellis and Glenda Farrell furnish the feminine distraction. (April.)

**SO RED THE ROSE** — Paramount. — Stark Young's tender, tragic Civil War tale of a ruined Southern family, beautifully presented. Margaret Sullivan, Randolph Scott, Walter Connolly and Janet Beecher give distinctive performances. (Jan.)

**SONG AND DANCE MAN** — 20th Century-Fox. — Paul Kelly and Claire Trevor struggle through an old story of a mis-mated vaudeville team who can't stick together on Broadway, with the usual backstage sacrifice. Just another movie. (April.)

**SPANISH CAPE MYSTERY** — Republic. — A California murder mystery entertainingly handled. Detective Donald Cook solves everything with Helen Twelvetrees' help. Burton Churchill's waggish humor helps. (Jan.)

**SPECIAL AGENT** — Cosmopolitan-Warners. — A fast moving, entertaining film about Federal men warring on racketeers and securing their convictions via the income tax route. With Bette Davis, Ricardo Cortez, George Brent. (Nov.)

**SPLENDOR** — Sam Goldwyn-United Artists. — Wife, Miriam Hopkins sacrifices herself for husband, Joel McCrea's success. Enjoyable cast with Paul Cavanagh, Billie Burke and Helen Westley. (Feb.)

**STAR OVER BROADWAY** — Warners. — Broadway success story with catchy tunes sung by radio discovery James Melton. Good cast including Pat O'Brien, Jean Muir, and songstress Jane Froman. (Jan.)

★ **STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR, THE** — Warners. — An unusually strong picture of the struggles, disappointments and success of the French scientist who proved the germ theory. Paul Muni excellent as Pasteur. Anita Louise and Donald Woods are the mild love interest. (Feb.)

**STREAMLINE EXPRESS** — Mascot. — Dramatic incidents that occur on a cross-country record run of a streamline train constitute the basis for this story. A fair picture, with Victor Jory, Evelyn Venable. (Nov.)

★ **STRIKE ME PINK** — Goldwyn-United Artists. — Eddie Cantor extravaganza with good plot, beautiful girls, magnificent sets and swell songs. Eddie running an amusement park gets mixed up with gangsters. Sally Eilers is his secretary. Ethel Merman is the vamp and sings torch songs. You'll like it. (Mar.)

**SYLVIA SCARLETT** — RKO-Radio. — Katharine Hepburn, Brian Aherne in a whimsical, merry mad pointless story with charming acting and scenes. Cary Grant in a crook comedy rôle steals the picture. (Feb.)

★ **TALE OF TWO CITIES**, A—M-G-M.— Dickens' French Revolution story, rich in spectacular glamour. Ronald Colman as Sydney Carton who redeems a mis-spent life. Elizabeth Allan and a talented cast. Very worth while. (Feb.)

★ **THANKS A MILLION** — 20th Century-Fox. — Dick Powell singing grand songs, Paul White-man, Fred Allen, Patsy Kelly's slapstick, the Yacht Club Boys, Ann Dvorak's dancing are only a few of the items you'll find in this swell fast-moving film (Jan.)

**THE INVISIBLE RAY** — Universal. — The Shiver and Shake Boys, Karloff and Lugosi combine their horror talents in tale of scientist who discovers a new element which kills or cures. Lugosi is the hero. (Mar.)

**THE KING OF THE DAMNED** — GB. — Stark realism about a convict revolt on a penal island led by Conrad Veidt and seconded by Noah Beery. Helen Vinson good as commandant's daughter and Cecil Ramage is a perfect villain. Tons of suspense. Not for children. (Mar.)

**THE LADY CONSENTS** — RKO-Radio — Ann Harding's fine talents wasted in the too familiar triangle about understanding wife losing her husband Herbert Marshall to scheming minx. She wins him back. (Mar.)

**THE LEAVENWORTH CASE** — Republic. — Obvious plot concerning the murder of Mr. Leavenworth on the eve of his giving away his millions. Norman Foster and Donald Cook are around. Dull. (Mar.)

**THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK** — GB. — Interesting modern allegory with Conrad Veidt as "The Stranger" who exerts a powerful influence for good on a lot of vicious people. Cast and direction are excellent. (Mar.)

**THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN** — M-G-M. — Slight, foolish comedy with witty Frank Morgan capering as music hall favorite with English Cecely Courtneidge. Competent cast. (Feb.)

★ **THE PETRIFIED FOREST** — Warners. — Former Broadway hit with powerful drama. Poetic Leslie Howard wanders into desert oasis, meets Bette Davis. Tender love scenes and tense situations. (Mar.)

**THE WIDOW FROM MONTE CARLO** — Warners. — Dolores Del Rio, Warren William and Louise Fazenda try hard to lift up a tedious picture about a bored duchess who turns a flirtation into true love. Warren Hymer steals honors. (Mar.)

**THIS IS THE LIFE** — 20th Century-Fox. — Little Jane Withers, a stage prodigy, is mistreated cruelly by the couple who are capitalizing on her talents, forcing her to run away with a young man falsely accused of theft. Fairly cute. (Nov.)

**\$1000 A MINUTE** — Republic. — A "broke" reporter, Roger Pryor, gets the job of spending a thousand a minute for twelve hours. It's harder than you think when you are suspected of being a crook or a lunatic. (Feb.)

**THREE GODFATHERS** — M-G-M. — Peter B. Kyne's story of three desperadoes' sacrifices for a baby found in the desert has expert direction by Richard Boleslawski. Chester Morris as the toughest is superb, and Lewis Stone and Walter Brennan are excellent too. (April.)

**THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN** — Universal. — This enlivening comedy of errors develops an accidental kidnapping into the real thing. May Robson as the eccentric millionairess and Henry Armetta win plaudits. (Jan.)

**THREE LIVE GHOSTS** — M-G-M. — An uninspired dud with three world war veterans returning to find themselves officially dead. Beryl Mercer, Claude Allister, Dudley Diggs, and Nydia Westman are in the cast. (Mar.)

**THREE MUSKETEERS, THE** — RKO-Radio. — A new and delightful presentation of the romantic, swashbuckling classic brings Walter Abel fresh from the New York stage to lead the sword-flashing quartet to a dashing rescue of the Queen's honor. (Dec.)

★ **TIMOTHY'S QUEST** — Paramount. — Kate Douglas Wiggin's story of two orphans charmingly and sincerely produced. Dickie Moore, Virginia Weidler, Eleanor Patterson, Eleanore Whitney are all delightful. Take the family. (April.)



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**TO BEAT THE BAND**—RKO-Radio.—Hugh Herbert struggles through this musical hodge-podge to inherit millions. Helen Broderick, Eric Blore and Roger Pryor struggle for laughs. (Jan.)

★ **TOP HAT**—RKO-Radio.—A sparkling and entertaining film done in the typical Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers tradition and what a grand and glorious tradition that is! Enchanting music and clever dance routines, together with chuckling comedy sequences, make this one picture you should not overlook. Helen Broderick, Edward Everett Horton, Eric Blore among those present. (Nov.)

**TOUGH GUY**—M-G-M.—Mild and moral little piece about a little boy's (Jackie Cooper) adventures when kidnapped with his dog. Gangster Joseph Calleia is excellent, and Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr. the real hero. (April.)

★ **TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE, THE**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A powerful, splendid picturization of John Fox, Jr.'s novel of mountaineer's feuds done entirely in color. Sylvia Sydney, Henry Fonda, Fred MacMurray and the whole cast excellent. Don't miss it. (April.)

★ **TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL**—GB.—Richard Dix is the engineer who dreams of a transatlantic tunnel in this well produced, graphically photographed melodrama. Madge Evans is his domestic problem. (Jan.)

**TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS**—Republic.—Gene Autry deserts the radio and comes to the screen together with his well known cowboy ditties, which help divert the attention from a too-complicated plot. So-so. (Nov.)

**TWO FISTED**—Paramount.—Lee Tracy and Roscoe Karns buttle and battle their way through paralyzing scrapes in a millionaire's mansion to guard a tot from his worthless father. It's a scream all the way. (Dec.)

**TWO FOR TONIGHT**—Paramount.—Bing Crosby clowns and sings his way through this one, disappointing his romance-in-the-moonlight fans, and not measuring up very favorably with his past films. Joan Bennett, Thelma Todd are the girls. (Nov.)

**TWO IN THE DARK**—RKO-Radio.—Novel, fast moving tale of an amnesia victim, Walter Abel who becomes embroiled in a murder, Margot Grahame helps him solve it happily. (Mar.)

**TWO SINNERS**—Republic.—Otto Kruger and Martha Sleeper are the two principals in this tedious tear-inducing account of an ex-convict's attempt at rehabilitation, while little Cora Sue Collins as the brat adds some slight relief. (Dec.)

**VIRGINIA JUDGE, THE**—Paramount.—Walter C. Kelly in the role of the southern small town judge, which he made famous on the stage, makes this otherwise ordinary picture human and appealing. You'll get laughs by the load from the colored lazy-bones, Stepin Fetchit. (Dec.)

★ **VOICE OF BUGLE ANN, THE**—M-G-M.—A homey, appealing little saga, with Lionel Barrymore grand as the dog breeder whose love for his dog causes him to commit murder. Maureen O'Sullivan and Eric Linden are the love interest. Good. (April.)

**WE'RE ONLY HUMAN**—RKO-Radio.—An action-packed see-saw battle with newspaper trimmings between a killer's gang and a brawny but dumb sleuth, Preston Foster. Reporteress Jane Wyatt softens his heart. (Feb.)

**WHIPSAW**—M-G-M.—G-Man Spencer Tracy trails Myrna Loy, confederate of jewel thieves. Love mixes things up. Satisfying. (Feb.)

★ **WIFE vs. SECRETARY**—M-G-M.—Expert direction, pretentious production and star performances by Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow lift this familiar triangle to success. Effective support by May Robson and James Stewart. (April.)

**WINGS OVER ETHIOPIA**—Paramount.—Here's a chance to obtain a graphic, accurate and comprehensive account of a situation that is of timely interest to the entire world. It's a raw film cross-section of a primitive land so expect a few thrills, chills and shocks. (Dec.)

**WITHOUT REGRET**—Paramount.—Kent Taylor and Elissa Landi make a pleasant bit of entertainment of this semi-murder mystery of a young man who has but a short time to live and settles up a nasty bit of blackmailing in that time. (Nov.)

**WOMAN TRAP**—Paramount.—An exciting melodrama with jewel thieves, G-men and abductions all mixed up. Gertrude Michael, George Murphy, Sidney Blackmer in the cast. Suave Akim Tamiroff as a Mexican bad man is a treat. (April.)

**YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY**—20th Century-Fox.—A very fast and funny comedy with Edward Everett Horton ruining his business being civic minded. The worm finally turns and all is well. (Feb.)

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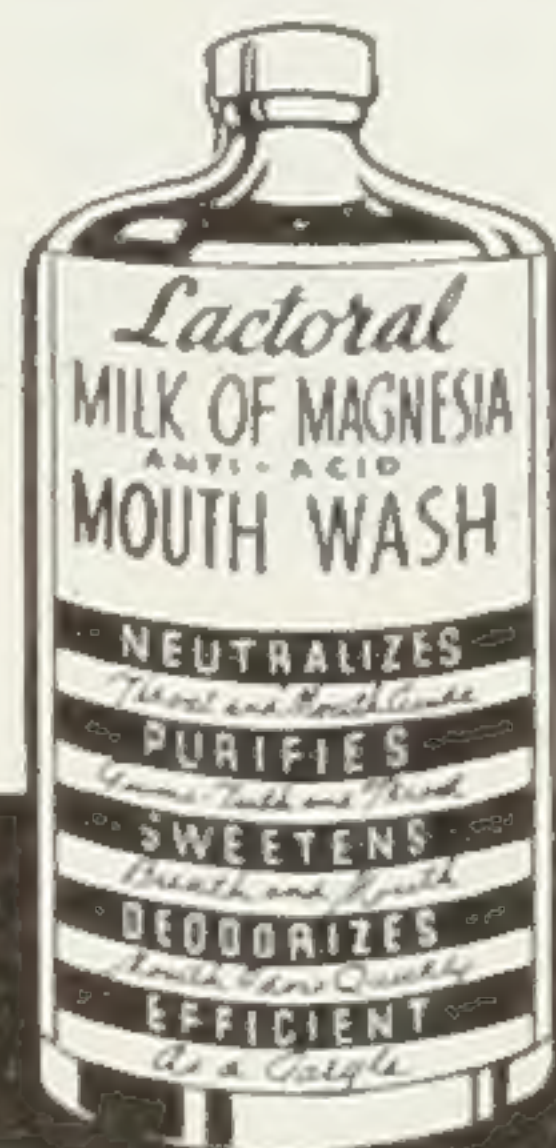
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## Second Marriage and Joan Crawford Tone

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25 ]

vocal lessons as long as they keep on getting so much real pleasure and happiness out of them!

In short the brand new Tones are doing absolutely nothing about Hollywood—which is the best way to beat it I've ever heard.

No longer does Joan look at the spectacle of Hollywood rumor and gossip as a gigantic monster to be pacified. I think Franchot has made her understand that she can be even a Front Page personality without apology, or explanation.

Under this philosophy Joan is gaining confidence to do exactly what she wants to do and be exactly what she wants to be.

**R**IGHT now, above everything else, she wants to be Franchot's wife. She wants very much to close out the professional world of her own career and sink herself into Franchot's work, surrounded by the things that interest Franchot—like good music, good talk and good friends to talk with. It is a break that the studios have had no picture prepared for her, so that there is nothing to divert her from the happiness she is finding being merely Mrs. Franchot Tone.

She loves to use that name. She tries on its newness like a girl twirling before a mirror in a new gown. She adores managing her house to fit the requirements of Franchot's working day.

Joan's own day is almost unbelievably married!

Clad in tan or blue or green slacks she begins it by planning menus, washing her own hair, raiding the ice-box for a stand-up lunch, counting the linens back from the laundry, letting out a hem in a dress that is too short or taking it out of a dress that is too long (I've really caught her at it) and best of all, calling up innumerable people on the telephone. Joan is a "telephonist" if there is such a thing. Even if there isn't . . . she's still one. She can sit for hours with a telephone in her hand and a list of numbers at her side and carry on ardent and enthused conversations about nothing important than whether or not that "little blue number" is priced too high at \$59.50, or did you see "Dodsworth"? . . . but it's fun . . . no matter which end of the 'phone you're on!

And every day at two o'clock Joan takes a singing lesson!

Because the interest Joan and Franchot have in music is being construed as anything and everything but what it is really, I think you should be told quickly that Joan is not in training to snub Hollywood for an opera or concert career!

Make no mistake about it, Joan is tremendously proud of her Hollywood career as a motion picture star! She has no patience with the "artists" who look on Hollywood patronizingly, who use it only as a means of escape to more "legitimate" endeavors. On more than one occasion she has forgotten her rôle of tactful hostess to blaze out this point with guests suffering from indigestion brought on by utter contempt for Hollywood and yearnings for "better things."

"I'm proud to be a Hollywood star," she once amazed a roomful of non-believers in her home one evening, "I came here to be one. I've fought to be the best motion picture actress I know how, and I'm proud of whatever

I've achieved. It's stupid to say that motion pictures are not a true form of drama. I'm not ashamed that I've spent my entire career trying to improve myself and learn the rudiments of my profession so I may be an even better 'Movie star'!

"And I'm not afraid of that phrase artistically. I'm proud of it."

That's why Joan is where she is today. That is the real secret back of her tremendous success and the fact the bright shine has never worn off her stardom in spite of many mediocre stories.

Joan does not "condescend" to appear in the movies. She respects them!

But she also loves music, not as a career, but as the soul-satisfying thing it has become in her life.

Her voice is strong and true and dramatically expressive.

The sheer cultivation of her voice is not the only good reason for Joan's absorbing interest in music. For it has opened a new circle for her, not among the opera stars, great composers and conductors and the world wherein they move. But music has brought a different group of friends to Joan, the struggling young artists, the young men and women with great talent and little opportunity, and such a field as this is nothing short of a private paradise to the girl who isn't happy unless she is *campaigning*!

Maybe Joan won't like that. But it's true. She is one of those people who have to be helping others. Joan loves to remodel and re-plan. She loves to guide and lead and use her experience and influence to the betterment of some unsuspecting target of her generosity. Sometimes it is but a matter of goading a friend into a new coiffure, or a new style of dress. But more often it is planning something real and helpful for those who interest her—and I'll even go so far as to say that very few people interest Joan who do not need "doing over" in some way or another. If it is a fault, it's a swell one!

**I**'VE been at Joan's house at two o'clock when Madame arrives to take her singing lesson. Now and then she arrives alone, but far more often she is accompanied by young students who are at once timid and overawed at Joan's sincere interest in their problems. In their behalf Joan has no scruples about using her prestige ruthlessly. She arranges auditions, movie tests, radio appointments. This may all come under the head of "command performances" because "Miss Crawford" wishes it,—but the girl has no shame! Without intending to be funny it might be said that the best break the struggling young artists of Los Angeles have received to date, was when Joan uncovered a real interest in music. No ten-percent agent was ever more determined to get some of them where they "belong" than the glamorous Miss Crawford.

As uninvolved and uncomplicated as this may all seem, it is really the true person Joan has become, and the life she is leading behind the unpublicized scenes of her second marriage. The marriage of Joan and Franchot may never make headlines with a day-by-day account of its giddy progress, but something tells me it will never be finished a satire skit in a Broadway show!